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Cover Designed by D. L. DICKSON

The Old Year Sails Away

ANOTHER year has weighed anchor and cleared for the distant port of Past Events. We merchants of the present watch her departure eagerly, for she carries our precious cargo of Hope aboard. No ship of the Spanish Main was ever more heavily freighted with priceless treasures. And may the Good Ship *Nineteen Thirty-Three* have a fair wind to drive her to the rich marts of Time, where Kismet, the alchemist, will transmute your Hopes and Dreams into the gold of realization, and speed them back to you in the coming year.

Keep Out of Debt

MANY years ago the prisons were full of men who owed money and couldn't pay it to their debtors. Men who owed a few cents spent years in prison. The law was changed and men are no longer put behind bars because they find it impossible to pay what they owe.

Today debts are still the downfall of a lot of good men. It's easy to go ashore and buy things that you can't afford just because some merchant is willing to give you time to pay if you are willing to give exorbitant prices for cheap merchandise. Soon the time comes to pay and somehow it seems almost impossible. Then comes that curse of service men, the debt letter. Good records are ruined,

self respect is lowered, and your seniors decide that you aren't material for promotion.

Borrowing money for self betterment may be all right. Here is a good thing to remember whenever you decide to borrow. Will this money leave me any better off when I owe it than before I do?

The desire to own expensive things is in all of us, but to own them without being able to afford them is going to get you into hot water. Owning something that you can't pay for is like trying to build a skyscraper when you have the knowledge and material to build a two room bungalow. If you want things that cost a great deal of money, earn and save the money.

Ask any man who is or has been in debt if it's an enjoyable experience. His answer will be an emphatic denial. Getting in debt is as easy as putting a fish hook into a woolen sweater, but try to pull out the hook without tearing the sweater. Buying things "on time" is like paying for them twice. Civilians are very willing to lend money to service men because they know that they have them at a disadvantage and can make things very unpleasant for the man who is not prompt enough when the time to pay comes.

Men aren't put in prison for owing money now, but they can still put themselves in their own private little hell by getting into debt and losing their self respect and their reputations.

The next time you want to borrow money or buy "on time" remember that you are sticking your neck into a noose that's liable to close.—*Plane Talk* (USS *Saratoga*).

What Is Education?

BSMARCK, founder of the German empire, once said that the nation that has the schools has the future. Bismarck's statement is typically German: he insinuates that, through schools and books, the ambitions of one or two individuals can be driven home in the minds of the nation's young and their lives shaped accordingly. Is this real education? If not, what is? John Ruskin thinks it is teaching people to behave as they do not behave. To him education is not so much a question of book-learning as it is one of having understanding and sympathy for others, always striving to be kind, courteous, refined, and cultured.

Have You Been Transferred?

DURING the past two months many transfers have been in effect throughout the Marine Corps. Large drafts have been pulled out of one post and shifted to another. Full detachments have been moved.

It is quite impossible for THE LEATHERNECK to keep track of all subscribers, particularly at this time when these transfers are not only on a wholesale scale, but most of the staff of THE LEATHERNECK has also been transferred. But to the best of our ability we have been checking the changes. Because of the nature of conditions we can correct only a few. If you failed to receive your copy of THE LEATHERNECK, ask yourself if your address remains the same as our files show. If it has been changed, simply drop us a card or use the change of order blank, and inform us of your new station. THE LEATHERNECK, mailed under second class privileges, cannot be forwarded by the post office. It is, therefore, necessary to do more than simply notify the post office of your removal. We ask this cooperation to enable you to receive each issue of your subscription.

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NUMBER 1

SILENT JOHN QUICK, THE PERENNIAL HERO

IN the tangle of Belleau Wood the battle was at its height. For four interminable days the Marine

Brigade and other elements of the Second Division surged backward and forward, panting in the effort to dislodge a stubborn enemy. The earth was blanketed with fallen Marines. They lay where they had been shot down, among the wheat, in the open, on the slopes, in the woods; or they sprawled in front of machine gun nests they had died to capture. And the dressing station in the battered culvert of Lucey-le-Bocage was a place of horror.

Roughly the line of battle curved from just west of Chateau Thierry, up along Bois des Clerembauts, through Triangle Farm, skirting the southern edge of Belleau Wood to Lucey-le-Bocage, up to a hill designated as 142, thence through Les Mares Farm and down toward Bois de Veuilly. War was not new to this ancient soil. The bones of fighting men from Caesar, from Attila, and from Napoleon had gone into its fertility; but never had young blood been spilled with more reckless abandon. The Marines had been flung into this sector hurriedly, for the Boche was torrenting down the valley, tearing the French defenses up by the roots and trampling them under foot.

The battle had begun on the morning of June 2, and by the evening of June 6, the

BY FRANK H. RENTFROW

Marine Brigade had shattered itself in repeated attacks. The German artillery in Toney drenched them with shell fire, and countless hidden machine guns exacted a heavy toll. The Marines were broken—beaten—and they didn't know it. They staggered forward in a fresh onslaught.

The town of Bouresches was occupied by the 398th Regiment, 10th German Infantry Division. They had thrown the French out, erected barricades across the shell torn streets and established machine gun strong points in windows and on house tops. All was in readiness for the expected assault, and they were at ease in the confidence of the town's impregnability. Although reports differ vastly, it is generally estimated that some 400 German soldiers comprised the garrison.

The Marines wanted Bouresches—so they attacked. The 96th Company of the Sixth Regiment and one company of Major Sibley's reserves were designated for the thrust. Two companies, weary and decimated, began an almost suicidal advance across a little valley.

Half the force was commanded by Captain Donald Duncan, the other by Lieutenant James F. Robertson. They came to an open space in front of the town and the Germans rapped a heavy fire against them. Captain Duncan fell mortally wounded. Lieutenant Murray was shot



The late Sgt. Major John Quick

through both arms. More men fell. Half the Marines were down, but the rest swept forward, with the German fire still biting into them.

A furious machine gun barrage shredded their ranks, dinning a wild staccato. A handful of Marines sought shelter in the bed of a shallow brook. They crawled closer. The others advanced across an open field, a murderous fire blasting into their faces—and the price was high.

Half a hundred men won to the shadows of the ruined village, leaving a wake of writhing bodies behind them. They looked ghastly in the gathering darkness. Forty men reached the first barricade. Twenty survivors clambered over. A score of battle-crazed maniacs flinging themselves against twenty times their own strength. Twenty to one—and they bombed and bayoneted their way in, curling the German line before them like the prow of a gunboat cleaves the waters.

Step by step, from house to house the battle rolled through the shadowing streets. The impudence of these juggernauts was more than human flesh could withstand. The Germans broke and retreated out of town.

The tardy darkness fell suddenly, like a shroud, mercifully concealing the appalling havoc that had been wrought, and the grotesque, twisted bodies in the streets.

The Marines hurriedly reversed the barricades and signalled frantically for reinforcements. Captain Zane raced his company through a deadly barrage. He had some sixty men left when he arrived. Later, a unit of the 2nd Engineers, U. S. Army, came in.

The Germans counter-attacked and the defenders of Bouresches drove them off with rifles and hand grenades. The fight lasted nearly an hour. Then the Yanks checked up and found most of their ammunition had been expended. There wasn't enough left to stop another attack.

Back in Triangle, Headquarters Company of the Sixth Marines had established itself. The town was freshly won and the dead lay unburied in the streets, for the Yanks had been bombed as they entered the village. In the dimly lighted orderly room two men held serious council. One was Lieutenant William B. Moore and the other Sergeant Major John H. Quick. The lieutenant was young, the sergeant major was old, thousands of years old, and still under fifty, with aeons of experience crowded into his twenty-six years of service with the Marines. Like the soil of France, John Quick had learned early the music of clashing arms and the trumpet's martial notes, and it seemed to have purged his soul of all frivolity. He was low-spoken, when he spoke at all. Thomas Boyd described him perfectly: "He was a tall man with shoulders that sloped a little forward; his hair was raven black except for a patch of gray above the ears; his face had a curious,

kindly expression, as if he had seen so many things over which he could not decide whether to cry or laugh that, in indecision, he had taken on a sad and half regretful smile; his nose and mouth were large and roughly modelled, his eyes still had a fine light in them."

Lieutenant Moore sat drumming with his fingers against the broken table. "Those men have to have ammunition—and food. I understand there's a fountain of water in the village."

Quick nodded his head. "Yes, there's water there; and so far a dozen men have died trying to get it. But the runner says they've pushed a barricade out to protect the fountain and have filled the canteens. Ammunition is what they need."

"Yes," agreed the lieutenant; "and what can we do?

How can we get it to them? There's no trucks, nor even ambulances. There is a broken down cart in the courtyard, but I doubt if there is a horse or a mule within miles."

"We have that Ford car that Mrs. Pearce gave us," Quick replied quietly.

"Just the thing!" exulted the lieutenant. "Have some of the men load her up with ammunition. I'll take her in myself. Detail a man to go with me."

"I have already, sir."

"Already . . . Who?"

"I'm going, sir. I wouldn't ask any man to take that chance."

The night was dark. Heavy clouds, bellied with rain, pressed close to the earth. The road was invisible, as if a curtain of black had been drawn before

one's eyes. Slowly feeling her way, "Lizzie" chugged and sputtered. The two men crouched low in the tonneau. Suddenly the car lurched into a ditch and the motor died with a wheezing protest.

"We're off the road again. That's the fourth time."

Once more "Lizzie" was crawling along in the darkness, stumbling into one shell hole after another. Then they reached the zone of fire. A barrage of machine gun bullets swept the road, snarling about the ears of the two men. A huge shell crashed by their side. The heat burned their faces, the powder choked them.

"Lord, that was close!"

The Germans seldom overlook anything pertaining to military efficiency. They knew supplies must reach Bouresches or the Marines would be forced to abandon the town. Therefore, craftsmen that they were, they rained a deluge of fire on the road. A steady drone of machine gun bullets and the crash of high explosives blended into



A score of battle-crazed maniacs flinging themselves against twenty times their own strength.

one sound. An occasional flare went up, and John Quick's sinewy hand would streak for the brake and they would freeze motionless until the night turned black again.

Yard by yard they crept along. Suddenly "Lizzie" lurched viciously into a deep hole. She limped up the other side, wobbling drunkenly. The men sprang out and appraised the damage.

"Broken wheel! Of all the luck, Quick."

"There's three wheels left, sir," Quick replied significantly.

So "Lizzie," and John Quick and Lieutenant Moore finally reached Bouresches, and not a moment too soon. Already the Boche was advancing, but the rifles of the Marines tore him to pieces.

John Quick and Lieutenant Robertson were each awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and the Navy Cross for that night's work. The citation reads with professional terseness: "He volunteered and assisted in taking a truck load of ammunition and material into Bouresches, France, over a road swept by artillery and machine gun fire, thereby relieving a critical situation."

But decorations for valor were nothing new to John Quick. The Medal of Honor is the highest award paid by our government. John Quick had worn one for twenty years, twenty years almost to the day.

On the afternoon of June 10, 1898, Marines were landed from the gunboats in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. They scrambled up the steep slopes and burned the remains of a festering, disease-ridden Spanish camp, flung their outposts forward and settled down. Concealed riflemen fired into them and there were casualties. Four days they remained. Then about nine o'clock on the morning of the 14th, two companies and a detachment of native troops set out for the purpose of assailing the Spanish headquarters and the destruction of a well of fresh water. They drove in the Spanish outposts and ensconced themselves on a strategic eminence of the Cuzco Hills. The enemy was well armed and superior in numbers. A bitter battle ensued.

In the meantime, Lieutenant Magill, commanding a roving patrol, heard the prolonged firing. Fearing for the safety of his comrades, he pushed forward to support them.

Out in the blue waters of the bay lay the gunboat *Dolphin*. Suddenly she opened fire and the shells began dropping dangerously close to Magill's command. They crashed full in the throat of a narrow gully, directly in the path the patrol was forced to follow. The *Dolphin* must be warned to lift her range at once. Captain Elliott called for a volunteer signalman.

A young sergeant laid aside his hot rifle and got to his feet. The air was alive with screeching Mauser bullets, but John Quick paid them no heed. From somewhere he produced a signal flag and attached it to a crooked stick. Romanticists insist that it was a Cuban's handkerchief, but facts permit no deviation from the road of truth. That flag, suitably encased and labeled, now hangs in the auditorium of the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., a fitting symbol to eternize a hero's deed.

John Quick slid down a tiny embankment, somewhat deflated by a hill crest. Time after time he waved the flag, but shells continued to crash and his signals went unheeded. The background was poor for visibility. He couldn't be seen from aboard ship. There was but one thing to do—and the sergeant scampered to the top of the hill.

With calm deliberation John Quick turned his back to the enemy. They could see him waving the flag to and fro and they opened fire furiously. Bullets cut through the bushes and screamed overhead. No clearer target was ever presented, for he stood erect, plainly silhouetted against the sea-blue background. With neither haste nor impatience he waved his flag. At last he was observed by the ship. They answered his signal, and the Spaniards concentrated a fusillade against him.

Letter by letter John Quick cut down to the left and right. Once his flag caught on a cactus thorn. He uttered an exclamation of annoyance and jerked it free. From every thicket and bush hostile riflemen were shooting at him. He stood with his sturdy legs spread, and his face was imperturbable as a graven, emotionless idol. Dot—dash—dot—dash swished the flag. At last he finished. He picked up his rifle and resumed his place on the firing line. The *Dolphin* shifted her range and the Marines swept forward to victory. John Quick received the Medal of Honor for that deed. The citation reads:

John Quick, Sergeant, United States Marine Corps, for distinguished and gallant conduct in the battle at Cuzco, Cuba, on June 14, 1898, signaling to the U.S.S. Dolphin on three different occasions while exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy. (G. O. 504. December 13, 1898.)

Two years later John Quick was again recommended for the same decoration, although the award was not forthcoming. It was doubtless the most harrowing experience of his long career; an experience that left a mark of some sort on every Marine who survived it.

At Balangiga, on the south coast of Samar, Philippine Islands, Company C, 9th U. S. Infantry was suddenly and treacherously attacked by supposedly friendly natives. The Americans were slaughtered, from the captain to the cook. Fourteen men, half of them wounded, fought their way to the beach and escaped in boats.

As quickly as possible a punitive expedition of Marines was rushed from Olongapo and Subig to the island of Samar. A battalion of hard-bitten veterans of the Boxer uprising they were, commanded by Major L. W. T. Waller. John Quick was among them.

A systematic quelling of the rebellion began and many desperate battles took place among the soft stone cliffs in the Sohoton regions. The Marines penetrated deeper than ever white men had gone before. They drove the Filipinos out of their ancient fortifications.

General Smith, U. S. Army.
(Continued on page 46)



The *Dolphin* shifted her range and the Marines swept forward.

ON THE LEVEL

By J. ALLEN DUNN

*Illustrations by
Russel Davis.*



WHAT do you think of him?" asked Leo Daley of Pete Broadwell as they stood in the gymnasium of Daley's "stable," watching the workouts. Technically, the two men were competitors, but, as it takes two sides to every bargain in the fight game, and both of the manager-trainers were fond of "bargains," they were closer in private than might appear in the public prints—when they got into them—or at ringside.

Neither they nor their "hopes" were in the first flight. But both Daley and Broadwell made a good living out of the game and their protégés made more than they ever had in their original avocations and enjoyed besides the thrill of the profession. Once let a lad walk up between the crowded aisles and get a little applause, once let him smell resin and rubbing liniments, exchange smacks and see his picture in the tabloids, and only unkind referees and judges can drive him from the squared circle. Even then many of them trail on as rubbers and seconds, sparring dummies and assistant-assistant trainers.

Both Mr. Daley and Mr. Broadwell looked at Shamus Hennessey, who was having his gloves shoved on by a broken nosed, broken down ex-pug, who lent color and some help to Daley's stable in exchange for eating regularly, sleeping on the premises and an occasional five spot.

Hennessey hardly appeared Milesian. He was swarthy, but well built, with sloping shoulders, lean flanks, good legs, and a long reach. Broadwell's gaze had no human quality; he was an expert watching a machine.

"If he's as good as he looks," he said, "the fight's off. My boy Gallagher's burnin' out. He's lushing an' he'll blow up in five rounds. The bout's six. I'm thinkin' of cannin' him after this scrap. He's too much trouble to look after an' he's a natural born bum." Daley listened between the sentences. Gallagher's earning capacity was running down, and Broadwell could afford to carry no deadwood. Daley would do the same under the circumstances.

"He don't need to go more 'n four," he said. "The bout's in the bag. My boy looks good, but he's a paluka. He's been lucky, an' Foley's up against it for a semi-final. He gives it to you an' me. We got to make a showing. The purse won't buy either of us apartments on Park Avenue. But 'be bettin' 'll go good. Gallagher to

win in four rounds. Gallagher to win by a knockout. Gallagher to win the bout."

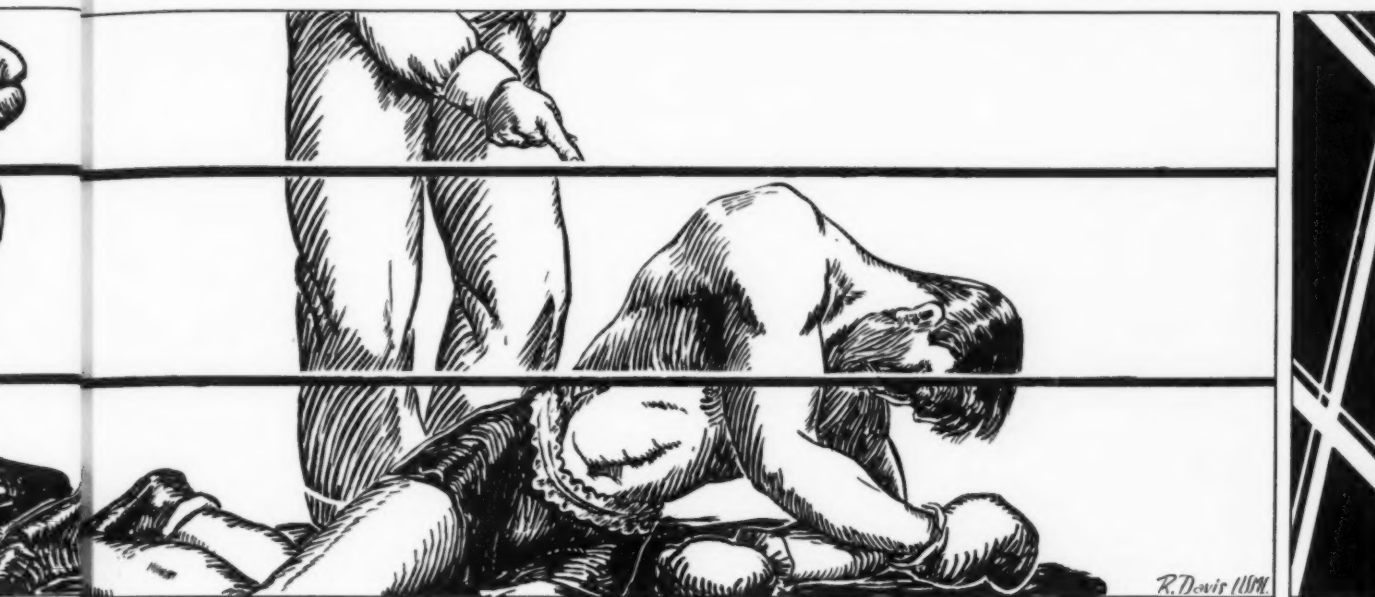
Broadwell still appeared doubtful. Hennessey was in action now against a heavier man, an oldtimer who was carrying the fight to him. He was covering cleverly, now and then lashing out with a straight punch, using a left jab and a right hook. They slid off the oldtimer's arms and shoulders for the most part, but there was power in them.

"Well put up, an' a natural fighter," he said. "You ain't tryin' to set up a job, are you, Daley?" Considering that both of them ignored the public and deemed the bouts of their men destined solely for the one purpose of making as much money as they could out of them, principally in well planned side bets, the question had a certain sardonic humor.

"I'm in this game for the money," said Daley frankly. "So are you. Your boy shaped well, but he's a bum Mine's a paluka. I got him out of the packin' department of Mears and Hartwell. It's good trainin'. Handlin' heavy cases, sawin', hammerin'—they don't get muscle-bound like stevedores an' foremen. He's two-handed an' he's got coordination."

"You spell it with two o's," said Broadwell.

"I don't spell it, but I savvy it. There's two kinds. Means harmonious action of brain an' nerve an' muscle. Hennessey's got a brain, and he's shy on mind. He can see what's bein' thrown at him an' catch it with a come-back, but, when it comes to attack he's a paluka. He can't remember a thing unless it's drummed into him, an' one at a time is his limit. Give him instructions between rounds an' they make as much impression on him as mud does to a worm. Ain't I tried him out? He's got the stamina an' he's got a good jaw. He can take it an' outlast them he's been up against. That's the way he's got his decisions, 'cept when he caught Sammy Weiss comin' up from a slip. It was bull luck Sammy had his knees off the canvas. The sportin' writers called it a beautifully timed blow. Hennessey has got as much idea of time as a busted alarm clock in a garbage can. I'll say one thing, he ain't got a swelled head. I bawled him out after that fight, an' he knew he wasn't noticin' how Weiss stood. But that made him good enough for this semi.



The writers'll tout him. Got to back their own dope."

"He looks good to me," repeated Broadwell. He was wondering whether Daley had gone the right way about it with this boy.

"So much the better for you an' me an' the odds. I'm tellin' you he's little better'n a deaf mute. Gallagher'll go after him for three rounds. Hennessey'll cover up. I'm trainin' him all the time for that. Fourth round I'll send him out to open up, tell him Gallagher's shot an' he's got to win by a knockout. He'll be wide open all right an' your boy can put it to the button any second he wants to. Unless he's drunk. You an' me ain't goin' to trim each other. I'll handle my boy. You send in Gallagher fit for four rounds. He'll win. Then you can use him again an' git some more change out of him. I'll probably let my paluka go. We got to give the public what it wants an' I've got my eye on another lad. He's workin' with the Gas an' Electric. Lively an' he'll hev a good drag if he wins his first fight or two." He winked at Broadwell and the other winked back. Wins between managers who controlled their entries might be arranged.

The oldtimer was blown with two rounds. Hennessey sat back unwinded. Another helper, one "Cauliflower" Murphy, came into the ring, twenty pounds his better. Hennessey pursued his covering-up tactics, but the second man lacked any dash in his attack. It was a tame bout and the paluka's opponent got a smash over the heart that made him give an ugly look at Hennessey, who smiled back.

"That's enough," said Daley. "That's the stuff, Hennessey, play for cover till they tire 'emselves an' then you're ripe to win."

Broadwell nodded at the boxer, but did not speak to him. It was not ethical to talk with another man's lads, nor did Daley introduce him. But he studied Hennessey narrowly. He liked the way the blue eyes were set apart and there was a forehead that suggested he might learn to assimilate instructions and even develop initiative if he was brought along. Broadwell liked his nose, long, without a prominent bridge to be broken and spoil breathing. The teeth were well matched and the lips not

too full. So much for the face, plus brows that well overhung the eye sockets. The body well nigh perfect.

He knew that, given a fighter anatomically perfect, there were other things to consider. Gameness he granted Hennessey. Daley had said he could take it, Broadwell had seen him do it. But initiative, coolness in combat, not callous resistance, but the ability to size up another man's attack, to assimilate it and watch for the opening and the tiring moments; the cleverness to change one's own style; a combativeness that could be controlled or let loose at will in fighting fury at critical times, these made the champion. Broadwell had no idea he was looking at one, he had seen too many hopes fade out; but there was no question that the boy was built right and looked intelligent.

Daley, he believed, made all his fighters conform to his own methods, rather than study their possibilities. It paid him best in the long run, perhaps, but Broadwell decided Hennessey deserved a better ranking than paluka.

His boy should win the fight, and he and Daley their bets. That was all that immediately counted. In the ordinary course of events he would forget all about Hennessey after the bout was over and the money collected.

A tough looking lad in a striped sweater of purple and yellow that matched the shiner on his left eye came in hurriedly.

"Man here from the *Star*," he said. The *Star* was a tabloid that was lavish with pictures, even of palukas, when they appeared in any well patronized exhibition. There was a photographer with him.

"I'll be going," said Broadwell. He left by a side door. It would not look well for rival managers to meet in a gym. They were supposed to be aggressive if not hostile against each other. Hennessey did not know who Broadwell was. Daley stopped Hennessey from leaving.

"Call Cauliflower back," he said. "You'll go another round covering up, Shamus. Savvy? Be clever. Newspaper man here, takin' pictures. I'm puttin' you on right this bout. You do what I tell you an' we'll be in the big money yet. Show 'em up, Slippy."

Hennessey grinned. He was good natured, too good natured for his present business; (Continued on page 47)



Capt. Thomason Named Aide to Assistant Secretary of Navy

Washington, D. C., Dec. 5.—The Marine Corps' author and illustrator, Capt. John William Thomason, Jr., is slated to become an aide to Assistant Secretary Henry L. Roosevelt, himself a former Marine.

This was learned yesterday shortly after Captain Thomason reached Washington from China. Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, acting commandant of the Marine Corps while Maj. Gen. Ben H. Fuller is on an inspection trip to Haiti, said that Captain Thomason is being temporarily attached to Marine Corps headquarters at the Navy Department.

130 Navy Airplanes to Be Added to Fleet

Washington, D. C., Nov. 24.—One hundred and thirty aircraft will be added to the Navy's aerial fleet through expenditure of the \$7,500,000 allotted to it under the national industrial recovery act, the Bureau of Aeronautics announced yesterday.

Full Restoration of 15 Per Cent Cut Urged by Subcommittee

Washington, D. C., Dec. 7.—When the subcommittee on the independent offices appropriation bill meets Monday to mark up the bill to be reported to the House, it plans to write into this first appropriation a full restoration of basic salaries for Government employees despite the views of Chairman Buchanan of the Appropriations Committee, who prefers a 5 per cent restoration.

Chairman Buchanan has been advised that President Roosevelt intends to recommend the restoration of the first 5 per cent next January.

Most of his fellow members on the committee indicate a strong desire to put in the entire 15 per cent so the funds will be available whenever the President, at his discretion, decides to restore the entire 15 per cent.

Haitians Demand Montevideo Action to End Our Control

Montevideo, Dec. 2.—President Gabriel Terra of Uruguay will inaugurate the seventh Pan-American Conference at 6 p. m. tomorrow with all the pomp and solemnity with which it is possible to surround such a ceremony under a democratic form of government.

Coast Navy Grid Star Killed

Dec. 4.—R. T. "Red" O'Neil, star backfield for the West Coast Navy football team, was killed almost instantly early

this morning when the auto in which he was a passenger crashed into a telephone pole on Kettner Boulevard.

The Marine Base sorrowed with the Navy, because of the tragic death of O'Neil. He was one of the outstanding players in the Navy-Marine game Sunday. The Marine Football Team admired O'Neil very much for his excellent performance in his position in backfield on the Navy team.

No Navy Repeat

Washington, Dec. 6.—Secretary Swanson plans to keep the Navy bone dry despite the passing of national prohibition.

"Our Navy doesn't need whisky to make it fight," he said today at a press conference.

Hard liquors have been barred from American warships since 1862 and in 1913



the wine mess was abolished by Secretary Josephus Daniels. Swanson said that his recent examination of the fleet disclosed no sentiment for liquor on shipboard and when asked if beer might be permitted, he indicated not.

Naval Captain Dead; Veteran of Manila Bay

Washington, D. C., Nov. 19.—Capt. Charles M. McCormick, U. S. N., retired, 71, died yesterday at Naval Hospital.

During the Spanish War, Captain McCormick served in the U. S. S. *Concord*, of Admiral Dewey's squadron, and was in the Battle of Manila Bay. In 1899 he was transferred to the naval station at

Cavite. In 1908 he was given command of the U. S. S. *Albatross*, and in 1910 he was appointed assistant to the inspector of the Eleventh Lighthouse District.

Burial will be in the Sharon Cemetery, Middleburg, Va. His wife, Mrs. Katherine Seibert McCormick, of Middleburg, survives.

Marine Flying Field Will Be Improved

Washington, D. C., Dec. 9.—Award of a \$76,300 contract to the M. Cain Company, of the 3300 block of Eighth St., N. E., for improvement to the Marine Corps flying field at Quantico was announced today by the Bureau of Yards and Docks of the Navy Department.

To Err Is Human

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 10.—The difficulties the uninitiated have with the official terminology down in Washington is revealed in a story told by Maj. Chester L. Fordney, who has been spending some time hereabouts. Mrs. Ben Fuller, wife of the Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps, bought provisions the other day and instructed that they be sent to the "Commandant's House, Marine Barracks." The young woman clerk was either confused or lacked respect for the Marine Corps, as the package came addressed: "Common Dance House, Marine Corps Barracks."

Major Brewster on China Station

Washington, D. C., Dec. 10.—Maj. David L. S. Brewster, who for the last four years has been officer in charge of athletics and publicity at the Marine Corps headquarters, has left for a station with the Fourth Marines at Shanghai, China. He sailed aboard the U. S. S. *Henderson*, from Norfolk, Friday.

Naval Academy Art Smashed

Annapolis, Md., Dec. 2.—Statues of Naval heroes and national figures lining the steps of the Naval Academy library, in Mahan Hall, were shattered and disfigured today, the work of vandals who broke into the building as it was closed for the Thanksgiving holidays.

Car Kills Retired Marine Officer

New York, Dec. 11.—Maj. Philip Townsend Case of the Marine Corps, retired, the original of "Captain Flag" in "What Price Glory," was killed when struck down by a motor car last night. He was 44 years old.

Major Case supplied Laurence Stallings with the basis of facts for the stage char-

acter "Captain Flag" in the play, but it was another officer who suggested the swaggering characteristics.

A motorist who witnessed the accident took the number of the car, and several hours later a Negro letter carrier, Melvin Sweeney, was arrested and held for arraignment today on a homicide charge.

Army and Navy Reception

Washington, D. C., Dec. 9.—Announcement has been made that the annual Army and Navy reception at the White House will be given this season on February 8. As in prior years, the invitation list is being made up from those who left their cards at the White House during the summer and fall prior to December 1. The practice of also inviting the house guests of officers has been discontinued.

Cuba Troops Held for New Outbreak

Havana, Cuba, Dec. 10.—Troops were held in barracks against possible trouble at Santa Clara today after police broke up a meeting of students in Martyrs' Park and arrested five persons, including former Mayor Jose Veitia Ferrer.

The former mayor is an adherent of Gen. Mario G. Menocal.

Eight Menocal followers who were arrested for activities at Cienfuegos arrived today and were placed in prison.

Marine Wins Handball Encounter

San Diego, Calif., Nov. 29.—Making a strong rally after dropping the first game, Jackson, comparatively unknown entry from the Marine Base, defeated Calahan, of the U. S. S. *Ortalan*, 16-21, 21-13, 21-5, to climb another rung in the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. ladder handball tournament today.

Gunnery Cup Awarded to Marine Detachments

The coveted Sons of the Revolution Cup, awarded each year for excellence in gunnery, now rests aboard the USS *Colorado*. The outstanding marksmanship of the Marine gun crews aboard that ship for the season of 1931-1932 has merited their receiving the award, held prior to that year by the Marine detachment of the USS *Texas*.

For the gunnery year 1932-1933, the award is to be made to the Marine detachment of the USS *Nevada*, which displayed excellence above other detachments of the fleets and which will receive the cup as soon as proper record of its award to the *Colorado* has been made. This latter will retain the cup until superiority has been demonstrated by some other detachment.

Six Navy Planes Await Hop O. K.

San Diego, Cal., Dec. 11.—Motors overhauled and larger fuel tanks installed, six giant Navy patrol planes today were prepared for a 2,200 mile non-stop flight from San Francisco to Hawaii early next month if permission is obtained from Washington.

French Rush Ships to Add to Security

Paris, Dec. 2.—A powerful fighting navy to back up her extensive Rhineland defenses is being built by France in reply to German rearmament.

Marine Officers Leave to Inspect Air Unit in Haiti

Washington, D. C., Dec. 10.—Flying a Sikorsky amphibian, Maj. Roy S. Geiger, in charge of Marine Corps aviation, left

Friday morning for an inspection of Marine aviation units in Haiti and Florida.

He was accompanied by Capt. Francis B. Mulcahy, 1st Lieut. Franklin G. Cowrie and Jacob F. Plachta, and W. S. Garland, of the Bureau of Aeronautics.

Units to be inspected are the Marine observation squadron 9-M, at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, and scouting squadron 3-MR, of Marine Corps Reserve, Oka Locks, Fla., near Miami.

The route of the flight was by way of Miami, where the inspecting company took off yesterday for Neuvas, Cuba, where they refueled and proceeded to Port-au-Prince. On December 15, they are to begin the return flight via Neuvas and Key West.

All the inspecting officers are veterans of the Marine Corps expedition in Nicaragua, with many hours' flying credit. Captain Mulcahy was commander of the squadron which returned from Nicaragua last January 12.

U. S. Protects Haitian Bonds

Washington, D. C., Dec. 2.—President Roosevelt has sent a letter to President Vincent of Haiti, expressing regret that it will be impossible to withdraw the Amer-



ican Financial Administration from that country immediately, as requested by its chief executive, because of the injustice Mr. Roosevelt feels such action would be to Haitian bondholders.

Treaty Limit Navy, Demand of Swanson

Washington, D. C., Dec. 3.—An orderly construction program to build up the American Navy to full treaty strength at once, and maintain that level by regular replacements, was recommended to President Roosevelt yesterday by Secretary of the Navy Swanson.

In his annual report, Swanson warned of America's impaired naval strength and said:

"Our weakened position does not serve the cause of peace. It jeopardizes it, because balanced armament fortifies diplomacy and is an important element in preserving peace and justice. Undue weakness invites aggressive, war-breeding violation of one's rights.

"For us to do less than to build to treaty strength is to mislead our people as to their own welfare and protection, which is so dependent upon the relative strength of our fleet.

"I believe one of the strongest guarantees for peace and justice is an adequate United States Navy—a treaty Navy second to none."

New Budget Grant to Increase Strength

Washington, D. C., Nov. 26.—The enlisted strength of the Navy will be increased by 2,800 and that of the Marine Corps by 1,000, under appropriations approved by the Budget Bureau, the Navy Department said yesterday it had been informed.

These additions will bring the Navy to a strength of 82,500 and the Marine Corps to 16,000, exclusive of officers. The increases are only half those asked by Secretary Swanson.

Second Division Surgeon Dies

New York City, Nov. 12.—Thousands of men of the Second Division, particularly members of the 5th and 6th Regiments, USMC, will mourn the passing of the chief surgeon of the Second Division, Lt. Col. Burton J. Lee, Medical Corps, U. S. Army, who died suddenly here early today. The famous surgeon, who had a distinguished record in the medical profession in Europe and America, won the Croix de Guerre, Distinguished Service Medal and other decorations for his heroic work in the field hospitals of the division, performing major operations under fire during all of the major engagements of the fighting outfit from Belleau to the Argonne.

Constitution to Overhaul

Adm. William H. Standley, USN, Chief of Naval Operations, announces that the U. S. Frigate *Constitution* will remain in San Diego, Calif., until March 15, 1934. This period, namely, from November 16 to March 15, has been set aside in order that the ship's force may conduct an overhaul of the rigging, masts, sails, etc., of the famous old frigate.

Marine Officers Decorated

Washington, D. C., Nov. 23.—Col. Douglas C. McDougal and Maj. Julian S. Smith, both of the Marine Corps, were decorated yesterday for services with the Nicaraguan National Guard. Colonel McDougal was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for organizing and training the guard and Major Smith was given the Navy Cross for distinguished service as area commander and chief of staff of the guard.

Navy Bureau Speeds PWA Construction

Washington, D. C., Dec. 11.—Navy Bureau of Yards and Docks has awarded contracts totaling \$8,785,245 for construction projects approved by the PWA since June 30, Rear Admiral A. L. Parsons, chief of the bureau, today reported to Secretary Swanson. He estimated the total received from public works at \$25,917,537. Work already started by Government labor involves expenditure of \$5,296,483 while bids have been advertised for projects totaling an additional \$8,463,100.

Settle, Fordney, in Altitude Record

Washington, D. C., Nov. 22.—Soaking wet, dirty, unshaven and smiling, Lieut. Comdr. T. G. W. Settle, who with Maj. Chester L. Fordney had been farther from the earth than any other Americans, arrived in Washington yesterday afternoon.

Settle arrived unexpectedly at the Anacostia naval airfield in a small Coast Guard plane, only a short time after a naval plane and escort had left Washington to bring him back from Bridgeton, N. J., near where his stratosphere balloon had landed at 5:30 p. m. Monday on a spot surrounded by 6 feet of water.

There had been no time to arrange any

(Continued on page 46)



SPEED

An American on a visit to Paris had a very small knowledge of the language. The only three words he knew were *Oui*, *Non*, and *Merci*. One of the first things he visited was an exhibition of paintings. He was very much struck with one of the water-colors, and asked a gentleman who was responsible.

"*Je ne sais pas*" ("I don't know"), replied the man.

The next day the same American stood outside a church and watched a wedding procession. The bride was very pretty, but the man attracted a great deal of attention, for he had at least twenty medals on his uniform.

"Who is he?" asked the American of a young woman.

"*Je ne sais pas*."

"Really!" said the American.

Later in the afternoon he saw a funeral and, as it was a very elaborate affair, he wondered who was being buried.

"*Je ne sais pas*," said a bystander in response to his inquiry.

"What, already?" said the American. "He was only married this morning."—*Kablegram*.

Stranger: "When do you think your bank here will be able to open up again?"
Native: "I reckon she'll open up as soon as the officers get out of the penitentiary."—*Pathfinder*.

She was inclined to be nervous when traveling, and she couldn't rest until she had made a tour of the corridors to hunt out exits in case of fire. The first door she opened, unfortunately, turned out to be that of the public bath, occupied by an elderly man.

"Oh, excuse me!" the woman stammered, flustered. "I'm looking for the fire escape." Then she ran for it.

To her dismay, she hadn't got far along the corridor when she heard a shout behind her and, looking round, saw the man, wearing only a towel, running after her.

"Where's the fire?" he shouted.

—*Answers*.

"Hello! Is this the City Bridge Department?"

"Yes. What can we do for you?"

"How many points do you get for a little slam?"—*A & N Journal*.

R. S. V. P.

"Can't something be done for that ship in distress," asked an old lady at the seaside.

"It's all right, ma'am. We sent a line to the crew to come ashore," said the Coast Guardsman.

Old Lady (excitedly): "God gracious! Must they have a formal invitation?"—*The Arkite*.



Jackson: "What made you leave Mrs. Blah's boarding-house after living there for three weeks?"

Jones: "I found out that they had no bathtub."

Two expert pickpockets were strolling along the road together.

Every now and then one of them would stop, take out his watch and look at it. His companion began to get annoyed.

"I say, Jim," he said, "what's up with you? Why d'y'er keep looking at your ticker? Ain't it going, or something?"

"I'm not looking at it to see the time," said the other; "I'm looking at it to make sure that it's still there!"

—*London Answers*.

POSITIVELY

"Hereafter there will be absolutely no smoking in barracks at any time!" bellowed a captain in Raritan Arsenal, New Jersey, after a fire caused by a forgotten butt had been extinguished. "Absolutely! Not at any time!"

Then he paused and added as an afterthought in a louder bellow even than before:

"Especially at night!"—13th Engr. "*Quadrangle*."

One: "It's so dry where I live that the women have to run the wells through wringers in order to get enough water to cook with."

Two: "Yeah? It's so dry in my home town that the women have to do that, too, but when they get the water wrung out it's only wet on one side."—*Longhorn*.

Professor: "Oxygen is essential to all animal existence. There could be no life without it. Yet, strange to say, it was discovered only a little over a century ago."

Student: "What did they do before it was discovered?"—*Pathfinder*.

A very stout man was walking on the promenade of a seaside town when he noticed a weighing machine with the notice: "I speak your weight."

He put a penny in the slot and stood on the platform. A voice from the machine said: "One at a time, please!"—*Le Rire*.

"Money, money—it's always money! Do you think I'm the goose that lays the golden eggs?"

"No, dear, not that one!"—*Everybody's*.

He: "I had to come clear across the room to see you, so now I wanna kiss you."

She: "Gosh, I'm glad you weren't in the next block."—*Exchange*.

Dinner was being served in a London boarding house in which an American was lodged. The proprietress, bringing in a dish of soup for the American, remarked, "It looks like rain."

"Yes, it does," replied the American, "but it smells a little like soup."—*Kablegram*.

HE KNOWS

Captain: "You are charged with being drunk. Have you anything to say?"

Sailor: "I've never been drunk in my life, sir, and never intend to be—it always makes me feel so bad the next morning."
—USS California Cub.



She: "It's odd that you keep calling me 'Marcelle' all the time. Why is it?"
Whatley: "Because I don't expect you to be permanent."

Doctor: "How's your cold, Mr. Miller?"
Mr. Miller: "It's very stubborn, Doctor."

Doctor: "How's your wife?"
Mr. Miller: "She's about the same."—*Pathfinder*.

The printer got a "B" in the "M" box the other day and the result was the head-line: "Banks Urged to Be Cautious in Baking Loans." It's better advice the way it was set. So many of the loans a few years ago were half-baked.—*Wiggins in The St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

Miss G. N., of Piqua, Ohio, tells us that their minister says he doesn't mind members of the congregation pulling out their watches on him, but it gets his goat to have them put the darn things up to their ears to see if they are going.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Manager: "Vot! You come into zeess famous restaurant, drink ze glass of water, an' zen walk calmly out!"

Scot: "Hoots, mon! Did ye expect me to stagger oot!"—*Exchange*.

After the service one of the deacons asked the old verger what he thought of the new minister.

"Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?"

"Ah mos' suhtainly does. Why, dat man axed de Lawd fo' things de odder preacher didn't even know he had."—*Answers*.

Tramp: "I t'anks yer kindly fer yer generosity, ma'am."

Housewife: "But I haven't given you anything."

Tramp: "No, but I'm sure yer ain't goin' ter let my gratitude go to waste, are yer?"—*Pathfinder*.

LITTLE THINGS

A young man strode into the newspaper office and banged his cane on the editor's desk.

"Where's the editor?" he shouted angrily.

"He—he's out!" replied the clerk nervously. "What's he done this time?"

"In that advertisement for my valveless motors," stormed the visitor, "he's turned the second 'v' into a 'u'."—*A.A.A.*

A lecturer at London University, just appointed to a new post in the United States, informed his three-year-old daughter that she would soon be making her home in America. That night the child ended her evening prayers: "Good-bye, dear God. I'm going to America."

—*Passing Show*.

Waitress: "Two-minute eggs, sir? I thought you always wanted them three minutes."

Breakfast: "I know, but I've decided to sleep a little longer mornings."

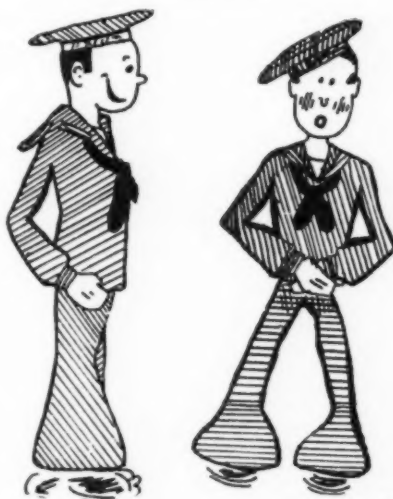
—*Boston Transcript*.

Druggist, to Boy Helper: "Why, we forgot to lay in a new supply of postage stamps."

Boy: "Well, we're a pair of half-baked sumps, aren't we?"—*Pathfinder*.

1st Vallejo Citizen: "So you say that sailor is a relative of yours?"

2nd Vallejo Citizen: "Yes, by bigamy."—*The Holland Hollander*.



16

First Sailor: "Did y' ever ride a bicycle?"

Second Ditto: "Sure not. Do you s'pose I'd trust myself on one of those contraptions that has a rudder in the front?"

Visitor to Navy Yard—"Can you direct me to the U. S. S. Satan?"

Sentry—"Never heard of it."

Visitor—"That's odd—here is a newspaper which says the Navy Yard Chaplain will preach on Satan, the great destroyer."

—*Tennessee Tar*.

"There's no difficulty in this world that cannot be overcome."

"Is zat so! Say, did you ever try to push the tooth paste back in the tube?"

—*Am. Motorist*.

OLD STUFF

"You say the 3rd degree didn't bother you a bit?"

"No, not at all."

"Didn't they fire questions at you rapidly; ask for explanations; where you were at certain hours of the day and night?"

"Yes."

"Didn't they tell you that you could neither drink nor smoke until you told the truth?"

"Yes, they did all of that."

"And still you say it didn't bother you a bit. Are you inhuman?"

"No, I was used to it. My wife has been doing it for years."—*USS Melville "Job Order"*.

"Well, how is married life?"

"It has made me years younger."

"Really?"

"Yes, I smoke on the sly again."—*London Charivari*.

An after-dinner speaker had exceeded the five minutes allowed for his speech and when he glanced at his watch he was amazed—or so he said—to find that his five minutes had become twenty-five.

He apologized for having gone beyond his allowance by commenting that had there been a clock in the room he would not have been so long, at which one diner, speaking in a voice that could be heard all over the room, remarked: "Thank heaven we have a calendar!"—*Tit-Bits*.

"Have you heard about the women of this village forming a secret society?" she asked.

Hubby laughed.

"That's good, that is," he said. "Why, women don't know how to keep a secret."

"Oh, but this society isn't going to keep secrets; it's going to tell them!" she replied.—*Answers*.

An old negro was asked what breed of chickens he considered the best. "All kinds has dere merits," he replied. "De white am de easiest to find, but de black am de easiest to conceal."—*Humorist*.



Pensacola Gal: "You fresh thing; who said you could kiss me?"

Simmons: "All the Radio Gang."

BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentsfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

"... NOR IRON BARS A CAGE"

BEHIND THESE WALLS, by James R. Winning (Macmillan), \$2.00.

No more brutal book has ever been written. It runs from flaming passion to ice-cold ferocity, the entire gamut of human emotions in caged men. With a not unnatural prejudice, the author, serving ten years in a state penitentiary, injects considerable propaganda in his work, propaganda in favor of prison reform in its idealistic form.

The story is one of intense interest. There is pathos in it, and brutality, courage and cowardice. But ever through the background one can hear the dull, aimless shuffling of the prisoners' feet on the grim flagstones. And one smells the stench arising from the overcrowded and unsanitary cells. But the stench of burning flesh in the prison fire transcends all others.

"The whole cell-block is ablaze. It is a red cauldron, sucking the forms and props, licking greedily at the scaffolding. Over it all is a sinister gurgle, as if the flames were satiating their appetites. But it is the smoke that compels my attention. . . ."

"The cries and bellowings have died down. I know for sure that the cells on the second tier have been unlocked, but I am not so sure about the other cells."

"There's guys locked up in there," Willie says, pointing up."

Hundreds of prisoners perish; and although the name of the penitentiary is withheld, newspaper files of not so many months ago furnish the story of a catastrophe so closely parallel as to leave little doubt.

The characterization of the inmates, prisoners and guards, could only have been drawn from real life, so perfect are they.

There is little relaxation throughout the book. The story moves steadily, at a tempo suggesting the utter futility of existence behind the bars of the prison.

Notwithstanding the morbid subject and treatment, the story does not invoke the disgust and nausea provoked by similar attempts to portray life within the cold, gray walls of our state penitentiaries.

HOMESTEADERS

OPEN LAND, by B. M. Bower (Little, Brown), \$2.00.

The long battle between ranch owners and homesteaders has frequently found its way into our western fiction. There is always an element of conflict that readily lends itself to interesting stories.

B. M. Bower, who by the way is a woman who writes with masculine virility, has completed more than a score of novels dealing with the West in all its phases.

"Open Land" is a story of the Roberts family—Mom, who can never forget that she crossed the plains and fought redskins in her youth; Than, the stronghearted and strongbacked son; Dade, the invalid brother, irascible and spoiled, and Susan, the sister.

Than's friend, Blaney, works in the land office. He discovers a choice bit of unclaimed land right in the center of the Teepee ranch. The Roberts family stake out their claims. But even before the women folks arrive, Than has a fight with one of the punchers from the Teepee. Later they recognize each other and peace is declared.

For a time things went well. The Teepee boys appeared friendly, and Berenson, the owner, made no attempt to rid himself of the homesteaders.

One day a mysterious prairie fire blazed over the land and completely wiped out the homesteaders. Than, with the assistance of Jean, daughter of a nearby rancher, fought a valiant but unsuccessful fight. The finger of suspicion pointed to the Teepee outfit. So Mom, outraged and vengeful, visits the ranch and attacks Berenson. A day or so later another fire breaks out and destroys the Teepee's haystack. Than and his brother are suspected of that, but there is no evidence. But when six Teepee cows are discovered with the Roberts' brand, the trouble begins.

"Open Land" is a "Western" that is different. There are plenty of red-blooded fights, and a little gunplay. But the people in the story do seem to be motivated by something besides wielding the perpetual six-shooter.

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

OLD GIMLET EYE. By Smedley D. Butler, as told to Lowell Thomas (Farrar & Rinehart). The adventures of General Butler during his life in the Marine Corps. Every Marine should read this story. \$2.75

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. By Fairfax Downey (Scribner's). The biography of the King of War Correspondents and his thrilling adventures in six wars. \$3.00

SHOES THAT HAD WALKED TWICE. By Jean Toussaint-Samat. Translated from the French by Elizabeth Abbott (Lippincott). A murder mystery, involving suicide, kidnapping and international espionage. \$2.00

THE DRAGON MURDER CASE. By S. S. Van Dine (Scribner's). Another Philo Vance mystery tale to delight the Van Dine fans. This one borders on supernatural things, but proves to be an earthly affair after all. \$2.00

VOODOOS AND OBEAHS. By Joseph J. Williams, S. J. (Dial Press). Black magic in Haiti and Africa. A comprehensive study of the practice of Voodooism, its history and characteristics. These data are the result of a quarter of a century's experience in the West Indies. \$3.00

CHINESE GORDON. By H. E. Wortham (Little, Brown). The biography of the Christian warrior, General Charles George Gordon, R. E. A military genius, was Gordon, fighting in the Crimean War, defending Shanghai against the Taiping rebels, and campaigning in India. \$3.50

THE MIDSHIPMAID. By Ian Hay (Houghton, Mifflin). A delightful farce concerning His Majesty's Navy in the Mediterranean, Sir Percy Newbiggen, appointed to investigate the cost of said navy, and his daughter, Celia, to whom cost meant nothing. \$2.00

THE KENNEL MURDER CASE. By S. S. Van Dine (Scribner's). Another of Mr. Van Dine's incomparable murder mysteries, featuring Philo Vance, the ace detective of fiction. \$2.00

THE WHITE ARMIES OF RUSSIA. By George Stewart (Macmillan). The grim struggle between the White and the Red forces that tore Russia. \$4.00

BLACK BAGDAD. By John H. Craige (Minton, Balch). A Marine officer's story of the occupation of Haiti. Horror and humor stalk through the pages of this unusual yarn. \$3.00

THE FIRST WORLD WAR. Edited by Laurence Stallings (Simon and Schuster). A photographic record of the World War. Some of the most beautiful specimens of photography ever gathered between the pages of a book, detailing the human element and emotion of the war. \$3.50

MEMOIRS OF A SPY. By Nicholas Snowden (Scribner's). A former Austrian secret agent recounts a series of remarkable, blood-curdling adventures of espionage. No calm laying of traps in tea-rooms here, but the grim spying behind the enemy's lines. \$2.75

ALWAYS BELITTIN'. By Percy Crosby (Percy Crosby, Publisher). Major Percy Crosby, USMCR, the creator of the lovable "Corporal" Skippy, USMC, brings forth a volume of cartoons and editorials, patriotic and nationalistic. \$2.00

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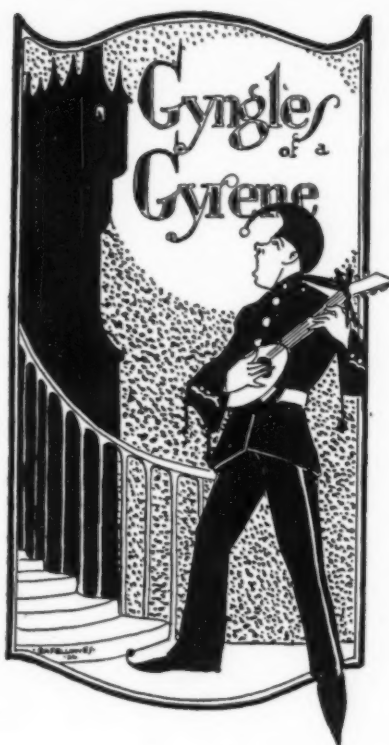
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THE CALL OF THE EAST

By "Ego Zain"

There's a mystic voice that's calling
And it whispers in the breeze,
And forever it's recalling
A soul to the limpid seas.
It speaks of a sun-kiss'd nation
Past the Simoon's spleeny roar,
Of a tranquil Eastern station;
And that voice has call'd before . . .

My thoughts drift back through the ages,
Each day a link in the chain,
In the Book of Time's worn pages
I turn each leaf once again;
And there in the dying embers,
As the fire's last ashes glow,
My fanciful mind remembers
Such scenes in the long ago.

When I pack'd my bag and started,
Though my heart felt strange and queer,
When I left the home and parted
From all that I once held dear.
And oft I recall the meeting
With that sun-bathed Eastern land,
Of its warm, impressive greeting
And its ever burning sand.

The heat was at first a pleasure
To one from a gelid clime,
I bask'd in the sun's full measure
(An unlearn'd youth at the time)
Till I felt its clammy fingers
And the touch of its fiery breath,
Of a fever'd kiss that lingers;
And I stood at the Doors of Death.

I babbled of meadows vernal
Of my native seabroos heights,
And crav'd for things hibernal
And the cool November nights.
And so like a child I prated
In my daz'd torpescient brain,
Till the fever had abated
And my senses rul'd again . . .

Yet you gave to me your treasures
And your peerless skies of blue,
'Tis strange how I miss those pleasures,
How my thoughts go back to you . . .
Yes it's true my heart is yearning,
And the East I can't forget:
And to-morrow I'm returning
Ere the lurid sun has set.

THE SHO-SHO GUN

By Melvin Lostutter

Oh, you kick me an' nick me an' rattle
me round,
An' you jam when the dam' Hun is
rushin',
An' refuse to diffuse all your slugs, you
old hound,
But you're a dam' sight better than
nothin'!

Oh, you scatter an' splatter your load o'er
the lot,
An' all hell couldn't tell where you're
shootin',
An' you quit for a bit when your muzzle
gets hot,
But you're a dam' sight better than
nothin'!

A gun new they say's due, that'll sure be
a wow—
The Browning, for downing the Prussian.
It's comin'—so's Christmas!—but mean-
time, I vow,
You're a dam' sight better than nothin'!

So bang on! We'll hang on till this old
job is done,
An' forgive me the many's a cussin',
You son-of-a-gun of a Hun fightin' gun—
You're a dam' sight better than nothin'!

THE YEAR AHEAD

By Horatio Nelson Powers

A Flower unblown, a Book unread,
A Tree with fruit unharvested,
A Path untrod, a House whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
A Landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies,
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed,
A Casket with its gifts concealed—
This is the Year that for you waits
Beyond To-morrow's mystic gates.

WINTER IN MAINE

By Charles G. Wilson

What is there about this land in Winter
That plucks at the heart strings with
poignant fingers,
This sweetness of beauty
That swells in the throat?

Is it the shadows—
Swift wings of violet, edged with the
flame's tongue,
Which sweep from the hollows of wind-
rippled snow,
Bursting in jewel glints, exploding in
splendor,
Darting like firebirds, swift and low-
flying,
Over the snowfields to home with the sun?

Or is it the forest
Dark and mysterious,
Surrounding, protecting
The frail-looking villages?
Is it the pine tree plumed like a soldier,
Is it the spruce tented with snow,
Or is it the maple that stands on the hill
top

Austere and lonely, keeping its vigil,
Its branches spread upward in effort
unending,
Like ancient Yggdrasil
Upholding the sky?

Is it the oxen
Wide-horned and contemplative,
Heads nodding so sagely, muzzles frost
plumed,
Wearing the yoke as a badge of their
prowess
Marching in rhythm, slow and majestic,
Moving like glaciers on march through the
ages,
Marching from mountains to mate with
the sea?

Is it the horses
Shag-coated and virile,
Brave in their tassels of scarlet and
orange,
Harnesses studded with fire-flashing brass,
The grays and the sorrels, the bays and
the chestnuts,
Vital as heart beats?

Or is it the lumbermen
Lean, bearded faces carved by the north
wind,
Taciturn, patient, watchful as Indians,
Stolidly stalking in frost-stiffened
moccasins
Guiding the sleds with their cargoes of
logs,
Cargoes of centuries of slow silent growth?

What is the beauty
That comes in the Winter,
Comes in the grimness
Of blizzard and hailstorm
And warms up the heart?

THE MAN WHO STICKS

By Charles R. Barrett

The man who sticks has this lesson learned,
Success doesn't come by chance—it's
earned,
By pounding away; for good hard knocks,
Will make stepping stones of the stumbling
blocks.

He knows in his heart that he cannot fail;
That no ill fortune can make him quail,
While his will is strong and his courage
high,
For he's always good for another try.

He doesn't expect by a single stride
To jump to the front; he is satisfied
To do ev'ry day his level best,
And let the future take care of the rest.

He doesn't believe he's held down by the
boss—
It's work, and not favor, that "gets
across,"

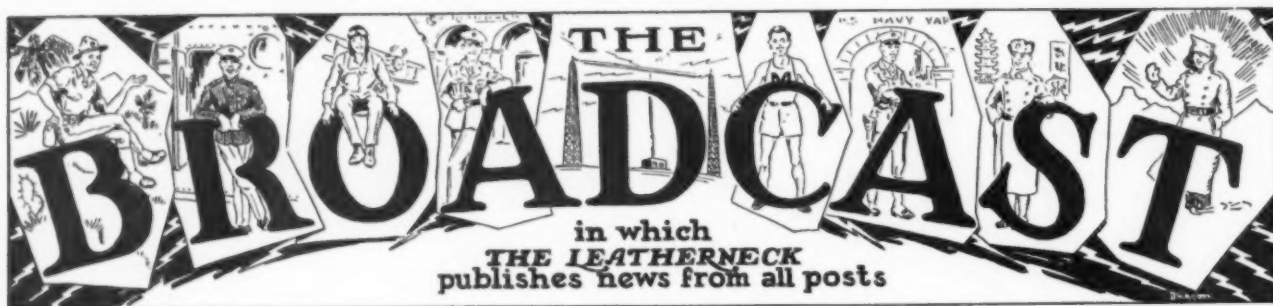
So his motto is this: "What another man
Has been able to handle, I surely can."

For the man who sticks has the sense to
see
He can make himself what he wants to be,
If he'll off his coat and vitch right in—
Why, the man who sticks can't help but
win!

TO THE SEA

Anonymous

Behold the wonders of the mighty deep,
Where crabs and lobsters learn to creep,
And little fishes learn to swim;
And clumsy sailors tumble in.



Sea-Going Log

UTAH MARINES

By Happy

Well fellow Gyrenes, here we are again, the day before Thanksgiving. And it must be a day of yearning for the morrow. Everyone should be looking forward to that great dinner of Turkey and all the fixings. The menu card for the dear old *Utah* looks like a sumptuous affair. Speaking of eating, we always have a pretty fair menu on our ship.

Now for the news, and a lot of scandal: First it grieves me to relate that we had a funeral at sea for our Executive Officer, Commander Le Bourgeois, on the 15th inst. He passed to the great beyond on the 11th. The remains were cremated, and the ashes were scattered on the waters of the Pacific. A fitting burial for a hero who had given all his life to the Government, and to the Navy. We never hope to have a better Executive no matter where or when we serve our country.

Now let's talk about some of the members of our detachment:

Boyce and Frahier are still handing out our chow, and believe you me, we eat well. Nessler and Singletary are going on the retired list of Compartment cleaners. Wiles and Vanditti are succeeding them. Wiles has been the boy who kept our uniforms pressed for the past two months. Grooms is the new pants creaser for December. Just ask Booth and Grooms about the good ship *Northampton*. And don't forget to ask Craig and Price about the royal frame-up of a certain person on the Beach. However they are to be congratulated that they were innocent.

Sergeant Hunter has had a taste of how it is not desirable to try to save pennies for Xmas. He having had the pleasure of someone stealing a window and several \$\$ cash, to say nothing of \$\$ worth of jewelry from his home in San Diego.

Corporal Rice, Pfc. McLeod and Pvt. Jedenoff are to spend a few days of foreign service over on the *Medusa*, with the Flag of Train Squadron One. Private Jedenoff has returned on board from the Fleet Football team. Corporal Brown is hoping to be in Hawthorne, Nevada, soon. And Pfc. Helm, Hank to you, is expecting to pay his way to the East Coast soon. Pfc. Kirkland just extended his tour of *Utah* duty till July.

Private Brunk is still holding down a cook's job in the galley. Oh yes, we were honored by an Admiral's inspection on the 28th. We are very proud to impart the news that we passed in great shape. Private Williams has an electric sewing machine,

and he is forever working it. "Mysteries," oh yes, we often are in doubt as to why members of the Detachment ask whether or not certain ships are in port. There isn't so much that we can say, but we are all hoping that for Christmas we'll get our percentage back. Sure we need it!

MARINE DETACHMENT U. S. S. NEW MEXICO

The good ship *New Mexico* is again afloat after approximately two and one-half years in the Philadelphia Navy Yard, where she has been completely modernized. She left Philadelphia 15 September, 1933, for a shake-down cruise, under the command of Captain D. A. Weaver, USN., with Commander S. O. Greig, USN., as Executive Officer. The Marine Guard is composed of seventy-five men, commanded by Capt. R. O. Sanderson, USMC., assisted



by 2nd Lts. J. H. DeZayas and Ellsworth N. Murray. Our "top" is none other than the noted R. E. Nall, who won his spurs in the "old Marine Corps" in the days of three-button "skivvies." We consider ourselves most fortunate to be commanded by such a group of men and know our Guard and ship will be second to none as soon as we have completed the minor adjustments after trial runs.

Our first stop was Gravesend Bay, N. Y. We experienced the thrills of the world's largest city by standing around on the weather decks gazing longingly at the bright lights from several miles off shore. While here, a few Cubans ran amuck and we were ordered to Cuba to assist them with their house cleaning.

On our way South we stopped at Norfolk, Virginia, where we were joined on 24 September by a platoon each of riflemen and machine gunners from the Seventh Regiment, 1st Bn., Quantico. The riflemen were commanded by 1st Lt. Kenneth B. Chappell, and the machine gunners by 1st Lt. Tilghman H. Saunders. The first night they were aboard the "top" was troubled quite a bit by the newcomers' search for hammock ladders and such.

Early Friday morning, 29 September, we left Hampton Roads behind, bound for "La Ciudad de Habana" and what we

hoped was a little exciting adventure. Our non-coms began immediately coaching the three companies of gobs that were to follow us, in the event we landed, in the use of firearms. It is rumored that one gob, while firing the B. A. R. off the quarterdeck, was being kicked around quite a bit and after trying unsuccessfully to stop firing, just threw it down and ran.

We arrived off Havana Harbor at 1800, 2 October, 1933. Preparation was made for an immediate landing and everyone was standing by to go over the side on five minutes' notice. In fact, two of our most promising corporals were prepared to the extent that they had written up their last wills and testaments, placed them in securely sealed envelopes addressed to—? Since we did not land, these most important documents were destroyed and we know lots of people that would give plenty to know their contents. As customary, we kept standing by until the next morning, and no one can say the sailors were not ready for immediate action, as they strapped their heavy marching orders on their backs and climbed right into their hammocks. The powerful searchlight that playing around on the water kept us reminded that we were not alone, as it came from the U.S.S. *Richmond*, alongside the docks at the customs house. Her Marines were also ready to go ashore to uphold the tradition of the Marine Corps.

Evidently word leaked out somehow that there were 150 Marines on the *New Mexico* that were "loaded for bear" so the trouble ceased immediately and we started cruising around the coast. On the morning of the 3rd, dark clouds and an increasing wind gave warning of a tropical disturbance, for which the Caribbean seems to be noted. As the day advanced the gale increased and about 1500 we were being tossed about considerably. By sundown the velocity of the wind, as estimated by the Submarine Base, Coco Solo, reached a velocity of 76 M.P.H. and we were doing what the writer considers first class pitching and rolling. A great many of the newcomers and some of the old salts began having cold chills, getting white around the gills and perspiring freely. For the next couple of days it was a common sight to see fellows hanging over the life-lines and making record sprints to the forward part of the ship where they could lose their meal in peace. Our Guard suffered one casualty during the storm. Private Eddleman ventured on the quarterdeck, just outside our compartment, when a sea came over. He was thrown against a hatch, breaking his right leg near the knee. He has been receiving excellent attention in the sick bay and we hope to have him up and about soon.

It was a beautiful sight, on the evening of the 6th, when we steamed slowly into Matanzas Bay, just at sundown to meet our sister ship, the U.S.S. *Mississippi*, which had been keeping careful vigilance

over American lives and property in Cuba before our arrival. As we drew near each other, and after formal salutes, each ship sent over a motor launch. Soon formalities were over and the *Mississippi* steamed north, homeward bound, while we continued the watch.

The 7th and 8th of October we spent at Dry Tortugas, about forty miles off the coast of Key West, Florida. Several fishing parties went out but the only thing they brought back was lots of blistered faces, necks and backs. We were permitted to go swimming over at Fort Jefferson. Most of us took advantage of this opportunity to study this old fort, which the writer understands was constructed about 1855. Later it was used as a Federal prison. At present it is deserted and in an advanced stage of decay. The only entrance is by an old drawbridge over a moat that completely surrounds the fort. It has been stated by those that are supposed to know, that during the days the fort was used as a prison, this moat was filled with man-eating sharks. It seems that it would be impossible to escape from such a place. May we suggest that this island be used as a place of confinement for desperadoes and gangsters instead of Alcatraz Island, off the coast of California? After the swimming parties returned, the ship took on an aspect of a curio ship, as most everyone had shells, coconuts and what-not galore as souvenirs.

One could not help being overcome with a feeling of reverence when one entered the inner courtyard or patio of the old fort and gazed upon the monument erected in the memory of a Brevet Major who gave his life in a vain endeavor to stamp out the plague of yellow fever that assailed all

the inhabitants of the island several years ago. Also, there is another grave there with only a splinter of wood for a marker, bearing the inscription, "Dos Espanioles, 24 Septiembre 1932." All of these things bring to mind that although the old fort is now deserted and in ruins, a few years gone by, the dramas of many lives were enacted there.

On the morning of 14 October, with the Grau San Martin government gaining a stronger foothold and everything being peaceful, we turned homeward. The outfit that had joined us from Quantico was jubilant over the prospect of being transferred ashore at Norfolk, but were doomed to disappointment. Thirty-one of them were transferred under the command of 2nd Lt. J. H. DeZayas aboard the destroyer *Overton* for a prolonged stay in Cuban waters. We made a rapid trip north, stopping only long enough in Hampton Roads to discharge the two planes and their crews that went to Cuba with us. On 18 October we pulled into the Delaware Breakwater, and on the morning of the 19th, on up the river into dry dock. Everyone is now crying for liberty, and the machine gunners have grown to like us so well they are hoping they aren't transferred.

While we were in Norfolk, the kid, Sergeant Renaud, went ashore with a couple of other members of our detachment. What we can't understand is why he preferred to sleep in the bathtub at the hotel instead of his bed. Could it be that powerful 3.2? Perhaps the "First Soldier" could tell us, as it is rumored he was along.

Recently several corporals were made, and they are putting forth every effort to get the newness worn off their stripes. There are a number of vacancies for Pri-

vate First Class and are the boys bucking! We are betting on the detachment runner, Private Herndon, to head the list. He is anxious enough anyway.

It is rumored that the reason Corporal Pemberton sits at the table so long every day is because he hopes some of the privates will be diplomatic and give him their pie.

Private Hyde, one of our most charming mess cooks, evidently was disappointed in the tips he received pay day, as he is now crying for a relief.

Private Thompson has been sleeping on the boat deck recently, because of warm weather. He says he comes below every morning about 5:00 because it gets too cool up there.

Private Wood recently requested duty as gun striker. His request was granted. Since he has learned that he is supposed to work he wants to get relieved. What kinda people is this?

Sergeant Dettbach, Corporal Callahan and Private First Class Lucander are still trying to teach Corporal Deck how to play "Hearts." I believe they will eventually give it up as a bad job.

Private Ryan, the old globe-trotter with the little "Kiss me, Honey" mustache, continues giving everyone willing to listen thrilling accounts of his adventures the world over. Stay in there, "Limie."

Gy-Sgts. Lee and Satterfield may be hot stuff when it comes to pushing mules over difficult trails, but they sure worked hard when they were trying to get the husks off some coconuts at Dry Tortugas, and as this has been a hard job getting this off our chests we hasten to say

Hasta Luego, Amigos.



QUANTICO, THE CROSS-ROAD OF THE MARINE CORPS

By The Earl of Quantico

After several months of travel in foreign climes, I recently returned to Quantico, the cross-road of the Marine Corps. During my travels I had a look in at Fort Eustis, Va., the temporary rifle range detachment where all Marines of the Tidewater district fired the range. There I found 1st Sgt. Hoke S. Tyson hard at work trying to finish up the range year in order to take up duties in Haiti. A few days later we dropped anchor in Port au Prince and there I found many old friends, had dinner with Sergeant Major and Mrs. Larn, took a "sight seeing" tour with Sgt. ("The Doctor") J. K. P. Hoffman and spent many hours in the NCO Club with Master Technical Sergeant "Pete" Petrillo, Sergeant Grant, Corporal Murphy and others. From the Port we sailed over to Santo Domingo City and took a look at the former home of many of the old timers. After a few hours (only too few) there I readily understand why so many of the older Marines rave about that place, for the city, the officials and the citizenry,

gave us a royal welcome and the place is lousy with beautiful women.

After a choppy (made doubly so after the celebration in Santo Domingo City) trip across the Caribbean we dropped anchor in Cristobal and visited many of the old places of interest known so well in the annals of the Marine Corps. After a trip through the canal (always enjoyable) we lay over at Balboa for a few days. While there we ran across First Sergeant "Swede" Carlson as officer of the deck aboard one of the destroyers of the Special Service Squadron. At the time we were there we also found that the "Duke of Chontales" had broken out in native print due to his defense in civil courts of a sailor that had fallen into the clutches of the Panamanian authorities.

In San Diego we found Gunnery Sergeant "Don" Carlos Martinez in charge of a grenade school, Sergeant Major Rice as Base Sergeant Major, Quartermaster Sergeant Manley furnishing transportation and with ChQMClk. John Brady as Base Adjutant.

I spent a week freezing in San Francisco in the middle of August during which my greatest exertion was trying to figure out why they laid the place out in such a man-

ner and then we jumped to Seattle where I encountered 1st Sgt. Nicholas Grieco in charge of Reserve activities in Washington and Oregon and with First Sergeant Burns in charge of the local recruiting office. They are well located in the New Federal Building and are surrounded by a good bunch of men.

But returning to Quantico,—I was first struck on getting off the train by the air of everybody being busy. After staking myself to a bunk I went out to find out what was going on and again I was struck by the idea that everything and everybody were depressingly busy. Everything on the post looks fine but sometimes they get you up so early in the morning that you can't see and appreciate the beauty of the place. I have heard poets rave of the beauty of the rising sun, but I now know that it is all a lot of tommyrot and that they have drawn much on their imagination when writing such stuff. However my imagination seems to be limited for try as I might I fail to succeed when I try to imagine that it is 9 o'clock in the morning when it is still so dark that you can't see your hand in front of your face.

Then "bang" on top of it all (my arriving in Quantico and finding the place so

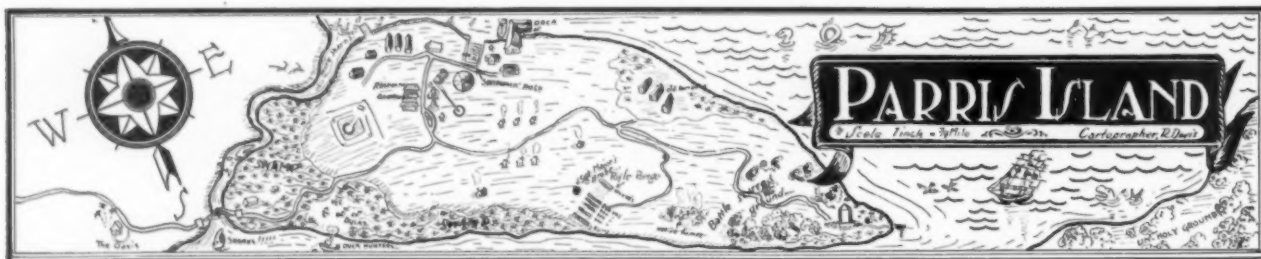
depressingly busy) down comes the A&I and we go around in circles to show him our stuff. It is said that when one of the inspectors commented to Staff Sergeant Fitzgerald about the two-tone effect of his overcoat (The "San Francisco Depot Cut-a-way" effect), he politely invited the inspector's attention to his new gloves with the comment that their excellent condition offset the condition of his overcoat. Before the days of Marine Corps Order 41, the A&I inspections were eventful days for when they arrived the men then started digging into their lockers and bags only to find that they were so many articles short and that they had mislaid their rifles. Now, in these enlightened days of MCO 41, it is just another formation. However there are some exceptions. For instance I heard First Sergeant Carleton of the Barracks Detachment holding a telephone conversation with a prospect for the A&I inspection of blue uniforms. Some of the conversation on First Sergeant Carleton's part was "Now, just how long have you been in the Marine Corps? (pause) Twenty years, and you have just now found out that you are required to have a blue uniform? (pause) Well, it is no more than I expected for in all the years I have known you I have never known you to do anything right."

Some things about Quantico are: 1st Sgt. Otto Roos' confusion when he found his favorite seat at the movies already occupied; Gy-Sgt. Joe Dupuy becoming a pie eater and offending his well-wishing friends who bring him cigars; the Duke of Dumfries getting established and giving us Royalty competition; Corporal Gaddis of Post



Headquarters asking Sergeant Major Kloth who the dickens that guy "H. M. S. Danae" was, as he had no record of any such bird ever having served at the post; Sgt. Hubert Graves killing wild turkeys near Quantico and trading them for hooch

and the fluctuating dollars; Staff Sergeant "Billy" Mitchell attending Red Cross meetings; Sergeant Underwood getting a corner on the ice cream supply; a Public Enemy Number One who has done much for the welfare of the command.



"Someone is coming to my house,
Someone is coming to stay;
Father's so happy he's dancing with joy;
All he can say is, 'I hope it's a boy!'"

That was the song we had in mind last month when we mentioned the fact that three husky young men had come here recently "to stay." But the proof-reader of THE LEATHERNECK, who naturally doesn't remember that far back, muffed the point and extended a welcome instead of congratulations to Quartermaster Clerk and Mrs. Ledoux, Sergeant Major and Mrs. C. P. McCallum, and Sergeant and Mrs. L. Frucci.

This month we congratulate First Sergeant and Mrs. Hanrahan and Private and Mrs. C. L. Spoon. Father's hopes were only partially realized this month, as the Spoon baby turned out to be a girl. But five of the last six babies to arrive here have been boys.

By the way, boy babies and V-8's are the height of style here. Every family, it seems, is bent on having one or the other!

Our newly-appointed Safety Officer is Capt. F. P. Snow, who joined us recently from the Motor Transport School at Camp Holabird, Maryland, and who is now in charge of Post Land Transportation and the Post Fire Department. He relieves Lieut. Col. H. C. Judson, who is being de-

tached to his home in Miami, Florida, to be retired as of March 1, 1934. Major G. H. Osterhout has been detailed as Senior Member of the Post Exchange Council and Senior Member of the Post Council of Administration in his stead.

Lieut. Com. E. K. Patton (D. C.) USN, who happens to be the very efficient president of our Golf Club and one-time amateur golf champion of this state, was slated for transfer to the USS *Ranger* on the reporting of his relief, but his many friends here are glad to know that his orders have been revoked.

Our Medical Corps staff is being augmented by the arrival of Lieutenant A. G. Churchill (M. C.) USN, from San Diego. Never before have we had a more capable, hard-working, better-liked staff of doctors than we now have.

Our Commanding General has published the following letter to the command:

"As Chairman of the Committee on Military, Police, and Parking, and on behalf of the City of Savannah, I desire to express my sincere appreciation of the splendid performance of the officers and men detailed by you for service in connection with the guarding of the President of the United States upon his visit to Savannah, November 18, 1933. They executed their mission in a manner most

highly creditable and they excited universal praise.

"With sincere appreciation of their conduct, I have the honor to be

Yours very truly,
(signed) ROBT. J. TRAVIS,
Brigadier-General,
Chairman."

Our plans for Christmas and New Year's celebrations this season include the following schedule:

On the afternoon of December 24, gifts will be distributed from a tree in the Lyceum to the enlisted men and children of the post.

On the evening of December 24, the usual Lyceum program will be augmented by a musical interlude and other specialties.

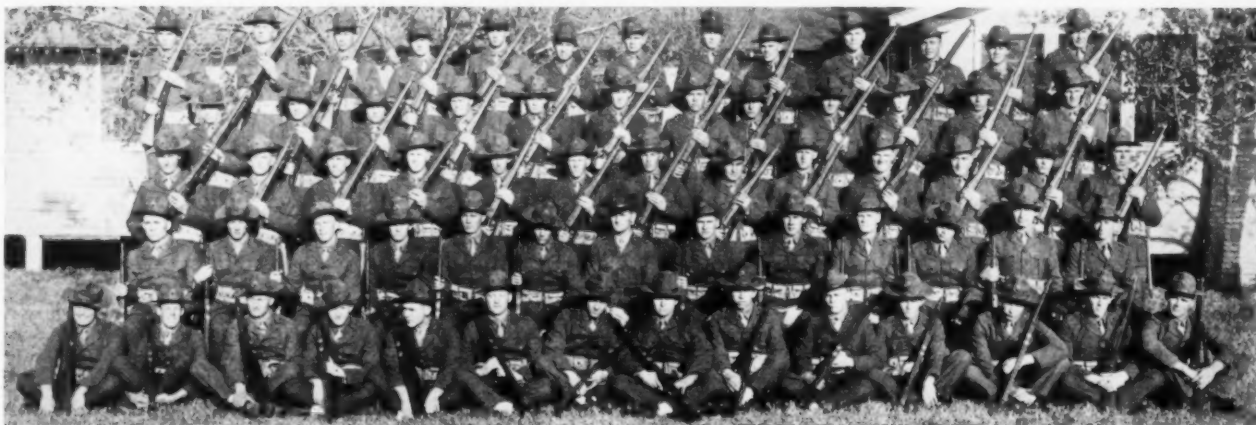
On the evening of December 30, New Year's Eve, a dance will be held in the Lyceum.

Major G. H. Osterhout has been appointed chairman of all the committees having charge of arrangements for these entertainments.

In view of the fact that the Marines are to be "pulled out of Haiti" next October, it might be *à propos* to mention that several men from this station are leaving for the Black Republic for a brief visit.



Company 26, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Frucci, Corporal Hutson and Corporal Hooks



Company 28, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Baxter and Corporal Dingwall

Speaking (as we were before that same re-write man in Washington got his hands on this) of recruits, it may be of interest to them and to their folks back home to know that the February Broadcast from Parris Island will contain pictures of recruits in training here, and of our new recreation and reading rooms, together with a brief explanation of each picture.

At the present time our basketball teams are extremely active. The "Movies" in the Lyceum are preceded by games of the second half of the series, which has just started. The first half was won easily by Headquarters and Headquarters Company, which lost but one game out of six.

The bowling league, with its seven teams, has been rolling them down the alley, and on the eighth of December, when the last check-up was made, Headquarters and Headquarters Company was well in the lead.

Major J. E. Davis and Captain F. P. Muleahy flew here recently for the purpose of looking over the ground with a view of locating landing fields here for the gunnery season. They seemed to be favorably impressed by conditions here.

THE CREAM OF THE CROP— PLATOON TWENTY-SEVEN

By "Quixote" Hagan

On the eleventh day of October, 1933, Platoon Twenty-seven came into being with the arrival of its first member at Parris Island. Soon young men from all parts

of the country came into its ranks, filled with enthusiasm and eager to learn. Sergeant Fields and Corporal Purley, who were placed in charge of us, soon taught us how green we were. Heavies had to be rolled. Rifles accumulated a remarkable amount of dirt in an astoundingly short time, and—well, you all know the dire consequences of having a soiled bow'n'arrow. Clothes had to be washed. But, after a week's "Squads East-ing" we were in the pink.

Part of our platoon paraded on Navy Day—to and from the chow tables, bearing fodder for the hungry horde. For once, a few members (the usual few) got enough. Peculiar animal, the "chowhound," what?

We were curious, as are most recruits, about the future. When were we to draw our "blues"? When could we get furloughs? But that's the way it goes—the future is always more glamorous than the present.

At last we got to the rifle-range, and were introduced to the pastime of "snapping-in." But we did learn, in spite of protesting bones and muscles, to "line 'em up an' squeeze 'em off." As proof, we offer our qualification percentage—seventy-two per cent.

Finally the long-awaited day came, and we were to leave the island. A few of the men had dropped out, as they will from every platoon, but the rest of us rolled our last (for a while) Parris Island heavy on the morning of December 4, and were

ready for the adventure of entering the Corps. But we found it hard to leave some of the men behind. The Service is the greatest fraternity in the world, and we were beginning to realize that. Particularly, we hated to leave our instructors. They are the salt of the earth, and have laid strong hold upon our friendship. But—away we went.

As the platoon boarded ship, one last impression was stamped indelibly upon our memories. "Red" Lowery was overcome by the acute pangs of *mal-de-mer* the instant he set foot on board!

PLATOON TWENTY-EIGHT

By R. J. Holley

Following the ancient, time-honored custom, dating back to the arrival of the first rubber sock at the Recruit Area at Parris Island, sixty-four lusty young voices made hideous the tranquility of a typical Carolina afternoon by shouting, "So this is Parris!" The nucleus of Twenty-eight had arrived.

Before the first week had become history, however, we began to have odd ideas of the Marine Corps. We were aware of the fact that a contingent of the Conservation Corps was nearby. Had we erred? Were we in the wrong outfit? True, we had drawn equipment—but where was the military training that we had expected? "Later," said a hard-boiled individual, later identified as Corporal Dingwall.

So we waited. And, while waiting, we



Company 29, Parris Island. Instructed by Sergeant Webb and Corporal McKay

saw the world. We examined it carefully, removing all dirt, long grass, and other undesirable items. We policed it, to be brief. Then—schedule. "Wan-tute-tree-foor—ight-loouft." Double time around the drill field, until, miracle of miracles—we no longer thought about drill. We had become coordinated. We were soldiers—and good ones, too.

The rifle range was a mystery to most of us, but threats of dark, dire, nameless fates awaiting us had the desired effect for we qualified ninety-two per cent!

All in all, our stay here has been a pleasant one. Our D. I.'s must think we are almost as good as we think we are, for they have been mighty lenient with us, judging by some of the grisly tales we have heard about Boot Camp in the past. They let us attend the "movies" and other functions that a Boot may attend, and, more important to the majority of the platoon, they gave us plenty of time to eat when chow-call sounded.

We feel that our instructors have done an excellent job in whipping us into shape. They have been hard—but they have been understanding, too. And that is one combination which cannot fail to produce results. They have—and will have—our whole-hearted loyalty and support, where-

ever we may come together again in the service.

THE MOVING PLATOON (29)

By William Hubert Taylor

Platoon Twenty-nine, called the Moving Platoon, is ready to move again! But this time it's to leave dear old Parris Island behind for good. However, leaving will not take away some of the memories that have been left to us, dating back through the dim past to our arrival, three weeks ago.

How could we forget that first week before we were a complete platoon? It was packed full of working details. Deck swabbing, unloading ships, grass cutting, general police work, and, above all, the Lyceum detail, were the order of the day.

Then came our first day of schedule. We were in fine fettle, because we had spent a considerable part of the night before cleaning the Naval Prison Barracks, to which we had just been moved. The week rolled around, and we gradually took on the appearance of neophyte Gyrenes. The next week, Platoon Twenty-eight moved out, and again we moved and cleaned barracks. Then, back to drilling and the shower of choice invective that fell upon those who "doped off" and were caught. And we moved again! We had to pack and be on

the move in just one hour out to the rifle range (Platoon Thirty had the measles).

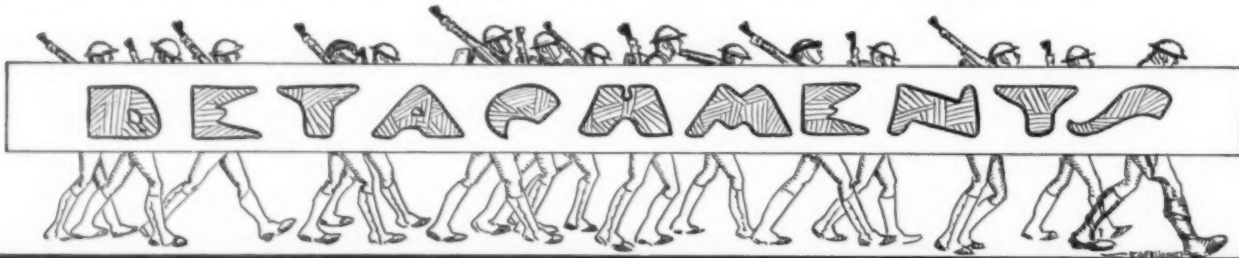
What, again? Yes, another move, back to the Main Station, after just one day in our country home.

Thus were we moved about Parris Island; and now the time has come for us to be on our way to San Diego—and we still have three weeks of "boot camp" ahead of us. We devoutly hope that the San Diego barracks are clean.

In closing we feel that we must mention a few of the outstanding characters of the platoon, and events that we cannot forget. There's Tootle—and there's Piazza. How could we forget Piazza? He's the head man. There are the weary nights when we stayed in and rolled "heavies." Thank you, Corporal McKay. Scrubbing mess-gear and extended order drill when we had a chance to sleep a little—and drawing clothes, returning them, re-drawing them, and parading in them—can we forget these?

We shall always remember Sergeant Webb. He tried conscientiously to make sea-soldiers of us, and we think that, up to a point, he succeeded. He will always have our friendship, loyalty, and respect.

And so—farewell. We're off to the second chapter of "boot-camp," and the surprises of the West Coast.



THE RECEIVING SHIP AT N. Y.

By the Ole' Maestro

Once more I dust off the good old Underwood . . . and if this stuff is getting monotonous to you . . . just imagine what it is doing to me! . . . Anyway . . . here goes . . . There have been a lot of changes made in Building No. 215 . . . the first being a change in Commanding Officers . . . Lieutenant Lang left us on the 16th of November for duty as a student pilot at Pensacola, Fla., and was relieved by Captain Hartsel, formerly of China, Haiti, and all way-stations . . . Then Federico went to Quantico for Radio . . . And my old pal Scotty Austin . . . good old Scotty . . .

(phffft) . . . went back to the farm and the quietude of rural life . . . Yowsah! . . . Then Mathias (Paul), Key and Davis left for Haiti . . . I don't think Mathias left any broken hearts in Brooklyn, as he was a man's man . . . but there was much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth when The Key and Honest John Davis left . . . (Aside to Honest John) Betty says to be sure and wear your hat when you go out in the sun! . . . Now that I have done my duty by the transferred and discharged, I'll be getting at those that are left behind to keep the home fires burning . . .

FLASH—Hank Geisler and The Greeson

are due to change their beneficiary slips during the holidays . . . the horse-blankets are large enough for two . . . even if the pay isn't! . . . FLASH—FLASH—Will the low-life-snake-in-the-grass who walked out with the Brant's wardrobe return and get the hat he forgot? It's a known fact that Bear's burlap was unhockable . . . so-o-o-o . . . the only reason they could have had for taking that . . . was to use it for bright-work rags . . . If they ever tried to hock it . . . Uncle would have thrown it right back in their face.

Well . . . Some girls like the uniform better anyway . . . Ever since the Brant went ranching . . . the pots and pans in

the scullery have been diminishing . . . That's not an accusation . . . but don't wait until a house drops on you! . . . And don't be surprised if Joe Porstner falls in behind Hank and Greeson! . . . If this is beginning to sound like a diary of 200 Clermont . . . fo-give me . . . fo-give me.

When Sergeant Glass steps out on liberty he looks like a blown up edition of Jimmy Walker with a joosh dialect . . . and he sleeps in PAJAMAS! . . . It seems that the Sergeant's suppressed desire is to paint anything and everything gilt . . . so if you wake up some morning and find your shoes were painted gold whilst you slumbered . . . blame the Sergeant . . . E. Oscar Bates, the local literary genius, is back at the old homestead after a short stay at the USNH . . . His cold is much better . . . And The Strait listened to Cowboy Tom on the radio so long that he thought he could ride anything . . . but old 129 threw him right out of the saddle . . . And is he paying! Tsk . . . tsk . . . Corporal Smith took another lesson payday, and is soon due to graduate . . . It sure does cost a lot to learn to play stud poker! . . . And until the day he left . . . Mathias was still wondering about the Five Points outside of San Diego!

FLASH—The Brant is learning to do the Spanish Tango . . . And when that line forms Lonnie Adams will be right in back of Porstner! . . . Once-upon-a-time Looie Schardt had a ranch on State Street . . . but there were too many hungry girls living in the same house . . . They even got his guitar! . . . (Moral) Music soothes the soul . . . not the stomach . . . All the Non-Coms are burning the midnight oil over their correspondence courses . . . and Sergeant Taylor is the cause of it all.

The Langworthy will line up in back of Adams as soon as he pays for the ring . . . (Aside to Doggie Wilson) Where's ELMER? . . . McIntosh says that keeping Tiger Lil in new dresses is keeping him broke! . . . But if Georgia is ltsening in . . . remember . . . it's only a joke! . . . But if Mac doesn't stop parading around with that sweet smelling phoo-phoo on his hair he'll have to suffer the consequences . . . and that's no joke!

When Private Maher started bumming cigarettes two days after payday . . . Tiger Bear just walked over and handed him the "No-cigarette Medal." The Tiger hated to give it up . . . as he has had the medal so long that he has become attached to it . . . but he recognized a better man when he saw him . . . If the Tiger isn't careful he'll be in that line right in back of Langworthy . . . but the thing in back of him will be a shot-gun! . . . Picture of the month: When the Marines uncover . . . and the Captain (Navy) (Aside to the Editor: He doesn't read THE LEATHERNECK!) stops in the middle of inspection to chat with Corporal Virge about methods to grow hair on bald pates! . . . Benueh

Friedman had a ranch too . . . but he wouldn't tell until the rent was up! . . . And as my rent is about up . . . I'll be seeing you!

LAFAYETTE, WE'RE HERE AGAIN

By Larry Davis

Our small detachment is seldom heard from, so I shall endeavor to transmit to the rest of the Corps all the latest news from this famous little island in New York Harbor.

Sergeant Howard (Gabby) Gould is now in command and is making a go of it in spite of the fact that he has a weakness for 3.2. Ask him, and he will tell you what General Pershing said to him. Cpl. Eugene Wilson, second in command and our drill instructor, is trying to learn the fundamentals of that famous game of Ping Pong. In a few years he might make good; anyway he is making good at his present job as mess sergeant, proven by the way the Butcher has been singing the blues. Cpl. Frederick Moan and Cpl. Raymond Lewis are also among those who are doing their best to make this an outstanding post.

Now to get down to the men who make history—Pfc. Nathan Brandt, better known as the Bronx Indian, is doing his bit for the local welfare; taking care of unhappy ladies who are being neglected. Another High Class Private, Howard (known to his intimates as China), claims to be a reveler of no mean ability, but after having seen him in action in competition with one of our better-known Privates, Louie Hatcher, well—. The captain of the local slum-gun, one Pfc. Raymond Stanley, puts out a nasty biscuit—not to mention his hamburger! Since he has been officiating the tailor has been overworked letting out slowly tightening waistbands. Pfc. Claude Sailor is about to discover that there is practically no truth in the rumor that two can live as cheaply as one—even if one doesn't eat. Private First Class Thomas is now making liberties via dog team—the left and the right dog, respectively. Here's how it came about. While he was in a shop buying a piece of baling wire, he left his car parked outside (Ed's note: Where else, dope?). When he came out, he was confronted by a hilarious junk-dealer who gasped out a story about a fool who bought "that accident that was here." "Migawd!" said Tommy, "my car!" "Your car?" gasped the junk man. "Yeah, my car. How much did you get for it?" "Four bucks," he said. "Here." "Naw," said Tommy, overjoyed. "We'll split!" And there you have it.

There is a rumor circulating hereabouts to the effect that Pvt. Louie V. Hatcher is standing 8 to 4 watches in front of the Butcher Shop. We wonder how come.

This impressive document, gentlemen, is by way of being our initial attempt at broadcasting; however, we shall be heard from from now on, so stand by.

PENSACOLA TAKEOFFS

The Birthday of the Marine Corps was celebrated at this post with a formal guard-mount in the morning, with the guest of honor Lt. Col. Clifford Jones, C. A. C., attended by his staff. Open house was held at the barracks throughout the day, and about seventy-five guests were entertained at dinner. A beautiful wreath was presented to the Marines by the florists in town in commemoration of the Birthday of the Corps.

Inter-divisional athletics are a big thing among the eight divisions here, and the Marines usually manage to get into the money. Playground baseball has just ended, with the Marines finishing third. The basketball team is being whipped into shape by First Lieutenant O'Brien, assisted by Corporal Nicholson, and the outlook for the team is unusually good. Among the players who are showing excellent form are Privates Dorsey and Linder, who played with the Guantanamo Bay team the last two seasons.

One of the unusual features of this post is the splendid fishing in this vicinity. Rods and reels are furnished by the Post Amusement Officer, and almost every day men bring in strings of fish. During the period from April to October, the Post Exchange donates reels as prizes for the largest in the different classes of fish caught.

For men who are air-minded, there are hops to be "chiseled" every flying day, and many of the men can boast of more than one hundred hours in the air.

Everyone here is backing the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment to the last ditch. We have installed swinging doors on all the offices to practice on. Which reminds us—Corporal Brown, on encountering his first of the swinging doors, was heard to remark, "Is my father in there?" Odd, isn't it, how habit stays with one.

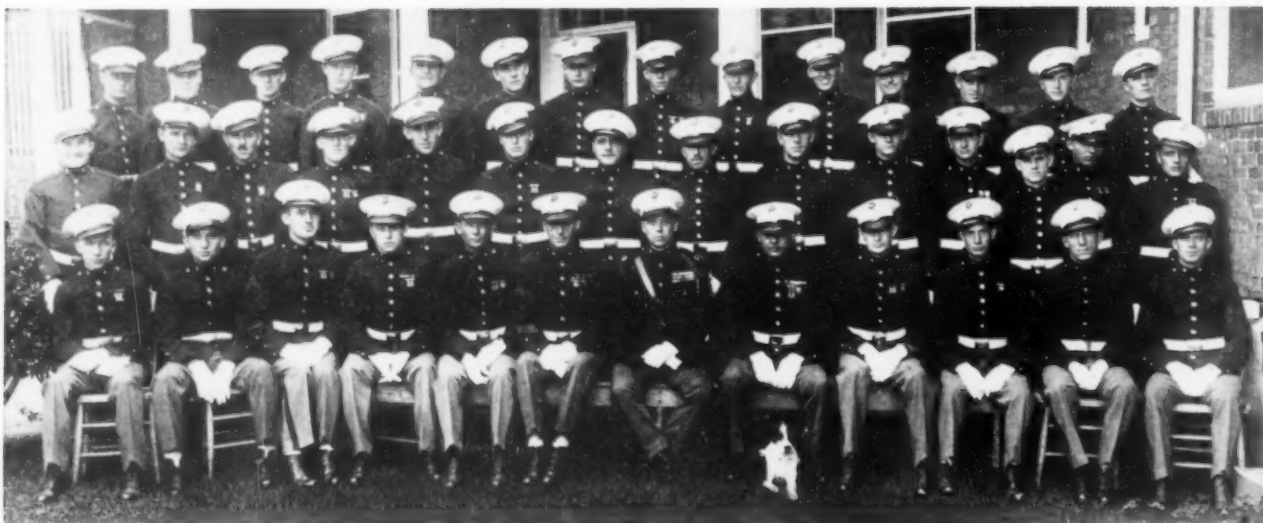
HAWTHORNE BREVITIES

News from one of the best, if not the best post in the States. Now for the dope on the "Land of Sagebrush and Sand."

The first on the roster is Capt. L. W. Burnham, who is busier than a one-legged pup with the fleas. He is at the present time snapping in on a minstrel show that should be a big success with his backing and some of the local talent. The skipper is also attempting to organize an orchestra composed solely of saxophones, nine in all; and the recreation hall sounds something like a boiler factory when the boys are picking out sharps and flats. A basketball team is being organized through the efforts of the Captain and such hoopsters as Lawter, Leslie, Powell, "Mazinski" Timmerman, McCammon, Sauvain, Blaising, Clopton, Dragge, Crain, "Doc" Powers and "Slug" Rafferty turning out every afternoon for practice.

As for the rest, some are acting in the rolls of big, brawny cow punchers, sans the cows. Blaising bit the dust just before this was written. L. E. Smith says he





M. V. Young Photo

Marine Detachment, N.A.D., Iona Island, N. Y. Capt. J. P. Brown, Commanding

can ride any old hobby horse. Rafferty (the Iowa kid) does not feel at home unless he is in a saddle, or tailor shop. Sheridan has the honor of being the trick rider of the detachment, and from the looks of his legs it would seem right to think that he was moulded for horse back riding. "Red" Dixon purchased himself a new car and left the horse for others. D. R. Privitera, one of the six horsemen, was discharged on the 8th, and as yet has not been around to ship over. Private First Class "Buck" Ahrold seems to be right at home around the stables with a pitch fork in one hand and a feed bag in the other consoling the horses of the fairer sex with the fact that their "Red" will be back with them some day.

Corporals "Badger Bill" Campbell, "Hard Rock" Heinrich and "High Grade" Leslie have all got the gold mining fever and can be seen at any time comparing pannings.

Corporal George E. Hodgson, who boasts of having more tough luck than anyone in the outfit, is the original jack-of-all-trades. He holds down the jobs of carpenter, mail orderly, school bus guard, truck dispatcher, and, last but not least, carries soup to all the little school kiddies every noon.

Sergeant Harvey B. Carden might be small in size, but he makes a mighty police sergeant and has the boys stepping around like horses getting things policed up.

Sergeant Bunch reported in from furlough with 90 days' growth of beard which lasted only long enough for the barber shop to open. He has the jig-saw craze, and between that and the desert sun it is expected that the little red house will soon be waiting him.

Since that last writing from this post there have been several changes in personnel because of discharges, transfers and joinings. Sergeant Simmons was transferred to the East Coast, Sergeant Cargile went to China, Private First Class Lubbesmeyer also went to the 4th Regiment. Private First Class Hunsaker was transferred to San Diego, Private Tickle to the east coast. Corporal Rubin was discharged and went back to the farm, Private Biggs was paid off and did not ship over. Private Nicholson received his finals and then did it again for four more long years. Privates Barekley, Franek and Jacobson, all from the motor transport, were discharged with-

in a week and none of them shipped over. According to this it looks as though the depression were over. Men joining were Sergeants Bunch, Lawter and Carden; Corporals Heinrich and Boone; Privates McAllister, Sheridan, Smith, Severson, Richardson and Hockert.

A detachment of 200 C. C. C. men moved in on our happy home, and things are in a sort of turmoil now, but it is bound to improve as they get squared away.

The officers of the post gave a masquerade dance on Halloween at the recreation hall, and a wonderful time was had by all.

Well, that's that for this time; maybe enough news will accumulate in the next month to warrant another news item from this outlay.

M.D., U.S.N.H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

By C. B. C.

If I had the wings of an angel, well, that would be news, now wouldn't it? I'd better sprout a pair, because news is three shades scarcer than cigarettes on Corporal Davis.

The death of prohibition was celebrated December 6. All New York was on liberty by the looks of Old Broadway. The next morning Willie Morrison, of the J. Willey Morrisons of Gadgetville, South Carolina (Sub), came in at an early hour and a dizzy angle after welcoming the return of "jump juice." Previously Willie, as a guzzler of liquor, has been practically no dice, but now, well, it looks bad.

Our quarters have just been "redone." A coat of paint and re-varnished decks did the trick. The appearance of the place is greatly improved. However, it looked very much like the wall loungers weren't going to let the paint dry on the walls.

Everyone weathered the Thanksgiving holiday very well, and should be in good shape for the Christmas and New Year's festivities. We have decided that the biggest Christmas present the Marine Corps could get would be a visit from the old pay bill. Now, in the old days when a Marine got \$20.50—etc., etc., far into the night.

The personnel of the detachment is constantly changing; few of us have more than six months left before being discharged. Pfc. Shoning and Sedlacek will leave soon. Sedlacek has been here nearly

two years, having seen more of the old guard relieved by the new than any other member of the detachment save Corporal Davis, who, we are beginning to believe, must have laid the cornerstone of this hospital in 1833. When this issue is printed Privates Herndon and Feinberg will bear with us no longer. Herndon is lucky in having an \$8.00 a day job, two year contract and today a 10 per cent bonus every six months was noticed in his wild yarn. I can't get but \$8.00 a week and three 10 per cent cuts a year from any employer I've interviewed. Herndon's personality and passion for the "Wearers of the Red" must be another "secret to success."

The detachment continues to drill and be schooled three times a week at the nearby Navy Yard. Moans and groans are innumerable but futile, so we continue to take it. Duty here is getting better. One of the posts has been taken off and now that Private Wine has recovered from his attack of "nerves, mental anguish and a sore throat," routine is mighty fine.

Flick said he's going to get a job as a guard on Bulkhead Street in New York City. I, in my wide eyed innocence, immediately piped up and asked him where Bulkhead Street was. He finally told me that, having been sea going two years, Wall Street was surely Bulkhead Street to him, and, for that matter, to any other half intelligent Marine who had ever been anywhere. Boy, I can draw the wisest answers!

I feel, as surely you must, that, having said nothing in as impressive a way as juveniles are wont to do, I should stop. We wish all Marines a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

CHESTER CHATS

By Wood

All the flashing glory of a heartbreaking finish was lived by the Marine whaleboat crews of the U. S. S. *Chester* and the U. S. S. *Northampton* on Armistice Day morning.

Just a bare fleet one second elapsed between the time the bow of the *Chester* Marine crew slipped across the finish line and the *Northampton's* Marine boat came in.

The *Northampton* Marines were favored to win the race and they would have ex-

cept for the brainy work of the *Chester* coxswain, Cpl. Frank G. Meeker. His work in getting the last bit out of the *Chester* oarsmen and his steering more than accounted for the extra second. The *Northampton* got a boat and a half length start at the starting line, due to the starter's gun not firing and with that handicap it was something to overcome. It took the referee's word to assure the *Chester* Marines of their victory and then they really dipped their coxswain in the briny deep.

Time of the winning *Marines* was eleven seconds better than the best sailor crew over the mile-and-a-half course for the day. The shorter time was partly due to a shift in the wind, according to the referee's report. Time was fifteen minutes and fifty-seven seconds for the *Chester* and fifteen minutes and fifty-eight seconds for the *Northampton*.

Now the *Chester* and the *Northampton* face the crack *Salt Lake City* Marine crew in January for the Scouting Force crown in the All-Navy race. The *Salt Lake City* is favored to win with their fast victory at Bremerton over the *Portland* and *Louisville* crews, we believe.

In the *Chester* crew were Corporal Meeker, coxswain; Corporal McAdory and Private First Class Nelson, strokes; Swanson, Davis, Clowney, Flurry, Hughes, Thrower, McIntyre, McLemore, Brooks and Williams.

The *Chester* Marines scored excellent successes in night battle and night spotting practice fired the week of November 19 off the coast of Southern California. Illumination furnished the eight-inch turrets and five-inch battery by the searchlights, manned by the Marines was praised by gunnery officers.

First Lieutenant Harris, commanding officer of the *Chester* Marines and Second Lieutenant Beadle have been directing frequent sessions of school and examinations for promotions to sergeant, corporal and private first class.

The *Chester* Marine whaleboat crew is resuming workouts for the All-Navy races. Private Brooks is winner in his wrestling bouts as light-heavyweight, all the way so far.

This is all for now.

HINGHAM SALVOS

By H. A. Conge

At this writing three corporals are about to depart from this post for the Submarine Base at New London, Conn. Too late to get their names, but our best wishes go with them and may they find their new tour of duty pleasant.

Pfc. N. James and Pvt. J. A. Schaeffer were transferred to Haiti after a tour of four years at this post. Tpr. T. Gutowski, recently joined from the West Coast, was transferred to Dover, N. J. The following named men joined within the past month: Cpl. F. A. Lavoie, Pvts. B. F. Eckhardt, D. A. Matsche, J. T. Mitkus, and E. L. Robinson.

Congratulations were the order of the day in the promotion of our First Sergeant Harry W. McCune to the rank of Sergeant Major. All hands were glad to know that McCune had been promoted in view of his retirement about the first of the year. We won't lose him altogether, since he has decided to make his home in Hingham for the time being.

It looks as though the Dock Post will have to get along without Cpl. Louis Aden after all, since his transfer to the Navy Yard at Boston came in. Good luck to you, Louie.

Lawson, returned from the hospital, became palsy-walsy with our mess sergeant and soon joined his staff and still finds

time to attend basketball practice. Playing a nice game, too. "O-K by the dock" Papalegis came through with the honor of locating an orchestra for the Marine Corps Birthday dance that was appreciated by all.

Moon attempted the art of repainting his car. Finally ended up by having the job done in a paint shop that cost him the price of the same car all over.

Corporal Vallery had his tonsils removed and has been out of the lineup on the basketball team for the past three weeks but will be back in there stronger than ever. Looking for Brady's knee to get well soon and it will be a walk-away for our team with last year's team built up stronger than ever, with the addition of Cpl. W. A. Phinney, the man I thought had no ambition for such strenuous sport. To see him out on the floor one would think he saved all his energy just for basketball. Brazke has been in the lead of the point scorers, with Lawson a close second. Robinson has been working out with Wallace, Isdell, Champagne and Gosselin.

Cpl. M. J. Silverman should be awarded a diploma as a Veterinary with all the knowledge he has been showing when any of the horses have an ailment. The other mounted men are Pfc. Dube, who used to ride 'em cowboy at Hawthorne, Nev., Pts. Champagne, Eckhardt, Matsche, O'Neill and Shoemaker. Have a promise from Sil-



verman that a photograph will be forthcoming of the Mounted Patrol in the very near future.

Sergeant Humza and Corporal Why-naught continued their hunt for ducks and they claim a total of 30 ducks have fallen before their eagle eye since the season opened. What would "Annie" say to that, Al? Someone told me that Mucciaccio has been renewing old acquaintance with "Minnie" down New Hampshire way. How about it, Pat?

With the month of January rolling around, our Canteen Steward Pfc. Robert D. Cartmill will be leaving for the cruel outside. A position has been assured him and the best of luck goes with him.

The best sale of the day was a Studebaker sedan for \$20.00 by Pfc. Burnham. However, Burnham forgot to mention that said car was without a clutch and a few other minor parts. Before bringing this chatter to a close the Hingham Marines extend their best wishes to all posts for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

PORTSMOUTH (N. H.) NEWS

The occasion of the 158th birthday of the Marine Corps was celebrated in true Leatherneck style at this post. At the dance, everyone had the excellent time that was to be expected. Some fifty unattached young ladies from Portsmouth and the vicinity attended. Altogether, it was the best dance and the best gathering of men and women that this yard has ever seen. We hope to duplicate it in the near future with equal success.

Gunnery Sergeant Hamas took unto him-

self a wife. Lots of the very best luck to both of them. Chief Pay Clerk Phillips was best man, and Mrs. Phillips, bridesmaid. It seems to us that Mr. Phillips is becoming the "Marrying Paymaster" of these here parts. Maybe he has to be engaged ahead of time. We wonder who is next. Probably it is Lieutenant Shaughnessy; he has an odd grin all over his face whenever marriage is mentioned.

To all the friends of Quartermaster Sergeant and Mrs. Kemp, who were transferred to the Reserves on October first, we wish to say that they are now located at San Diego, at 2813 Collier Avenue.

First Sergeant Lee L. Saxton is still in the hospital. We hope that he gets out soon—we miss his face at the dinner table. But we hear that he is getting along like a ten-year-old kid, and, although he was a pretty sick Top, he'll be good as new very soon.

Captain Coffenberg's Chow dog has been busy altering the ideas and appearances of the other dawgs on the post, and, as a result, he is not allowed so much liberty. That is why Private First Class Cardin is seen being towed about by said pup through the yard. The dog needs exercise, and Cardin is certainly getting the benefit of it. He is fit as a fiddle!

Private First Class "Rosie" Barker has just returned from a ninety-day watermelon endurance contest, thirty pounds to the good. He is now back in harness in the garage, where he is putting up with the yelps of Sergeant Robinson and the jeers of Private First Class Miner. By the way, Miner is the boot Private First Class of the Post, his warrant dating from the tenth of the month.

Our mess "sergeant" is Corporal Clark—and does that man know his potatoes and beans? He is the best we have had since I can remember. Why, since he has received the new parts for his gallery range, the "chow" has been even better than before!

We are greatly handicapped here because of lack of men, but we Marines have what it takes to get along, men or no men. Tell us what's to be done: we'll do it.

COLUMN LEFT

By James A. Foy

While nothing sensational in the way of news breaks loose, still life here at Yorktown is not without its moments. For instance, on October 19 we turned out for a parade held to celebrate the victory of the American troops over the British force in 1781, as it was here that the English general, Cornwallis, gave up the ghost and surrendered to Washington.

On November 18 we again fell out, as Williamsburg, a neighboring town presented a spectacle in which we took part. Williamsburg can lay claim to considerable in the way of Colonial tradition, as it was, among other things, the first Capital of the United States. Here Patrick Henry delivered his famous speech ending with the words, "Give me liberty or give me death." Many a Marine doing ten days restriction has since uttered the same sentiment. Appropriately enough, most of the men of this detachment "throw" their liberties in Williamsburg, so the great man's words have not gone unheeded.

A few of the men here who have not enough time left to do to enable them to get sea duty have embarked on the sea of matrimony instead. They have our best wishes and our congratulations.

And so, as Vicki Baum has it, "Life goes on." That is, it probably will for all hands except Private Wyckoff, who has

(Continued on page 44)

Tropical Topics

PEARL HARBOR MARINES

By Daniel H. Swett

It seems to be some time since the Marine Guard at the Pearl Harbor Navy Yard has been heard from, so we want to let all LEATHERNECK readers know that we are still alive and still listening to the band practice every afternoon while we try to sleep.

This outfit consists of Companies "A" and "B" and the Barracks Detachment. The two companies take care of the guard duty in the Navy Yard and at the outposts, while the Barracks Detachment consists of everything from bandmen to clerks, painters, plumbers, mechanics, bakers, and even bartenders.

The Marines here are outnumbered at the rate of about forty to one by the Army and Navy, but that doesn't keep us out of the limelight in the least! Residents of Honolulu are able to read of all our activities in both papers, the *Star-Bulletin* and the *Advertiser*, and we also manage to run away with a good deal of the space in the *Honolulu Army and Navy Review*.

We've had teams entered in every Service athletic contest, and considering the size of the command, we haven't done so badly. First Lt. Wallace Thompson, our Athletic Officer, has just picked the basketball squad that is going to show the rest of the Sector-Navy League how to play the cage game. Men are turning out for the boxing squad, and grunts and groans can be heard from the gym where the leather-pushers are working out. The Nurnis here in the Barracks are turning in their names for the Diamond Head Run, which was won last year by Private Hebert, our handsome bass drummer. This is a four-

mile race, and it's no event for a cream puff! Hebert's chances look good for this year, too.

The Marine Band has also been showing the other Services what Marines can do when they feel like it. The whole band was sent to the islands of Hawaii and Maui last month to render concerts and play at



Col. Dickinson P. Hall and Col. Frank E. Evans on the occasion of the transfer of the command of the Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor.

the Maui Fair. The bandmen came back from this trip with heads two sizes larger than when they started, due to all the

praise and applause they received at the fair.

First Sgt. "Deacon" Knowles still waves the baton in front of the best bunch of boilermakers on the Island. Private First Class Konesky and Private Hebert keep the tempo right on the snare and bass drums, while Private Lynch, Private Stehlik, and Private First Class Parrett furnish us with plenty of melody on the clarinets. Our alto player, Private First Class Rupe, ought to be known to a lot of the bunch in San Diego. The man with the big smile and the bass horn is Private First Class Dorey. After every guard mount Dorey says that he wishes he had learned to play the piccolo, as did Private Stevenson.

The Barracks is well represented at the dances down at the Army and Navy "Y" by such experts in the terpsichorean art as "Head-lock" Cunliffe, "Breezy Gigolo" Turner, Corporal Johnson and Corporal Wilson, the main contestants for the bridge championship of the Barracks, and many others.

A gang usually consisting of Privates First Class Burleson and "Hobo" Stricklen, Privates Zoncke, Wells, Barton, Welborn and Walker can be seen every Sunday out on the beach at Waikiki or Nankuli. Since "Red" Burleson bought that eight-cylinder Hudson, he's been one of the most popular men in the Barracks.

In the Quartermaster office, QM-Sergeants Harris, Long and Stokes keep the typewriters clicking. "A" Company's office is kept in order by First Sergeant Robinson and First Sergeant Mack keeps things moving up in "B" Company. In the Barracks Detachment office, 1st Sgt. Archie Roehrig keeps track of all the painters, electricians, bakers, and candlestick-makers.

Over at Magazine Island, Gy-Sgt. "Tailor-Made" Davis has about forty men jumping, including Pvt. Sam Scherr, the big boy from Brooklyn. Sgt. Paul Glover, "the man from Gawgia," is in charge of the Fleet Air Base Detachment. Glover is the man that won the smiling championship out here. He's never without one.

That's all the news from the Marines in the Paradise of the Pacific. Aloha Nui Loa!

COCO SOLO COCONUTS

By Sal

Well, fellow Marines, this is the first time we have broken into print in a blue moon, so I believe that our personnel would bear looking into. Our Commanding Officer is Capt. Edward D. Kalbfleish; we are of the opinion that there is none better in the Marine Corps. First Lt. Albert L. Gardner is our Welfare Officer in addition to his other duties, and we certainly could not ask for an officer more attentive to the welfare of the men. Second Lt. John A. White completes our roster of able officers.



SOME DEW IN COCO SOLO

Note: Not one cent was paid to Miss Lizzie for her testimonial

Lieutenant White has charge of drills and instructions in addition to his many other duties connected with the Submarine Base.

Our first sergeant is Wilbourn O. Christian, who is still talking about "that time down in Nicaragua." Our nine sergeants are McKinley "Jackie" Goehring, post police sergeant and a boon to the E. P. D.'s; Herman D. Keller, recently promoted to sergeant; Eugene "Kingfish" Kranich; James H. Nelson, a newcomer; Francis W. O'Sullivan, our genial Brig Warden; Joseph G. Randolph; Harold A. "Bugeye" Rubertus; Peter "Sam" Samborski, and Theodore M. Stephenson, ex-Nicaraguan Guardia Officer. Among our ten corporals is found the old timer Elmer H. "Uncle Elmer" Weiss, the answer to a schoolgirl's prayer. Elmer is a hard-boiled school-bus guard, and shows true Marine Corps spirit in handling his ferocious charges. Corporal Henry E. Dumas was paid off November seventh, and shipped over the next day. He is now on a ninety-day furlough to Nicaragua. In addition to the above, we have ten privates first class and thirty-seven privates, not to mention our two trumpeters, Plaster and Smith. They are both from North Carolina, and were their faces rosy when Nawth Calinky voted dry?

On September nineteenth we sent a detachment of one sergeant, one corporal, and eleven privates to Balboa, Canal Zone, to establish a Marine Detachment at Headquarters, Fifteenth Naval District, for duty as orderlies to the admiral in command, and as guards of the Naval Reservation. The men are quartered with enlisted men of the Navy in the Naval Radio Station, and are allowed one dollar per day in cash for meals.

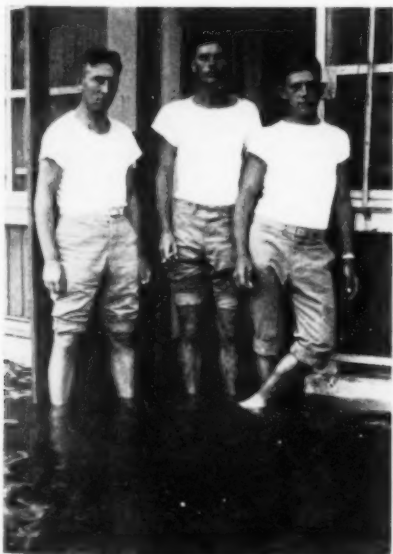
The rainy season is on here at Coco Solo, and occasionally we are treated to heavy mists and light showers. Things get damp here when they get damp, and we wouldn't fool anybody!

CAVITE MARINE NEWS

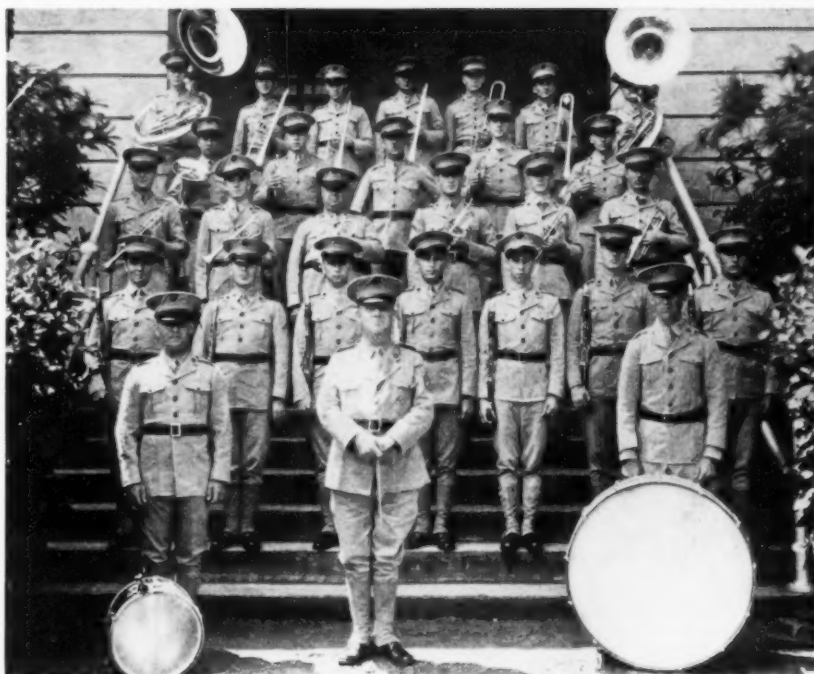
By J. J. Weber

Salutations! Greetings! Here's wishing you all a Real New Deal Year!

We regret that transfers and transport sailings interfered with our telling you about the results of the baseball series between the Marines and the Ammunition



A trio of Marines discussing the climates of California and Florida



U. S. Marine Band, Pearl Harbor, T. H. First Sgt. E. P. Knowles, Bandmaster

Supply, in which the Marines emerged the victors and champions by winning five of the seven games in the series.

This season finds the Marines in two leagues with a rather large order on their hands in trying to cop both pennants. Were they allowed their regular pitchers in the Navy Yard League, the Marines would have no trouble in bringing home the bacon, but Tiny Bartlett and Hot-shot Hoyle have been barred from the league because of their unusual ability, leaving Sturms and Donlon to bear the brunt of the fracas. So, if ya got 'em and can spare 'em, we can use 'em. Pitchers, we mean—the diamond, not the barnyard type.

Duty? Well, it's a case of one and two, then one and one, and sometimes one and three; and, as usual, the morning musical madness through the megaphone ends the nightly revelry at six A. M., and, brother, ya better be there or the bogey, "Bullo" Hughes, will get you curtailed and handicapped in the afternoon events by about three hours!

"Sojering!" Ask Captain Scott, officer in charge of drills and instruction and operation. He dishes it out, and, of course, we take it—and how! Some of the boys

claim to be getting slap happy from smacking their rifles, but it's popping Pilsner that's really got them punch-drunk; or maybe we're tropical. So soon? It don't seem possible!

Baseball, naturally, is hogging the center of attention. Everything's going along smoothly except for Doc "Doggie" Carver, who insists upon sticking his ivory into the path of fast balls. But Doc is an artist. "Think of my public," he has been heard to say. "They expect it of me."

The golden gauntlets of fistie fandom for Marines go to none other than our pee-wee edition of "Da Preemo," Louie Colombo. Louie packs plenty in both mitts, but at present he is the only material in a field for bantam, light-middle, and light-heavy scrappers, so some of you promising pugilists had better come out here and get developed.

In closing, I feel called upon to add that the above is back-talk from the *Bambo Breezes*, local news weekly, and if you are already a reader, this is old stuff to you, but if it is news, in the words of the Old Maestro, "We hope you like it."

Haiti Reports

BOWEN FIELD

By S. J. Toranich

Happy New Year! This Squadron wishes all fellow service men, their families, relatives, friends and kind readers a bright and prosperous New Year.

May the New Deal, under the inspired guidance of our President, shed upon all its beneficent rays during the coming year.

It is said that the 15 per cent cut in pay now affecting the services will be restored on the first of January. This everyone fondly hopes is true, for it is no secret what sacrifices and hardships each

one has had to endure because of a reduced pay check. However, personal comfort and the few luxuries that service men are capable of enjoying were given up unbegrudgingly and willingly at the call of the Chief.

One of the most interesting young men that has left our midst for the States on the *USS Henderson* is Cpl. William B. Snidow, Jr.

Corporal Snidow worked around airplanes for the greater portion of his time in the tropics and when his services were required in the Squadron office, he stepped

right in and showed what an alert young man can do these days.

While in Haiti, Corporal Snidow took a course in French from a native professor. He explained his action that from the French alone one can learn culture and refinement and how to make ze grand impression, ze great big gesture! Best of luck, Bayne, when you step into your civies!

Among the other recent departures for the States were: Staff Sergeant Beauchamp, Sergeant Mannan, Corporals Delisle and Shenk, Pfc. Lockhoff and Powers and Privates Hendricks and Lottiman.

Private Lottiman used to do quite a lot of handshaking with us in order to find out if he wasn't, or rather was, going home. Did he want to leave Haiti badly? Ask him!

One of the luckiest men of VO-9M is Cpl. Lawrence E. McHaney. At the races held on the Pan American Field on the 19th, he was roaming about without even a centime in his pocket, because with a furlough coming up he did not want to spend his money on the ponies. However, the urge got the best of him and he borrowed two gourdes (\$0.40 American) from Private Coleman and bought a sweepstake ticket.

Imagine his surprise, when looking over the board to see if his number was posted, he found that he had won a \$5.00 prize. Immediately he paid back what he borrowed and then bought two tickets and held them up so that Private Coleman could select one, thus paying him back with interest.

The second race was on. It was over. Nonchalantly, both men sauntered over to the board, when Private Coleman asked Mac if his number was so and so. Dreams of fabulous wealth were realized in a moment. Yes, he had the number of the ticket that took first prize—\$60.00.

Private Sherwin goes in for everything, from suits to nuts. He has turned trainer and jockey at the recent races and as jockeying is new to him, his first ride was nothing to get excited about. However, watch him in the next couple of months!

The old tennis court between the Mess Hall and the barracks has been converted into a volley ball court. As darkness comes quickly in the tropics at this time of the year, only about a half hour's play may be had after supper.

Thanksgiving Day was one not to be forgotten readily. The cooks stayed up all night roasting turkey that was used at dinner. And what a dinner! From Lynn-haven Oyster Soup to Nuts, "Scottie" Paisley showed that his reputation as the best mess sergeant in the Marine Corps is not something to rest on but to keep and enhance.

Four squads of Marines from here joined the Second Marines and marched to the Episcopal Cathedral to attend the Thanksgiving Services held there. Among the men who attended these services were Corporal Rosenberg and Private Sherwin.

Corporal Perschau, who will be leaving us soon for the West Coast, says that he hasn't a chance anymore since "Pat" O'Neill began to shine fire extinguishers and Sergeant Straba has been painting the grass with a green brush around the Ordnance shed.

"Snoos" Adams went to Kenscoff for a week and one of the things he forgot to take along with him was his little can of snuff. After much suffering for two days and a lot of telephoning, an airplane on its way to Jeremie dropped the needed life saver to him.

We have been holding a "nose for news" contest during the past month and the following item came to our notice and was accepted.

The glass in the altitude meter was being changed by the crew in an airplane that was being used for bombing. But the work was not progressing fast enough; and Lieutenant Boyden, scheduled for the next bombing hop, was in a hurry and gave orders to turn the ship up. When informed that the glass was not yet changed, he said, "Turn her up anyway, for if Lindy flew the ocean with a pocket compass, I can bomb without any instruments."

If we recall rightly, in last year's Gunnery Exercises all the bombs dropped by Lieutenant Boyden made direct hits on the target.

Speaking of airplanes, Corporal Brashier told us a good one of a "boot" who had just arrived in Aviation and thought he knew how to fly.

After doing a few capers in the air, the pilot was bringing in his plane for a landing at a pretty fast clip. As the plane neared the field, the pilot fish-tailed it a couple of times to check his speed. When the "boot" saw this maneuver, he exclaimed, "Look at that pilot using his wobble pump!"

That remark is just about as bad as Private Mayhew's sighing exclamation after a rest cure at Kenscoff, "Gee, I'm tired!"

Major and Mrs. James T. Moore returned recently from an extended vacation in the States.

Captain and Mrs. Jesse A. Nelson left a few days ago for a little cruise aboard the SS *Haiti* for ten days and will visit Colombia and Panama.

On the eve of Thanksgiving, a smoker was held at the Second Marines' compound. Two members of this organization fought in the preliminaries, Privates Mayhew and Yablonsky. Both men fought well but, due to lack of proper training, they could not stay on their feet every time a glove was pushed in their direction. Both men lost by decision.

Sergeant Major and Mrs. Rothstein are the proud parents of a baby boy.

The Aviation basketball team ushered in their basketball season with a triumph over Hospital. All the men played excellent ball and the special feature of the game was the unassailable guarding done by Private Beatty, who was seen all over the court and preventing the Hospital team from scoring a single goal. Pvt. W. A. Coleman played a fine game at forward and his goal shooting helped to pile up a score of 25 against the Hospital's 5.

Private Sargent, the coach, says that he expects to have a fine season and win the championship of the Brigade League.

SPATS AND SPARKS FROM HAITI

By Sentry

On the eve of departure of many of NSC's old timers, the now familiar scene



of evacuation, with its attendant activity of preparation, is reenacted for the benefit of those who are left behind. We don't deny that they have cause for exultation. Pfc "Short Timer" Meeks has caused less furor than any other by virtue of the fact that he has been packed for six months. "Sing" Thomas (he of boxing fame) had packed and cleared out within an hour after we had received the radio ordering the old excursion steamer *Woodcock* to Guantanamo on November 17. That order was cancelled, and he rummaged among boxing gloves and home-made speed keys to find enough clothing for the CO's inspection the next morning. We hear that he will hibernate at Parris Island, which should mean something to the pugilists of that area. Our erstwhile champion has chalked up victories against some of the best service boxers in the game, chiefly by the Kayo route. Among these are "Ace" Bishop, Third Army Air Corps Champion; Jimmy Dill, Quantico's middle-weight champion; and "Young" Stoppani, now "givin' 'em" at Quantico. He had a tough time with Stoppani in getting the decision, as that lad can also "take 'em."

Another fistieuffer, "Loppy" Bell, is also leaving. This Signal gang has quite a warlike array of boxers when it comes right down to brass tacks (or should I have said knuckles?).

Roszell, of telephone fame, is another of our departing friends. He'll miss that good old Gold Seal Sarthe or I miss my guess.

"Muscles Endurance" Mack is taking back a couple of native machetes and other souvenirs from the Black Republic to snow under some poor, unsuspecting female.

Among the others departing are Corporals Hayes, Peevy, and Crozier. Crozier's job as police sergeant will be ably handled by his erstwhile third assistant, Private First Class Benham.

The radio lineup is badly crippled, practically the entire personnel having been moved out. Our former operator "Sentry" Crump is one of the mainstays of the fire patrol guard. A nice forced vacation after eight long years on the circuit.

It would be gross neglect to fail to mention our chief supervisor, Master Technical Sergeant Petrillo, better known as "Pete." His favorite expressions are "Can do!" and "Ya big hayshaker." Boomed out in his deep bass, they play a big part in the proper functioning of Communications. Master Technical Sergeant Rhinesmith heads the telephone section with Gunnery Sergeant "Zilch" Rogerson as his able assistant.

Sergeant Harold Oakes recently joined us from Quantico, and is the best Materiel man we've ever had here. His work has changed radio operating from a job into a pleasure.

Well, I've panned enough guys for a while. Thank the Gods that most of the men I have mentioned will be long gone by the time this appears in print, or perhaps some mayhem would result. Let us hear from all our pals in the Semaphore Company (as some "Boot" clerk aptly termed it). We'll try to broadcast events from time to time. Best 73's to all...CUAGN.



FIRST BATTALION COMMENTS

By E. L. Wayland

There was a time, so we've been told, when a young fella who joined the Marines came to China at his own risk . . . now that young fella will have to do it at his own expense . . . all of which is just our subtle little way of telling the cockeyed world that the financial conditions in these parts is very bad . . . hurry bad . . . and we are heartily in favor of any movement "to get the boys out of the stench by Christmas."

Kudos this month to the home town boys of the First Battalion who made good in the big city. Pfs. Adrian J. Borchelt, Co. "D"; Alfred Colarusso and James A. Colbert of Co. "C". Also address you letters to new Cpls. John R. Coleman, Co. "C", and Hoyt M. Warwick, Co. "A".

While the "Mighty First" did not win the Inter-Battalion Rugby Series they were undoubtedly the next best contenders and gave the 2nd Battalion Winners their stiffest competition. Congratulations and all that sort of thing to the winners. Members of the regular Rugby line-up for the First Battalion were as follows: Zerwadowski, Townsley, Jurd, Jellek, Kelly, Ekberg, Derwae, Cook, Bateman, Cheek, Yeager, Hall, Warwick, Bartholomew, and Lieutenants O'Donnell and Moe.

The Small Bore Range on Ferry Road is a busy spot these days from early until late, for the First Battalion is preparing to go on the big range at Hongkew late in the month (Nov.) and run off a batch of Experts and Sharpshooters (less the usual 15 per cent).

The First Battalion scored the hit of

the season on the afternoon of October 14 and we are sending below an entire account of the affair as printed in the "Walla-Walla."

"THE FIRST BATTALION BARBEQUE AND OUTING"

"To the members of the First Battalion:

"My duty in command of the First Battalion is the finest Peace-time duty I have ever had in my twenty eight years of service in the Marine Corps. I have never served with a keener, more loyal or more enthusiastic group of men."

E. W. Sturdevant,

Lt. Col. U. S. Marine Corps.

"Successful beyond expectation in every respect, about sums up the general opinion of those who were present. The weather was ideal and so was the location, situated as it is right in the center of the battalion area with ample room for events of this nature. From start to finish the conduct of the men was excellent, something that we can well be proud of. It is doubtful if things could have been better. 'Put on their own' they lived up to it one hundred per cent, an achievement that stood out above everything."

"Preparations started as early as four a.m., and everything was ready at the time specified. The barbeque was prepared by Sgts. (Jocko) Liell and George, who labored for many hours turning out a finished 'product' which was delicious. A squad of waiters were kept busy serving the 2,000 sandwiches which were consumed with the salads, etc., the latter prepared by the 'C' company chefs."

"The 4th Marines band arrived early, and after making a hasty reconnaissance,

they were conducted by 1st Sgt. Thomas to a position between the Bar and the Lunch counter from whence they dispensed snappy tunes. Their special acts with Dan and Johnny Bulmer were such a drawing card that nearly left the refreshment stands deserted when they performed."

"Refreshments: Gy. Sgt. Gerage as bartender in chief commanded an army of five men from each company who served a total of 3,000 bottles of various brands of Pilsener, thus repealing the 18th amendment with emphasis."

"For announcer of the events we had the good fortune of having none other than Sgt. M. C. Marvin. The judges, Timers and the Starter were the battalion Officers. Cash prizes were awarded to the winners."

THE EVENTS

Won by

Tug of War.....	Co. A
Centipede Race	Co. A
Sack Race	Co. A
Shoe and Sack Race.....	Co. A
Three Legged Race.....	Co. B
Potato Race	Co. C
Pie Eating Contest.....	Co. C
Relay Race	Co. D
Relay Race (Room Boys).....	Cos. B & C
Tug of War (NCO's vs Pvs.)	Privates

"It was estimated that the attendance was approximately six hundred, including the invited guests. Practically every member of the battalion was present and a darn good time was had by all."

"Special Guests were: Colonel John C. Beaumont, our Commanding Officer, Lt. Colonel Emile P. Moses, and Lt. Colonel E. W. Sturdevant with Staff."

"After the 'picnic' a group of men gave up all thoughts of liberty, clearing the grounds of the 'debris.' Working far into the night, they did their work well. They were: Walton, Coleman and Frick of 'C' Co.; Dority and Patrick of 'B' Co.; Cole, Conyers, Hancock, Devitt and Churchill R. B. of 'A' Co."

"The Committee thanks the Q.M. for the loan of the necessary gear, also to those who helped, giving time and support to this undertaking bringing it to a successful conclusion."

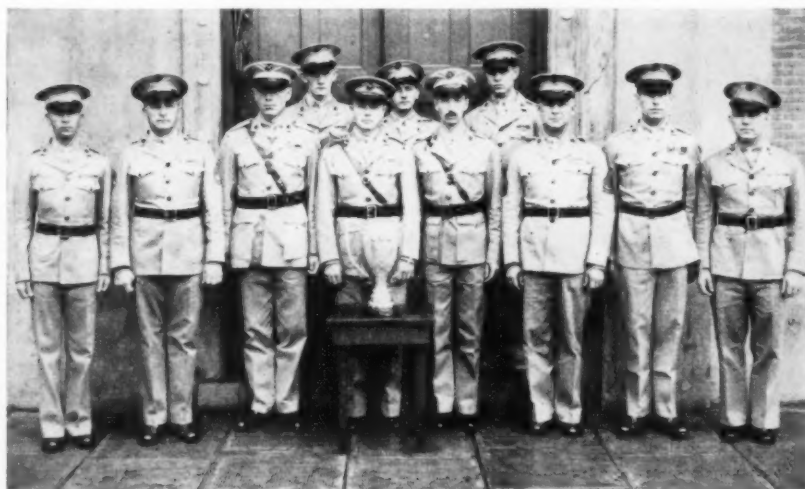
THE SECOND BATTALION

By M. M. Peavey

The lure of the Orient, where East meets West, where the Occidental mingles with the Oriental, where—well, never mind. China, the land of beautiful dreams, sing song girls, teeming humanity, sampans, junks and smells.

Who has not at one time or the other felt the strange whim to roam? The enchanted Tropical Isles smile and wave gaily, other lands may call, but the Orient beckons you on with jeweled hand and musical voice, snares you like a spider in its web. You struggle to free yourself; it is hopeless, you are held in a vise-like grip, far worse than Circe's siren spell over Ulysses.

The lure caught us a little over a year



FOURTH MARINES RIFLE TEAM

Winners of the 1933 Fifteenth Infantry-Peiping Marines—Fourth Marines triangular match. Left to right: Private Willoughby, Gunnery-Sergeant Blakely, Lieutenant A. Larson, coach; Private Johnson, Captain Skinner, captain; Corporal Disco, Lieutenant Moore, Corporal Jennings, First Sergeant Betke, Gunnery-Sergeant Jones, Sergeant Boyle.



Fourth Marines Transportation Section

ago and at last we have seated ourselves on the fair shores of Cathay, to be more exact—on the corner of Chengtu and Bubbling Well Roads.

The Second Battalion is—blah, blah, blah, well, why talk? Every outfit thinks that it is the best, so need we take up valued space telling you about us? Need we boast?—No!—Need we act?—Yes!—and that is just what the Second Battalion does, dynamic action with a knockout punch, plus that certain form of technique that leaves you pleased but slightly puzzled.

The Battalion is under the Command of Major Lyle H. Miller; who is, without a doubt, the best commander any man could wish to serve with. He has placed the Second foremost in Regimental activities and is an ardent supporter of all athletics.

Py-golly, when you come down to brass tacks you find that the hardest thing there is to do—is write a news article for your battalion. So you, who have tasted the sweet nectar of the Gods—take pity and try to be patient, remember, no news is good news.

Hmm; what shall we talk about, athletics—fine! It seems that through some strange stroke of fortune, most players who are members of the various Regimental Teams are in this Battalion. Take Rugby for instance, it is undoubtedly the silliest game you could ever hope to see, but in the recent inter-battalion Rugby Series, the Second won the Regimental Cup with full honors. Under the able supervision of Capt. Swinnerton they have made history on the field of Rugby. It would be impossible to print all the players' names but they deserve every bit of credit that can be given. O yes, another cup we have is the Tennis Trophy. The only nice things we can say about them is the way they monopolize the court. We amateurs just don't get a chance to show our stuff. Although the Swimming Team did not carry away any great honors they furnished the Regimental Team with five of its members. Handball plays an important part here as well as volleyball and basketball. Hai Alia, the world's most dangerous game from a financial view-point is always a danger here. You would think that those who

play it were members of a debating team, to hear them argue about plays and points. Well 'nough said about Sports.

The Battalion is composed of five Companies. The masterminds, Hd. The show actors, E Co. The hot-cha boys, F Co. The bullies, G Co. And the local boys, H Co. Competition is very keen in the field of drill and sport amongst the companies.

What's the use? Perhaps we might be able to give a more detailed description of the Second Battalion in the next issue of this, shall we say "news periodical?"

FIVE MINUTES WITH THE 3RD BATTALION

Hello, everybody, this is station MILK, and this broadcast comes to you through the courtesy of THE LEATHERNECK Magazine. I've just finished speaking to Ollis of Co. I, and here is what he has to say: "Company I, over in the Jeanne d' Arc Compound, has about completed operations

for securing for the winter session. The mosquito nets have been folded away, and the coal stoves have come into their seasonal prominence. Now, with the ebb-tides getting cooler, the gang sits around close to the 'heat,' and spins yarns about 'when I was in Nicaragua' to the accompaniment of cracking 'goober' shells.

"Something went 'haywire' in this big lottery that the Chinese just pulled off, because Top-Kick McCullough didn't win it. Supposed to have been all fixed 'n' everything. Things sure are getting tough around here! Lotteries, horse races, hai-ahai, bonds—and still a man can't win a little easy money.

"The company mascot got sick the other night and Wisniewski administered the castor oil. Poor pooch must hold it against 'Ski' for the amount of laxative he got poured down his throat. What a dose!

"Teddy Passorelli crossed the four year mark the latter part of October. What he is doing with that extension money would make a Philadelphia deb gasp. I have heard that there is a she in the case, too. 'Sorry.'

"Wilson, 'RT'—our one-minute man on the basketball team—has given up his active career in the first platoon for a soft spot in the Special Duty Room. He is now a stoker of the Bn. boiler, and a carrier-of-water.

"Pickens and Smith, cohorts and Pfes., still stammer, blubber, and blush when anyone mentions that dropkick affair down in one of Shanghai's guzzling joints. They tell me the only fixtures left impaired were the lights hanging from the ceiling!"

Thank you, Ollis.

Now look who's here, none other than Stink Davis of Headquarters outfit, and listen to what he has to say:

"Corporal Waddick of Pony Express fame has asked Kuhns of Co. M for an apology for having his picture with Kuhns in the *Walla Walla*.

"Farmer just made Pfc. and has retired from all athletic activities.

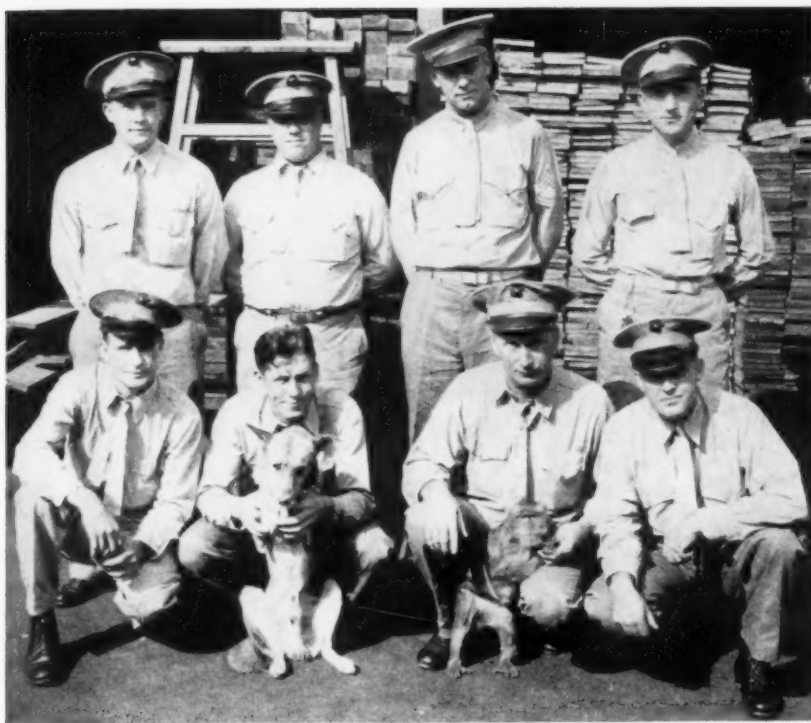
"The First Sergeant lost his appetite and has cut down his meals to only five a day."

Thank you, Mr. Davis.

Oh yes, and here is the popular Mr. Patterson from Co. L, and all he has to say



H Company of the 2nd Battalion at Stokes Mortar Drill



FOURTH MARINE MAINTENANCE SECTION

Standing, left to right: Cothren, Deaiso, Gunnery-Sergeant Fullerton, and Private Ur. Kneeling: Giddings, Beeler, Scgdulich, and Corporal McCoy.

is that if the Company Runner is transferred to another squad room he'll have to commit murder, as he is kept up all night by the snoring of the said runner. By the way, his name is Harry Winthrop, better known around the billet as King Kong.

Here is the ever popular Mr. Morris from Co. K, and here is what he has to say:

"Private Patterson has been on light duty for quite some time suffering from a bad ankle as results of participating in the

wrong basketball game. A few days ago Pat forgot himself and started to limp on the wrong leg.

"Co. K laundryman, better known as 'Red the shadow,' has been on the water wagon for two months, so he says."

Now for a word or two about the company that I am attached to. Co. M, to say the least, has the distinction of being the only Machine Gun Outfit in the battalion, but that's not all.

Oldridge just shipped over and when he

returned from furlough we thought we were being visited by a foreign diplomat. He resembled the famous collar ad man.

Sam Segal, the famous Sea Going Marine, has been coming to the office at regular intervals to ask the Top Kick how certain knots are to be tied. I wonder if he is contemplating joining the Navy.

And this concludes this program. Your announcer has been H. Lee Levin.

TOMMY ATKINS LEAVES FOR HOME

A curious bond of friendship that passes unknown on all home stations binds together the service men of all nations. Particularly is this noticeable in Shanghai, China. Soldiers, sailors, and Marines of many nations are either permanently or temporarily stationed for duty in the International Settlement or in the waters surrounding.

The Fourth Marines have been on duty and off duty with the Second Battalion, East Lancshires, and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders for a long time. On November 13, 1933, all the pleasant associations became just a memory as the British Troopship *Neuralia* sailed for Hongkong and India with these two units aboard.

During the trouble of 1932 and on the field of athletic endeavor, in fact on every occasion, Marines and these soldiers of H. M. King George V have tried each other and not been found wanting. We have worked with them, played with them, and it was with a distinct feeling of regret that we said, "So long, buddy; a pleasant tour to you."

The Fourth Marines Band marched both units to the docks, where a last farewell was said as they boarded the ship. Marine Guards of Honor were accorded Major General Fleming, who leaves with his men and relinquishes command of the British forces in Shanghai.

Almost with the same breath of farewell to these hardy comrades, we greeted the Second Battalion, Worcesters; and from past experience know that we shall find new friends and comrades in their ranks to carry on with us in our work and play.

WEST COAST CHRONICLES

MARE ISLAND NEWS

The holiday season is on. The first one being Navy Day, at which time the Yard was opened to visitors. Many interesting exhibitions were on display. The Marine Corps was represented with a display of small arms, field guns, equipment, medals, etc., with two non-commissioned officers to answer the many questions of the civilian visitors. The success of the display goes to First Lieutenant M. F. Schneider, who was in charge of it. Thousands of visitors passed through the Exhibition Building.

The next holiday was November 10th—Anniversary of the Marine Corps Birthday. All hands, including the ship's cook, in honor of this occasion, assembled in dress blues on the parade ground, while the Commanding Officer recalled to their minds the mission of the Corps and its splendid traditions. In the afternoon a vaudeville show was presented at the Post Theatre consisting of six RKO acts. To say that this

show was excellent would be putting it mild.

On Armistice Day the baseball team made a trip to Yountville, California, where they played the Yountville Soldiers' Home team 12 innings for a tie score of 7-7. All members of the team thoroughly enjoyed the game and trip.

On the last Thursday of the month, at high noon, while over three hundred Marines were at the height of jubilation and merriment which marked the annual Thanksgiving Day program, Private J. Turkey Gobbler, lately attached to the Post Quartermaster's Commissary Department, met a fate which was even worse than the death he suffered in the early hours of the morning. Thursday morning J. Turkey Gobbler was a happy man totally unaware of the terrible fate which was in store for him. A few hours after his sudden demise at the hands of Quartermaster Sergeants and clerks, he was the subject of an awful attack in the Mare Island Marines' Mess Hall. When the smoke of battle cleared away not a

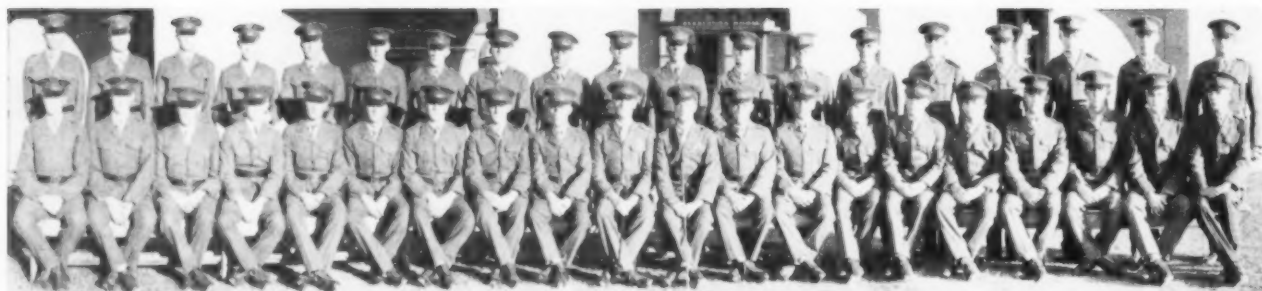
trace of poor old Gobbler was left; only the smiles of contentment on the faces of his conquerors as they filed out of the mess hall.

On the first of the month John Lindstrom, star outfielder of the Mare Island Marines' Ball Team, was promoted to Corporal. Lindy and several other members of the ball team will leave shortly for San Diego to play ball there during the winter season.

Also on the first of the month Sergeant "Jawn" Slusser, famous ruggerite of Shanghai fame was transferred to Quantico, on furlough. "Jawn" is stopping off at his home, somewhere in the wilds of Virginia, prior to reporting for duty.

Jimmy Bridges, another rugby player from Shanghai, was discharged on the 7th. Jimmy didn't reenlist; says he is going to try his luck in the construction business in Baton Rouge. Lots of luck, Jimmy.

During the month this command was increased by approximately forty men, late of the battleships now in San Francisco Bay.



19th Platoon, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt L. V. Raynes and Cpl. B. H. Hatch



17th Platoon, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. Joseph J. Karynaske and Cpl. George Sosic

They were heartily welcomed by the old members of the post as their arrival sort of eased up the guard duty.

On November 12th a letter was received by the Commanding Officer from Mr. John G. Neubauer, the Managing Director of the San Francisco Boys' Club, written on behalf of himself and party, in which he highly commended Sergeant Abe Skinner and Pfc. Claude K. Tireman. Mr. Neubauer and his party were in a disabled motor boat which drifted for about 20 hours in a storm. They were sighted from the Rifle Range by members of the Rifle Range Detachment, and Tireman immediately put out in a boat and took Mr. Neubauer's party aboard and carried them to safety. They were all wringing wet upon arrival in camp and were furnished dry clothing by Sergeant Skinner and members of his detachment, while their own clothing was being dried.

First Sergeant Albert T. Luek joined the command on the 13th from the U.S.S. *Colorado*. He didn't stay here long, however, being transferred on the 7th to San Diego where he was to have been transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, having completed sixteen years' service. However, we have been informed that upon his arrival in San Diego he changed his mind and will remain with the active Leathernecks awhile longer.

First Sergeant Morris C. Richardson was transferred to the Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, Sunnyvale, California, as relief for First Sergeant William A. Jordan, who joined this command.

On the night of the 17th a special vaudeville show, consisting of six acts direct from the Golden Gate and Orpheum Theatres in San Francisco, was held in the Post Theatre. This was an excellent show and if all future vaudeville shows are good as this one every one here will be satisfied.

During the month a Yangtze Service Medal, for service in China, was presented by the Commanding Officer to each of the following men: Sergeants Aubrey L. Davies and Jacob M. Gussaroff, Corporal Arthur E. Day, Pfc. Irving D. Gurian and Trumpeter Harold E. Smith.

Perry (Woof-Woof) Kimball, star pitcher of the Mare Island ball team was discharged on the 19th. Perry, however, did not remain a civilian very long, reenlisting on the 20th. At present he is enjoying ninety days' furlough (after his first four strenuous years in the Marine Corps) way up north in Idaho. Incidentally, prior to his discharge and reenlistment, Perry successfully passed an examination for promotion to Corporal.

Corporal Perry Moore, another cracker-jack ball player, took a one-way ticket to San Diego on a furlough transfer.

Page Bobby Jones! The post exchange officer, First Lieutenant Francis J. Cunningham, while playing in a foursome composed of Colonel C. F. Williams, Captain H. V. Shurtleff, and First Lieutenant L. R. Kline, on the Mare Island Golf Course, made a hole-in-one on Number 3 Green.


The tennis craze has hit this post. Every afternoon the tennis court is occupied by certain non-commissioned officers whose previous recreational pastime consisted of hard fought acy-ducy games, or strenuous pin-ochle games. To see them trot around the tennis court one would think they were trying to steal the Marx Brothers' stuff; but they remain undaunted by the laughs and razz-berries thrown at them, and continue to knock the little white ball across the net, and frequently out of the court.

Sergeant Edward Lavondovski (Ski to you) was discharged on the first of December and reenlisted as soon as the Commanding Officer made his appearance the next morning.

By the time this goes to press the Post Personnel Clerk, Sergeant Frederick M. (Buck) Bissinger will have completed 12 years service, discharged and reenlisted for another four years, and departed for the East on a ninety days' furlough. It will be a well earned vacation for Buck. When his leave expires he will return here for duty.






Fourth Regiment on Parade at Race Course, Shanghai, China



 CHESTERFIELD
CIGARETTES.


 CAMELS
CIGARETTES.

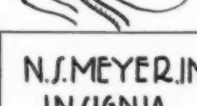
 EDGEWORTH
TOBACCO


 RALEIGH
TOBACCO
 

 GRANGER
TOBACCO



 HILBORN-HAMBURGER
INSIGNIA ETC..


 ROYAL DILSEN &
OLD GLORY BEER


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 N.S. MEYER, INC.
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 TWO-WHITE


 INGRAMS
SHAVING CREAM


 VITALIS


ALL Good Marines Patronize Their P-X


▲ ▲ ▲


BY the time you have paid your laundry bill, bought a few supplies and laid away a carton or so of smokes, there isn't much left of those "eagle feathers" you drew at the pay table. Do your buying at the Post Exchange and you can make that same sum cover a lot of ground and still have a substantial amount left for recreation and amusement.


PROFITS accruing from the money you spend in the Post Exchange all come back to you; for your dances, smokers, free movies and athletic gear are all paid for by your own Post Exchange. Spend your money there and reap the benefit of more and better entertainment.


WHEREVER you have a choice of several brands of goods, buy the one that is advertised in *The Leatherneck*. You'll find the quality and price of each of these products to be satisfactory in every way.



 3-IN-ONE
OIL


 KAYWOODIE
PIPES.


 IPANA
TOOTH PASTE


 DREYER
SUPPLIES


 ARROW
BEER


 NON-COM.
METAL POLISH.


The MARINE CORPS LEAGUE NEWS

ALL-MARINE WEEK TO BE HELD WEEK OF FEB. 11, 1933

HAS PER our promise in last issue of THE LEATHERNECK, publicity material upon the All-Marine Week to be held during the period between February 11th and February 17th, was sent to the commandant of each division, state and detachment, and also to the chief of staff of each detachment whose address we had, so every Marine interested in the success of the Marine Corps League who fails to see any evidence of receipt of this publicity is requested to get after his officers and get information as to WHY no action is given this material to publicize the All-Marine Week. For your consideration allow us to state that the expense is no greater to reach a detachment of 1,000 members (if we only had such a detachment) than it is to reach a detachment of only 15 or 20 members, and according to the same line of reasoning, to reach 10 detachments in 48 states costs no more, irrespective of whether these detachments had 480,000, or only 1,000 members, but the field for prospective members would be greater. This being so, it is proper to state that with the limited membership of the league, it costs us practically as much to reach our membership as it does the larger veteran organizations, and we pay a greater percentage of our per capita tax to reach our membership than any other outfit does. This being so, all members will appreciate the necessity of our getting our treasury increased, and since the per capita tax will not care for this, with our present membership, it is positively necessary that this All-Marine Week be put over to a profitable end—profitable to

us in increased membership and funds. The historical data sent each detachment during this week, and makes interesting reading, and by having each one have this material put into local papers, inserting something on such affair as they are con-

this week a success, and we are depending upon those who are still *Semper Fidelis*. This is the last opportunity we will have to write on this subject until it is over, and we honestly trust that our next heading on this subject can be "*Veni; vidi; vici.*" (With no desire to set ourselves up

as students of Latin, and only to tell any readers who might not not know what this Latin phrase means, we will say it means "We came; we saw; we conquered.") That has been the tradition of our corps, and we wonder if we are still Marines enough to make it a tradition of our league.

Lack of cooperation from national headquarters has been the cry of many detachment officials and while we do not desire to argue this point here, we are constrained to state that since our entrance into the office of national chief of staff we have found that certain Marines "dwell in glass houses" so they should not throw stones. We assure every Marine reading this column that unless the several chiefs of staff get on to their jobs and send us news of their detachments, etc., and the several commandants also get rid of their "hook-worms"

and send us the names and addresses of their publicity man your detachment will be SOL so far as being "honorably" mentioned in this column. It is time we get together and each of us do our part, and anyone noting no reference to his particular detachment herein is invited to send in anything of interest themselves, and we will give credit where credit is due. We assure cooperation and that is all we ask. Just prior to forward-



GENERAL SMEDLEY D. BUTLER VISITS BOSTON, MASS.

Seated at table, "Old Gimlet Eye" himself. Standing, left to right (facing reader), Wm. Anderson, Comm. Theodore Roosevelt det.; Dept. Commander of V. F. W. Roberts; R. W. Robertson ("Chappie"), Div. Sgt. at Arms; John F. Manning ("The Boot-top" himself), Nat. Chief of staff, etc.; a member of T. R. det. name not known; Paul Sargent, adjutant, and on the end, the chaplain of the T. R. det.

ducting, the financial benefits should be up to our expectations. There is no need to enter into the financial status of the national treasury at this time or place, as anyone interested to know can receive this information from the proper sources. All that need be said is that it is imperative that every Marine exert himself to make

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, MARINE CORPS LEAGUE,
WISHES EVERY MARINE
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

ing copy to THE LEATHERNECK we received the following telegram from Jack Brennan, Division vice commandant of the Eastern Seaboard division:

"Detachment voted to hold Eastern Seaboard conference in Jersey City, N. J., Jan. 26-27, 1934. Our dance Sat. Jan. 27. Please publish story in LEATHERNECK. Contact Illeh. Your plans for Marine Corps Week great stuff. Behind you. Sincerely. Write me. Jack Brennan."

O. K., Jack; thanks for compliment in re Marine Week, but that was YOUR idea, so let's see what you can do also. Will write when you reply to letter I wrote you over six months ago.

A letter announcing the re-election of Oliver Kelly as commandant of Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment, Newark, N. J., just received, and we wish him the success we know he will merit. Oliver, you know, was elected commandant at last election, but due to loss of employment and necessity of his leaving town, he sacrificed his ambitions to the welfare of his detachment and resigned so that an active commandant who would be on the job could serve. Getting his old job back again, Oliver returned to Newark, and his outfit slapped him back into office, and they knew their onions, since none work any harder than Oliver.

Wishing every division, department and detachment, and all Marines, a very Happy and Prosperous New Year, we will knock off. *Semper Fidelis.*

JOHN F. MANNING,
National Chief of Staff.

SPOKANE DETACHMENT

Spokane, Wash.

Receipt is acknowledged of "The Battle Sight," a snappy mimeographed purveyor of detachment news, and the following information of interest is taken. While this little four page paper is very interesting and a credit to the detachment, and Div. Commandant Lloyd W. Nickerson, who is also chief of staff of this detachment, and also editor, it might be more acceptable were the detachment chief of staff to send along his own story of his outfit's affairs, and in his own language, and as he desires it placed in THE LEATHERNECK. From the story in the recent issue of this paper, elaborate plans are underway for the presentation of the "biggest and best" entertainment to be offered on November 10, 1933, and judging from the publicityman's writings, Broadway never showed it's equal for gorgeousness and magnitude. We bet they had one large evening and in case they used Pat Rooney for one of the "most be-you-tea-ful and graceful" ladies of the ballet, our gamble is that vivaciousness was up and doing. We wish we could have taken it in.

November 10th was Marine Day at the Chamber of Commerce meeting, and the affair was held in the Mandarin Room of the Davenport Hotel. All Marines were invited and lunch was served and a capable speaker on Marine affairs was present to deliver an address. Major C. B. Cates has been ordered to the battalion reserve force which is standing by for Cuba. Carl Campbell, detachment paymaster, has opened up a dairy store so we suppose he is now a big butter and egg man from the west. Ed Partridge is still very active in the affairs of the detachment, and we wonder if he ever thinks of the Western Seaboard convention visitor? Lew Curtis, Adjutant, and Commandant Greenberg are busier than pups with fleas arranging

things for the big show which assures its success. Gus Day is still the faithful standby when it comes to banquets, etc., and we wonder if he learned that while visiting the buvettes of Sunny France. Well, we hope the affair was all it was hoped for.—National Chief of Staff.

HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT

Albany, Troy and Schenectady, N. Y.

This detachment's monthly bulletin to hand and the following is taken as evidence that this live-wire bunch of gyrenes are still carrying on. The regular meeting to be held Thursday, November 9th, was set back to Saturday, November 11th, so that Armistice Day, the Birthday of the U. S. Marine Corps and past commandants' night might all be celebrated on the same evening. Invitations were extended to the national officers and also to the state and division officers, and a representative attendance was anticipated. The affair was held in the Albany Garage Building, and the room was donated through the kindness of Steve Brown, and the fact that Steve was attending to this detail assures that everything will be ship-shape, and everything will be Marine throughout the evening. Food and beverages of various strengths will be on deck and knowing those gyrenes, we appreciate a regular live-wire Marine session is in the offing for all present. Neighboring detachments are invited and knowing that, as hosts, Hudson-Mohawk detachment is second to none, undoubtedly an overflow gathering will take in this affair.

The boast that this detachment is the largest in the League and an appeal to keep it that way, and defeat the intentions of the Boot-top to steal this honor for his outfit, is noted, and while every good wish goes for the fulfillment of the above boast and request, we must all realize that it is a long way to the end of the fiscal year, and one of our infant detachments may be the big boy by that time, but so long as the League is prospering we will not worry over who is the leader. The report of the Halloween Dance Committee shows that it was a great success. The detachment extends its congratulations to a fellow member, Eddie Schwind and his new wife, who were wed October 28th, and permit us to add ours to those, and now we know the U. S. M. C. will always have material from which to draw its personnel. Mention is made of the comradeship displayed by Chet Bates and Emery Myers, who learning of the confinement in a local hospital of a member of the Cape Cod (Mass.) detachment, due to injuries incurred in an automobile accident, saw that this Marine was properly cared for. Great work, Chet and Emery, and this is one of the benefits of membership in the League—a chance to be of assistance to a comrade Marine, and what a break for a Marine to have other Marines looking after you when away from home and in distress. The Marine who writes under the name of the Peeper sure is one whale of a guy, and whoever he is, he is doing great work by his monthly presentation of roses and radishes, and we wish he would give the detachment chief of staff, or whoever is pinch-hitting for him, a bunch of carrots, or a peek of spinach, for failing to get his story into our hands so we wouldn't have to serve as chief of staff of so many detachments. We know McNamara is up in the woods "drawing his monthly stipend" (note we do not say "working"), but someone else besides your hustling and

already overworked adjutant and paymaster (or past chief of staff) should carry on for the advancement and correct publicizing of detachment affairs via THE LEATHERNECK.—National Chief of Staff.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

Boston, Mass.

It being impossible for our chief of staff to be with us at our November meeting as he was tied up with business of other organizations the writer will try to give the dope on what happened. A rather unusual condition was with us since we had no lively scraps or tiring orations and the meeting was the best attended and most harmonious since our being connected with this detachment. Much business of importance to our outfit was transacted, and arrangements were made to omit our regular monthly social meeting this month, and confine our efforts to making the whist party to be held November 24th a big success. This whist was held on schedule, and about 28 tables were used, and a fine assortment of prizes were awarded. Refreshments were served after the whist and all present voted it the best ever. We initiated two new members, with "Tan shoes" Bell being a welcome initiate. The officers of the detachment attended the installation ceremonies of the Salisbury Post, 309, American Legion, where we found our national chief of staff (who is a member of this post) officiating as master of ceremonies, and he did his job like the hard-boiled Leatherneck top-kick he is. The officers also attended the G. A. R. installation at Boston, the following evening; the G. A. R. installation at Jamaica Plains, and the installation of the Newspapermen's Post, American Legion, the following Sunday afternoon. These affairs were attended by the officers in uniform.

Arrangements are underway for the conducting of a Stein Night, December 13th, and every detachment in the New England division will be invited, and we hope to contact many Marines not yet in the League, and incidentally, have a regular Marines' night of hilarity and spirituous beverages. Chappie Robertson and John B. Hinkley are serving on this committee, with "Spottie" Spottswood, State Commandant, as chairman.

It is rumored that our State Adjutant, "Where's the liquor" Watts, having brought the mid-west into a condition of drought, will return to us around the Christmas period, and we are looking forward to his moist descriptions of his tour. The next regular meeting of this detachment will be held on Tuesday, December 12th, at the Sailors and Soldiers' Club, 8 Fayette St., Boston, and at this time we hope to get started working on the All-Marine Week that was mandated by the Chicago convention of the Marine Corps League. Wishing all Marines a Very Happy and Prosperous New Year, we remain *Semper Fidelis.*

PAUL SARGENT,
Adjutant.

OAKLAND DETACHMENT

Oakland, Cal.

Congratulations from the members of this detachment upon the re-election of Carlton A. Fisher as national commandant. It shows real Marine spirit and devotion to Marine Corps League interests for him to accept this burden and great responsibility for another year, and especially when every organization is finding the going tough.

It is our desire to help the national commandant to have a bigger and better year this year, since he has weathered the storms of the two past years. Interest is running high here for our state convention which will be held shortly and much curiosity is shown as to who will be at the helm as state commandant, and his associates.

One of our newer members, judge-advocate Westlake, gave the boys a lot of good food for thought the other night when he said "Let us have less internal misunderstanding, and more external understanding of ways and means of gaining new members into the League." He hit the nail square on the head. It is Marine Corps League spirit that we need, and plenty of it, and no Marine proves *Semper Fidelis* until he has signed up in his own outfit—the M. C. L.

Our recent whist party went over with a bang, and comrade Vandever is handling them in fine fashion. George Hagen of wrestling fame, can be seen performing often here, and he wrestled Dr. Nieyers in the main event on Friday, November 3rd. It was some bout.

In the October issue of THE LEATHERNECK the writer noted that "Hands" Slavich, of football fame, received a lot of praise for his work in the recent game between the Marines and the Olympic Club. Being a cousin of this celebrated football and baseball star, we discussed with him the possibility of starting a football team for next season under the Marine Corps League banner, and he is willing to cooperate in every way possible. What a break this is as his being in the lineup would create enough interest to almost assure success of this venture, and undoubtedly many of his football friends will rally to his support and help give the opposition plenty of trouble winning games. Here's hoping we can get Slavich coaching and playing under our own banner.

Commandant Sullivan of the San Jose detachment paid us a visit the other night, and he read a resolution favoring Oakland as the site for the next state convention. Here's hoping that Marines and "ex" Marines (not yet members) will rally to the support of the League, and talking and thinking of doing this must take a back seat, and we need immediate action. New membership is the life-blood of the League and without it we will become stagnant and we must admit that seeing new faces and hearing new ideas, is like a tonic that does us most good when we need it. Until next month we will sign off.

JOHN E. BROCK,
Chief of Staff.

BERGEN COUNTY DETACHMENT

Hackensack, N. J.

Here we are again, and sorry we missed last month's issue, but we were busy with arrangements for Armistice observances and our big military ball we held November 10th, which developed into the most colorful affair ever held in this "old Skeeter" state. One of the features of the ball was a drill put on by the color guard from the Navy Yard, and the Teaneck, N. J., American Legion Band. Corporal Taylor, U.S.M.C., was in charge of the color guard, and our detachment chaplain, John Stull, was conductor of the band, and the drill was opened with the band playing *Semper Fidelis* march to bring the drill team on the floor. Another feature of the band concert was the playing of an original arrangement of

"Hinky Dinky," with all Marine Corps' versions being included, and this number created great applause. At 11 P. M., taps was sounded by the "music" from the Navy Yard, and we regret we do not know his name, as his rendition of this trumpet call was the best we ever heard, and he proved a credit to the drum and trumpet school and our dear old corps. A member of the Legion band answered the call from another part of the hall, and this trumpeter was also good. A large delegation from Iona Island was present, and we never saw such an onery bunch in our lives. Especially Private Norris, the "human fountain," and we wonder how he felt the next morning. By the way, how about the cleaner's bill? Several prominent radio stars entertained between dances. Another attraction was the presence of a fully equipped bar, under a local steward who sure could mix his drinks, and it was patronized to the limit. State Commandant, Jesse Rogers, introduced the officers of the newly organized Passaic County detachment, but he was a



bit late in doing this as many persons were unable to stand up at that time. Maybe due to too much dancing. We wonder what happened to "Larry" Sheehy as we couldn't find him and we hope he got home all right. Past County Commander of V. F. W., Henry Siegold; County Commander, V. F. W., Louis Modica; and George Quist, Commander of the Thos. Wannamaker Post, American Legion of New York City, honored us by attending. All in all, it was a big night with everyone having a wonderful time. We are signing off until next month.

ROBERT A. SIMTH,
Chief of Staff.

WILLIAM H. McNALLY DETACHMENT

Holyoke, Mass.

Well, here we are making our bow to the hard-boiled Marine-world and while we are amongst the youngest, we declare that our aim is to be with the strongest, and we don't

mean blatantly, either. Since we desired to start off on the right foot and without any errors being charged to our record, we held up doing more than apply for the charter (which we hope will be awarded us at our installation), so we merely elected temporary officers to carry on until we could get together as many members as possible so as to have a representative membership present at the election of permanent officers. We have rounded up a good percentage of prospects hereabouts so we proceeded to elect our permanent officers last evening, with the following results: Walter C. Goglin, commandant; James J. Finn, sr., vice commandant; Dr. Robert E. Cleary, jr., vice commandant; Atty. Hugh Lacey, judge advocate, and Francis Golden, adj. and paymaster. The appointive officers to be cared for later. The installation is set for Sunday, January 21st, 1934, and we hope to have the state commandant and his suite attend to this for us, and the national chief of staff will be present and present us our charter. Worcester, Quincy, Boston, Lawrence and all nearby detachments are invited to be with us, and we aim to make this a real Marine installation. Invitations will be sent local outfits later and after confirmation of January 21st date is received from the state commandant. We hope to be regular contributors to these columns in the future and will give all interesting news of our detachment, so until next issue we are knocking off.

WALTER C. COGLIN,
Commandant.

HUDSON COUNTY DETACHMENT Jersey City, N. J.

'Tis sad news we have this month, comrades; and in fact, it is the saddest news in many a moon. Alas! The old-timers are sure to shake their heads and wonder what the world is coming to. Surely, without a doubt, the heroes of the early days who set the example for all of us will turn over in their graves when they learn what has happened here. What's the news? Well, locally, the Marines have gone "sissy," as 'twere. 'Tis a fact, mates; everyone of them. Yep, gyrenes; it was decided at our last meeting that in future the meetings would feature "cake and coffee," with the wives and ladies of the members supplying and baking the "cake." Cake and coffee—and with "beer and pretzels" coming back. Now, girls; we have no desire to start any debate with you on your ability to bake said cake, but we fear for the reaction on our hard-boiled Leathernecks. Can you visualize a bunch of hard-boiled gyrenes turning into cake-eaters? Shortly we expect to see some of them skipping rope, and when that occurs, we are leaving. Angel cake is enjoyed by most of us but far be it from us to permit our old top-kick to see us eating that type of chow. Another thing. If Commandant Hughie Nurtha ever politely ejaculates "Please be quiet," instead of "Pipe down," we will know the reason. Cake and coffee.

All joking aside, however, we will all look forward to these parties, and here is one who will be there on time. By the way, Mrs. Botti, I am crazy about chocolate layer cake with caramel-butter frosting. This is not a hint of course as we would not think of doing anything like that. Oh, well; have it your own way, but make it that kind of cake. All are happy at the Robinson home these days

(Continued on page 46)

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

MARINE CORPS RESERVE

Quite a number of Marines are enlisting in Class VI, Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve, on discharge from the regular Marine Corps. By enlisting in Class VI, the men are promoted one grade. This promotion to higher grade does not entitle the men to this rank upon reenlistment in the regular Marine Corps. Promotions on enlistment in Class VI are made as follows: Men discharged as Private, Drummer, or Trumpeter are appointed to grade of Private First Class; Private First Class to Corporal; Corporal to Sergeant; Sergeant to Staff Sergeant, Gunnery Sergeant or First Sergeant (according to fitness); Staff Sergeant, First Sergeant, Gunnery Sergeant, Supply Sergeant, Drum Major, Sergeant Major, Quartermaster Sergeant, Master Technical Sergeant, Paymaster Sergeant, retain the rank in which discharged on enlistment in Class VI.

The Major General Commandant has also authorized the promotion to next higher grade of men of Class III, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, who enlist in Class VI on discharge from Class III.

It is desired to call to the attention of all ex-Marines the fact that by enlistment

in the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve you will have the satisfaction of knowing that should a national emergency arise you would not be indiscriminately drafted, but would be subject to call for service with the branch of your choice—The United States Marine Corps.

The Major General Commandant has sent letters of appreciation to the Commanding Officer, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, New York, N. Y. (Colonel Gerard M. Kincaid, U. S. M. C.), and to the Commanding Officer, Marine Barracks, Naval Powder Factory, Indian Head, Maryland (Captain Paul R. Cowley U. S. M. C.), for their interest and activity in securing enlistments in the Marine Corps Reserve Class VI.

RESERVES DEVELOP MARKSMEN

General interest is being developed in the Marine Corps Reserve among the members of Fleet Organizations in .22 calibre rifle practice. Several units have organized .22 calibre rifle teams and rifle matches between these have been fired.

The Commanding General, Department of the Pacific, recently reported to Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, the results

of a match fired by the rifle team of Company "I", 25th Reserve Marines, of Seattle, Wash., and Company "K", 25th Reserve Marines, of Aberdeen, Wash. On 15 October, 1933, the rifle team of Company "I" met the rifle team of Company "K" at Aberdeen, Washington, with the results shown in preceding column.

FROM THE SHORES OF FIFTY-SECOND STREET

By William McK. Fleming

What with the reported returning of John Barleycorn and Prosperity, is there any reason why we shouldn't come back to THE LEATHERNECK? And as long as we ARE back again Company B, 1st Battalion, USMC-NY, wishes you all a Happy New Year. Don't mention it.

With the Sea Girt encampment over, some of the more Southern members of the outfit thought Company B would enjoy a bit of rest but before we could say "Joe Zilch," we were called out for the French War Veterans, the NRA Parade, Massing of the Colors, etc. The Guard of Honor, of which B was a part for the French Veterans, presented arms at Pier No. 57 and many newspaper pictures were taken. But the next day the only photos shown were of Untermyer who returned to the States on the *Paris* the same day. The NRA Dress Hike was uneventful save for the greatest crowd we have ever seen pushing back New York policemen. During the parade preceding the Massing of the Colors on Fifth Avenue, N. Y., this command came to one of the many halts. A sleepy-orbed man in scarlet p.j.'s opened the window and looked down on the Marines. Two of the five street spectators counselled, "Go back to bed, they're not after you." Then, on September 23rd, the company trekked up to Peekskill to shoot. Due however, to whatever it was due to, the only thing the men fired was—well, you know . . . The Navy Day Review and the Provisional Brigade Review on the 27th of October and the 8th of December afforded Company B an opportunity to put on an exhibition drill. The Company Officer, Lieutenant Lopez, took charge of two platoons in summer service and steel helmets and what with a silent manual, etc., the applause was deafening . . . The Rifle Club after defeating the Bell Laboratories, went about arranging for bigger and better matches. More of this anon.

Athletically, the outfit broke out with a hard hitting indoor baseball team. We haven't been able to find out whether it's the old Marine spirit or the new scarlet and gold jerseys Captain Kessenich donated, but the players take the game seriously. Of course what follows each game MIGHT have something to do with it, too . . . Since and perhaps because of, Sea Girt, a sergeants' club called the APPLE JACK CLUB has been organized and the meetings held are stag though interesting . . . Socially, the company is also making progress. On the 15th of December the members ran a Military Ball at the Veterans of Foreign Wars Ball Room and the huge gathering

COMPANY "I", 3RD BN., 25TH RES. MARINES, SEATTLE

Name and rank	600S	500S	300S	200S	500R	300R	200R	Total
Hines, James D., Gy-Sgt.	50	50	50	39	50	50	48	337
Herrick, Shirley J., Cpl.	48	49	47	42	50	48	50	334
Louden, Chester W., Cpl.	49	50	50	30	50	48	46	323
Waugh, Robert W., Cpl.	50	50	50	36	46	46	46	324
Team total								1,318

COMPANY "K", 3RD BN., 25TH RES. MARINES, ABERDEEN

Name and rank	600S	500S	300S	200S	500R	300R	200R	Total
Gilbert, Donovan S., Gy-Sgt.	50	50	50	42	47	47	49	335
Lawrence, Hervey O., Cpl.	50	50	50	30	47	49	47	323
Crawford, Oliver D., Sgt.	50	49	50	31	45	45	47	317
Ulmer, William, Cpl.	50	48	49	30	38	49	46	310
Team total								1,285

On 5 November, 1933, a return match was fired by Company "K" at Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, Sand Point, Seattle, Wash., with the following scores:

COMPANY "I" OF SEATTLE, WASH.

Name and rank	600S	500S	300S	200S	500R	300R	200R	Total
Hines, J. D., Gy-Sgt.	50	50	50	45	50	50	49	344
Louden, C. W., Cpl.	50	50	50	32	48	49	46	325
Herrick, S. J., Cpl.	47	49	50	33	49	47	46	321
Waugh, R. W., Cpl.	50	50	48	40	50	49	49	336
Team total								1,326

COMPANY "K" OF ABERDEEN, WASH.

Name and rank	600S	500S	300S	200S	500R	300R	200R	Total
Hoyt, W. C., Jr., Tpтр.	50	50	48	38	47	49	46	328
Crawford, O. D., Sgt.	50	50	46	30	48	45	41	310
Gilbert, D. S., Gy-Sgt.	49	50	48	42	47	47	49	332
Lawrence, H. O., Cpl.	49	50	50	40	49	45	47	330
Team total								1,300

Rules for small-bore qualifications were followed except that all slow fire was fired on Target "B" revised, and all rapid fire was fired on Target "D"-500 revised.

Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, is interested in the practice of rifle matches among reserve organizations and desires to encourage these in every way.

attending departed asking when another affair would be held.

At this alleged writing, seventeen men have enrolled for courses in the Marine Corps Schools . . . The company publication, the *Gyrene*, still exists, men are being recruited again and all in all, it's no wonder some of the fellows say, "What do ya mean—INACTIVE status?"

CAPITAL RESERVES

The Sixth Marine Reserve Brigade was in camp at White Hall, Md., on the last leg of a 50 mile hike from Rum Point, Md., to Fort Washington. Prior to the hike the Sixth Brigade, some 1,000 youngsters, with the officers and senior non-commissioned officers previous Service men had landed from the Quantico side of the Potomac under Fleet landing force conditions.

The challenge had been hurled that the 1933 crop of youngsters "couldn't take it." It had been mentioned that the latter day type of boys would not stand up under a gruelling Marine Corps grind.

Well, here they were at White Hall, with just one more day's hike ahead. They'd slept in the mud and the rain in pup tents. They'd shown their stuff. None had fallen out. Heels were blistered. Soles were worn through. The 1933 youngsters could still take it and Generals high in the Marine Corps were not backward about according them full meed of credit.

There had been very little parading. It had been all soldiering. But for this last night at White Hall Lieut. Col. J. J. Staley decided that they'd pin on a real sunset parade just to show the cockeyed world that the long khaki column, sunburned to pan brown, could still step out in parade style.

Came the sunset parade.

"Officers, Center! March!" The officers moved toward the center and, in a rank behind them came the brilliant scarlet and gold guidons of the Brigade, the satin folds rustling in the wind, the sun showing off the coiled rattlesnake on each proud guidon.

It was a good show. Tomorrow they'd break camp just once more, hike to Fort Washington and catch the boat for home and civilian clothing. That would finish the fourth year of this sort of practical preparedness.

Darkness descended upon the company streets. The old timers were grouped about

a pot of java. The day's sunset parade was the topic.

"Did you notice the snap to that slender blond guidon bearer on the left flank?" asked Sergeant DeSpear of "B" Company. Twentieth Marines. Yes, certainly, all had noted how snappy he was. "He must have had previous service somewhere," remarked DeSpear. The latter has seen his service and he knows his soldiers. Overseas with the Marines in a banana war or two and then, one of those damned fools that couldn't wait, he had ducked for Canada to show up in France with the Canadian Ladies from Hell. Wounded a couple of times. Promoted to First Lieutenant. Later to Captain and winding up the big show as a Captain and pilot in the Royal Flying Corps.

Just about that time the tall blond guidon bearer who had been mentioned passed the group of old timers. "Hey, kid!" yelled DeSpear. "Where'd you serve before?"

"In the Imperial German Army," replied the guidon bearer.

His name, Aufderlichten, meant nothing to DeSpear until a check up revealed that they had fought opposite each other in several engagements on the Western Front.

It's a small globe and not a very grateful one. DeSpear, a former fighting Captain in the Flying Corps, could stand a better job than he has in civil life and the former German soldier is in the country he fought against. He's out of a job, too!

It's a great world if you don't weaken. Marines never do.

COAST RESERVES IN GROUND-AIR MANEUVERS

By Horace W. Card

After several delays for various reasons, the 25th Marine Reserves, in conjunction with Fighting Squadron 4-MR, got off to a good start on the morning of Sunday, November 5, for a long planned series of ground-air maneuvers.

Considerable work was encountered in preparation for the big day. Blank ammunition had to be made, and equipment had to be assembled from Seattle to San Diego. Maps had to be made, and terrain had to be selected. But let it be said that there was no delay in the commence-

ment of the maneuvers occasioned by the difficulties of mobilization.

The terrain selected by Major John J. Flynn, USMCR, Battalion Commander, and Captain Horace W. Card, USMCR, proved to be a happy choice. Just north of El Segundo, it stretches back several miles from the Pacific, and is unoccupied. Although not wooded, it is gently rolling, and lends itself admirably to the military situation laid down in the tactical problem. Three miles inland is Mines Field, the Los Angeles airport.

The problem required that enemy forces between Mines Field and the ocean be driven out. In view of a huge crowd of thrill seeking civilians, the "landing party" assembled on the beach and started inland promptly at 2:00 p.m.

Aircraft were extensively used in the engagement, both our own and "enemy." Excellent communication was maintained at all times with our own planes by means of panel signals, pick-ups, dropped messages, and Very pistol signals. Enemy machine-gun nests were destroyed by 37 mm. howitzer and Stokes mortar fire, the accuracy of which called forth exceedingly favorable comment from the witnessing dignitaries. Capt. Horace W. Card demonstrated remarkable efficiency in the use of the Stokes mortar when he fired ten shots rapid fire, keeping eight shells in the air. All ten were direct hits.

From every angle, the maneuvers were decided successes, and we contemplate future maneuvers of a similar nature, attended by equal success.

A great part of the credit for the success of the engagement must go to Maj. A. B. Miller, USMC, under whose direction and guidance as Inspector-Instructor of the Battalion all plans were made, and to every officer and man for the efficient manner in which each played his part.

COMPANY K

By J. M. Girard

Co. K has been issued new uniforms. This time it is the Greens. A couple of months ago Co. K was issued the blue uniform but they were called in and replaced by the greens. What a relief it will be not to be half choked to death by the high necks on the blues. Not only that but it improves the looks of the company about 25 per cent.

On November 28 Corporal Freith treated

(Continued on page 45)



Company B, First Battalion, USMCR. Capt. Mark FR. Kessenich, Commanding



NAVY RETAINS PRESIDENT'S CUP

By D. M. Beeson

Before a crowd of 25,000, West Coast Navy demonstrated marked superiority in the December 3 President's Cup Game. Piercing a powerful Marine line with a driving running attack twice to cross the goal line, the West Coast Navy Football team retained the President's trophy, emblematic of the National Service Championship, by defeating the Marines 14 to 7.

Navy made its marches to the goal in the third and fourth periods, but in the final minutes was battling with everything at its command to stave off at least a tie as the Devil Dogs suddenly came to life to score once and threaten a second time. The huge crowd roared its approval, for the Navy had entered the game a slight under-dog due to the great record the Marine team had made through the season, which saw it win from Santa Clara, hold U. C. L. A. to a 14-13 score and give Loyola a battle after whipping a number of smaller colleges by commanding scores.

PLAY BY PLAY ACCOUNT

The Marines won the toss and chose to kick off. After an exchange of punts, Kirn started his first personally directed tour to the goal line from the 37 yard line. He mixed his plays well, running straight plays inside the tackles with a reverse and a wide play or two around end with Nash and Barieau carrying the ball. One pass to Barieau for ten yards aided until it was first down on 15 yard line. Here the Marine line stiffened and with three plays gaining but three yards, Lt. Hamilton came into the game replacing Kirn. He tried a fourth down pass into the end zone, but the ball just slipped from the fingers of Lewis, big end.

With the Marines taking the ball on the 20 yard line, Captain Hall sent in a new backfield combination and the Devil Dogs started a parade of their own. Springing Clyde Poppelman, a speed burner, in drives off the tackles and mixing in a pass or two, the Marines went to the Navy 30 yard line as the quarter ended, with Lt. Bauer the king-pin of the attack. Held, the Marines called upon big Charles Glick, outstanding end, for a place kick. The ball was wide and Navy took the ball on the 20 yard line.

Navy got the ball on the Marine 15 yard line a few plays later as Bauer fumbled Livingston's long punt. Teft, end, recovering for the sailors. The Marines rose to the heights, however, and when fourth down came the ball was on the 20 yard line. Bauer knocked down Call's fourth down pass, and the Marines took the ball on the 20 yard line.

Play surged back and forth for a time with Navy making the greatest threats

due to short kicking by Callahan and Bauer until late in the period. Navy took the ball on its 41 yard line on one boot which went out of bounds after going only 14 yards. With the low-lying sun shining directly in their faces, the Marine secondary was partially blinded as Guentert started around right end and then heaved a 40 yard pass down the left side-line to Madison, end, where he was downed on the Marine 19 yard line. Again the Marines rose to the heights to hold the sailors, and Hamilton finally essayed a drop kick which got nowhere and the Marines took the ball



The President's Cup

on the 20 yard line. The half ended with Navy in possession of the ball on the Marine 26 yard line.

THIRD PERIOD . . . Barieau, Marine corporal serving aboard the *Maryland* received the kick-off for Navy and ran it back 53 yards to the Marine 44 yard line with a brilliant run down the side-lines. Kirn then started packing the ball first through guard and then through tackle. Reaching the 30 yard line he passed to

Lewis and then bucked the line to make it a first down on the 17 yard stripe. Again the valiant Marine line rose up and halted the drive, the Devil Dogs taking the ball on the 11 yard line when a fourth down pass was incomplete.

Callahan's punt went only to the 38 yard line and "Bullet Lou" Kirn started another drive. This ended when Kirn fumbled and Glib recovered for the Marines on the six yard line. Callahan's next punt again was bad and Kirn took the ball and dashed back 19 yards to the 15 yard line. This time he was not to be denied. Packing the ball himself with the exception of one run around end by Barieau, Kirn went over in 8 plays, making the final drive through left tackle as "Chief" Kinley cleared the way. Shipp kicked the goal to make the score 7-0.

The Marines started a come-back after taking the kick-off but lost the ball on the Navy 30 yard line when a fourth down pass fell incomplete; starting from this point, a new Navy backfield combination of Call, O'Neill, Etrie, and York went to work. With Call and O'Neill doing the ball packing, they drove down the field, halted once by penalties, to the 5 yard line. On fourth down, with four yards to go for a first down, York drove through left guard to score. Shipp again place-kicked for the extra point. Score: Navy, 14; Marines, 0.

Navy, with a 14 point lead appeared a certain winner. This was reckoning, however, without "Butch" Bauer, and Jean Neil, the passing combination that clicked so well against U. C. L. A. and Santa Clara. On the first play after the kick-off, Bauer rifled a 15 yard pass to Neil, who made a sensational one handed catch on the 50 yard line. Neil batted the ball out of an opponent's hands and recaptured the ball and set off for the goal line, and you should have seen him go! Guentert, Navy's speedy safety, made a tremendous sprint in an effort to run him down. Reynolds, Marine half, with a flying block diverted him just enough to insure the successful culmination of Neil's great run. As he reached the 5 yard line, with Guentert almost upon him, Neil made a head-long dive to complete the most brilliant play of the game. Bauer converted from placement. Score: Navy, 14; Marines, 7.

Navy received, and Livingston fumbled on the first play from scrimmage. Captain Ferrell pounced on the ball, and the Marines assumed possession on the Sailor 20 with plenty of time for a second touchdown. A pass, Bauer to Ferrell, and a right tackle smash by Bauer took the ball to the four yard line, but two line plays



Call, Navy, smashes right side of Marine line for substantial gain, President's Cup game, San Diego, Calif., December 3, 1933

lost 7 yards and a fourth down pass was incomplete to give Navy the pigskin on its 11 yard mark. The game ended shortly afterward.

Navy was the stronger, there can be no question of that. Her blocking and tackling was equal to that of any major college team. The Marine machine which rolled over Santa Clara and lost by one point to U. C. L. A., might have beaten the sailors but the Devil Dog squad which lost to the tars wound up on the short end of the score only because it was facing a superior foe.

Bauer's fine playing through most of the game over-shadowed a few bobbles, and Mathiot, Neil, Shapley, Reynolds, and C. Poppelman showed shining ability in the Marine backfield. Neil and Mathiot were big assets on defense. Glick and Ferrell left nothing to be desired at the wing posts, and Gilb, Dupler, Cummings, and Hall also starred on the forward wall!

This year's Navy-Marine struggle more then came up to the expectations of every spectator. The half time stunts and drills by the Navy and Marine Bands provided a big game aura, and the game itself was packed with the histrionics of a lifetime. The Marines concluded a difficult ten-game schedule with a record of 6 victories and 4 defeats. Navy's squad, which was not organized until the end of the battle fleet season has won three and lost one.

THE LINE UP

Marines—7	Position	14—Navy
Ferrell	L.E.	Lewis
Jones	L.T.	Kinley
Kleponis	L.G.	Roberts
Hostad	C.	Kotsmith
Von Berg	R.G.	Chiarmonte
Mace	R.T.	Jantz
Glick	R.E.	Madison
Callaham	Q.B.	Abrahams
Reynolds	L.H.	Barieau
Winn	R.H.	Rash
Cramer	F.B.	Kirn

Navy scoring—Touchdowns: Kirn, York. Extra Points: Shipp, 2.

Marine scoring—Touchdowns: Neil. Extra Point, Bauer.

Marine substitutions: Kerr, Hall, Dupler, Gilb, W. H. Smith, "Gabby" Smith, Cummings, Jost, Sonnenberg, Neil, Bauer, Mathiot, C. Poppelman, and Shapley.

Navy substitutions: Just one new team after another and then over again.

Officials: Referee, Jim Blewett, California; Umpire, Horace Gillette, Occidental; Head Linesman, Mike Morrow, California; Field Judge, Junior Todd, Wisconsin.

UCLANS NOSE OUT DEVIL DOGS IN THRILLER

San Diego, November 11. Fourteen to thirteen. That's only a football score, but beneath those points is the heartbreaking story of how a valiant team of San Diego Marines came within a hair's breadth of tying a mighty grid-iron machine from the University of California at Los Angeles in the Stadium Saturday. The 13,000 who saw the closing minutes of the Armistice Day struggle lived the intense drama and thrills of the moment, but it is a stupendous task to depict that climax for those who didn't see it. Words cannot tell to what heights the Marines rose, when with but 5 fleeting minutes to play, they struck twice with the speed and deadliness of a cobra.

U.C.L.A. had scored its second touchdown as lengthening shadows presaged the game's end. Mike Frankovich, Uclan quarterback, nonchalantly booted a perfect placement for the extra point, and the score-board read: U.C.L.A. 14, Marines 0. The crowd decided that defeat was inevitable for the Marines. It had been an exciting and close contest, but the college boys were just a bit too good. A gradual surge toward the exits was noticeable, for what could happen in the brief time that remained for play?

A few paused to watch the succeeding kick-off, and after that stayed to become raving maniacs who surged onto the field in a wild demonstration for a Marine cause that barely failed. Charles "Grubber" Glick, great Marine end, caught that kick-off. Possibly Glick studied geometry in his school days, but at any rate he took advantage of the axiom that a straight line is the shortest path between two points. He headed straight down the field, shedding U.C.L.A. tacklers like so many drops of water. 52 yards he dashed, leaving a path of devastation behind, and finally crashed to earth on the 32 yard line under the combined weight of two U.C.L.A. giants.

Bauer, appropriately called "Butch," as every man on the Uclan team who played against him can tell you, lost two yards, but the crowd went wild again on the next play as Bauer tosses a 12 yard forward pass to Glick, giving the Marines first down. Three terrific smashes at the line and Bauer had made first down on the 6 yard line. Captain Lee Coats, U.C.L.A.'s All-Coast center, twice stopped Bauer and then Mathiot for no gain, but on the fourth down Bauer crashed over right tackle for a touchdown. Callaham converted from placement, and the score-board read: U.C.L.A. 14, Marines 7.

The homeward movement started all over again only to be checked by an even more dramatic scoring drive. Keeble's return of Glick's kick-off put the ball on U.C.L.A.'s 39 yard line. Patterson fumbled and Glick, not satisfied with giving his team one touchdown, dove into a group of Uclan players and came out with the ball. Bauer cracked out three yards at right tackle and then passed to Neil for 17 yards and first down on the U.C.L.A. 19. Bauer smashed through left guard for 3 and tossed to Captain Ferrell for another first down on the 2 yard stripe. Callaham made one at left end, and Bauer drove over right tackle for touchdown.

Trailing by a single point, Callaham prepared to tie the score. He had suffered severe rib injuries several plays before, but not a word did he say to his team-mates. Back came the ball from center. Bauer had it in position without the loss of a second, but crashing through the line came Clark and Sarver. Callaham's foot swished through as he saw the desperate opposing backs, but the boot went just a few feet astray, and as the gun sounded a few minutes later the score-board read: U.C.L.A. 14, Marines 13.

The game was a dog-fight all the way. Starting on their 17 yard line, Bauer and Mathiot drove to the 36, and then Bauer fired a pass to Neil, who ran to the Uclan 30. Mathiot made it first down on the 20, but line thrusts and an attempted pass failed. On the fourth down Bauer attempted a field goal from placement, but it was wide.

Two plays after the second period opened, U.C.L.A. capitalized on a break to score. J. Smith, end, recovered a Marine fumble on the latter's 30 yard line. Short gains put the Uclans on the 19 and Clark ran left end for a touchdown. In attempting to stop the play, Von Berg, guard, and C. Poppelman, back, collided, thus allowing the U.C.L.A. interferers to take out the remaining obstacles to the goal. Murphy converted from placement. Until the half the game was a punting duel.

Both teams threatened in the third quarter. Callaham got off a spectacular quick-kick early in the period, which, with a fifteen yard penalty for clipping, put U.C.L.A. on its 4 yard line. The Marines took Livesay's punt on their 48 and drove down the field, only to be thwarted as Frankovich intercepted Callaham's pass on the Uclan 14. An exchange of kicks gave U.C.L.A. the ball on its 18. A 25 yard run and short gains by Cheshire and powerful thrusts by Keeble carried to the Marine 9 yard line as the quarter ended.

Mathiot intercepted Frankovich's pass and dashed to his 30. Bauer punted and U.C.L.A. took the ball on its 39. Cheshire, Keeble, and Hendry unleashed a swift attack that carried the Uclans to the Marine 15 yard line. Here the Devil Dogs were penalized to the one yard mark for unnecessary roughness. Cheshire was held for no gain, but on the next play, Keeble scored at right tackle, and Frankovich tackled on what was to prove the winning point. Then came Glick's brilliant efforts and the breath-taking finish.

Coach Bill Spaulding and his Uclans have never heard a more welcome sound than the bark of that final gun. Spaulding said the game was U.C.L.A.'s hardest of the season and that his boys had played better football than at any time this year. The "Sage of Westwood" admitted the invaders were lucky to win and classed the Marines with the best teams in the country. Captain Hall was not disappointed at losing. He had nothing but praise for the play of both teams.

The teams were almost a perfect match. The Uclans running attack was by far the better, but the Marines were just as superior in the aerial department of the game. Captain Lee Coats was a tower of strength at center, and McGue, tackle, Boyer, guard, and Lott, end, turned in fine performances. "Jolting Joe" Keeble undoubtedly is one of the hardest hitting backs in the country, and in Lightner, Cheshire, Livesay, Reel, Clark, Olmsted, Murphy, Sarver, and Frankovich, the Uclans have a group of exceptional ball-packers.

Glick was the outstanding player of the game, for besides his spectacular performance in the last few minutes he was a terror on defense throughout the fray. Ferrell, Gates, Dupler, Cummings, Hostad, Gilb, and Hall all put up a stiff battle on the Marine forward wall, and Bauer, Callaham, C. Poppelman, Mathiot, Neil, Carney, and Reynolds were invaluable backs.

The officiating was the best this year and the game itself was the most exciting.

THE LINE-UP

U.C.L.A.—14	Position	13—Marines
Smith	L.E.	Ferrell
McGue	L.T.	Gates
Boyer	L.G.	Dupler
Trotter	C.	Cummings
Haslam	R.G.	Gilb
Rafferty	R.T.	Hall
Lott	R.E.	Glick
Murphy	Q.B.	Bauer
Reel	L.H.	Mathiot
Lightner	R.H.	C. Poppelman
Olmsted	F.B.	Neil

Scoring—U.C.L.A.: Touchdowns, Clark, Keeble. Extra Points: Murphy, Frankovich.

Marines—Touchdowns: Bauer, 2. Extra Point, Callaham.

Officials: Referee, Jim Blewett, California; Umpire, Walter Herried, Washington State; Head Linesman, Hobbs Adams, U.S.C.; Field Judge, George Costello, Colorado.



MARINES BEATEN BY LOYOLA, 13-6, IN GRID CLASH

San Diego, Nov. 19. Substantially the underdogs, Loyola's Lions turned the tables on the Devil Dogs by marching 51 yards for a touchdown and converting to take a 1 point lead in the second quarter. George Snell, Loyola reserve quarterback, made victory even more convincing when he took Bauer's punt and dashed 58 yards for another tally in the last minute of play.

Bauer scored early in the first period after a 53 yard drive, and it looked as though the Devil Dogs were in for an easy afternoon. The Marines continued to threaten as the second quarter began, reaching Loyola's 25 yard marker, but Bauer's pass in the end zone was incomplete. Back down the field came the Devil Dogs, apparently unstoppable, Bauer plunging over from the 3 yard line on fourth down. Referee Jim Blewett brought the ball back and placed it on the one inch line, giving the ball to Loyola. It indeed took a keen eye to judge that Bauer had been stopped at that point as his body fell almost completely beyond the last white line.

From that point on the Marines were outclassed. Their tackling was spotty, and several bobbles did little to help their cause. Loyola, on the other hand, appeared to take on new life and began to

tear through the usually invincible line for sizable gains. The Devil Dogs also suffered a severe letdown on offense.

PLAY BY PLAY ACCOUNT

After an exchange of punts, the Marines gained possession of the ball on their own 47 yard line. Two slashes at the line made 7 yards, and Bauer passed to Reynolds for 5 yards and a first down on the Loyola 41. Bauer and Reynolds cracked the line and in three plays had another first down on the 26 yard marker. A forward pass, Bauer to Reynolds, was ruled complete on the 5 yard line because of interference. Bauer made two at right guard, and then crashed over right tackle for a touchdown. Dermody blocked Bauer's attempt to convert from placement. Loyola received and marched 49 yards to the Marine 25 yard line on short gains by Sherry, Christensen, and Bouchard and a 14 yard pass to the latter. An end play by Dermody was good for 13 yards. Ferrell and Mace threw Bouchard for a 9 yard loss as he attempted to pass, and Bauer intercepted Christensen's pass and ran to his 29 to end the threat. Bauer, Winn, and Cramer made a first down for the Marines on their 40. Bauer passed 23 yards to Reynolds for first down on Loyola's 37. A pass, Bauer to Winn, made five yards, and Bauer made 4 yards at right tackle as the period ended.

SECOND PERIOD—Mathiot hit left guard for a first down on the 25 yard line. Marines penalized 5 yards for off-side. Bauer's pass fell in the end zone and Loyola took the ball on its 20. Atkinson punted 57 yards to the Marine 19 yard line. Bauer punted back, and Atkinson dashed 13 yards to the Marine 47. Bouchard made 2 at left end, but Loyola was penalized 15 yards for holding. Neil intercepted Atkinson's pass and ran 23 yards to the Loyola 43. A line play made 3, and Loyola was penalized 15 yards for unnecessary roughness. C. Poppelman and Bauer made 4, and a pass, Bauer to Poppelman, was good for 13 yards and a first down on Loyola's 7 yard line. On fourth down, Referee Blewett gave the ball to Loyola after it appeared that Bauer had scored with plenty to spare. Bauer ran Atkinson's punt back to the Loyola 31, but on the next play, Atkinson threw Bauer for a 14 yard loss as he attempted to pass. Atkinson ran Bauer's punt back 14 yards to his 26 yard line. Atkinson made 8 at right tackle and the Marines were penalized 15 yards for piling on, giving Loyola first down on its 49. Atkinson went over right tackle for 8 yards. Atkinson went over right guard for 17 yards to the Marine 26. Atkinson lost two at right end. Sherry ran left end for 6. Atkinson twisted out of the arms of four tacklers and ran 22 yards for a touchdown on a reverse through right tackle. Ferrari converted from placement. Score, Loyola 7, Marines 6. The Marines received, and on the first play Saunders intercepted Bauer's pass and dashed to the Marine 16. Loyola was penalized 15 yards, and three passes fell incomplete. A pass, Ferrari to Maxwell, was completed on the 4 yard line as the gun sounded, but the passer was not 5 yards behind the line of scrimmage, and Loyola was given time for another play. Ferrari's pass fell incomplete.

THIRD PERIOD—After several punt exchanges, Dumlér and Poppelman battered the Loyola line for a first down on the Marine 47. Glick lost 1 yard on an end run, and then Mathiot passed 25 yards to Neil for a first down on Loyola's 29. Three plays gained only 5 yards, and

Glick's attempted place kick was taken by Atkinson to his 14 yard line. A plunge at center made 2, and Atkinson flashed through right tackle on a reverse for 24 yards on Loyola's 40 yard line.

FOURTH PERIOD—Loyola was forced to punt, and Bauer kicked back. Again the Lions kicked, and Bauer fumbled, recovering on his 4 yard line. Bauer's punt was downed on Loyola's 49. Christensen made 14, and Sherry and Keiser drove to the Marine 24. Loyola passed over the goal line on fourth down, Marines taking the ball on their own 20. Bauer lost 13 attempting to pass. Bauer punted and Snell, standing on his 48 yard line, signaled for a fair catch. He muffed the ball, ran back 5 yards to pick it up, and then shot down the right side of the field for 58 yards and a touchdown, brushing off five or six Marine tacklers who might have brought him down with a clean tackle. Ferrari failed to convert. Score, Loyola 13, Marines 6. The Marines were on their 40 yard line as the game ended.

THE LINE-UP

Loyola—13	Position	6—Marines
Dermody	L.E.	Ferrell
Kipp	L.T.	Jones
Vitalich	L.G.	Kleponis
McHugh	C.	Hostad
Schelliga	R.G.	Von Berg
Del Giorgio	R.T.	Mace
O'Bryan	R.E.	Glick
Snell	Q.B.	Bauer
Christensen	L.H.	Reynolds
Lubisch	R.H.	Winn
Parslow	F.B.	Cramer

Substitutions—Marines: Gates, Hall, Glib, Dupler, Cummings, Souinenberg, Shell, Dumler, Neil, Mathiot, Poppelman.

Officials: Referee, Jim Blewett, California. Umpire, Bill Quigley, Pennsylvania. Head Linesman, Orian Landreth, Friends College. Field Judge, Hobbs Adams, U.S.C.

SIDE-LINE SHOTS

By D. M. Beeson

The 1933 San Diego Marine schedule has now been completed, with far greater success than most followers predicted. Although three of the season's four defeats came in the last three starts, nothing but commendation is offered for the great battle waged by the Leathernecks against U. C. L. A., Loyola, and West Coast Navy. True, it was apparent to everyone that if the Marines had clicked in the first fifty-two minutes against U. C. L. A., as they did in the last eight, the Los Angeles team would have gone home with a terrific beating. However, it is impossible to fire up a football team as you would turn a light switch on and off. Against Santa Clara the Marines were the equal of any team in the country. For eight minutes against U. C. L. A. they were again great. Against Loyola, the same spirit was adamant during the first and third periods. Only in the waning minutes of the Navy game did the boys rise to those heights which every Marine roofer hoped to see.

Of Glick's great run in the U. C. L. A. game, the Los Angeles Times said: "Charles Glick took the kick-off and ran like a frightened elephant through a herd of Mickey Mouses for a fifty-two yard gain. Glick, who weighs two hundred ten pounds and is built like Tarzan, Atlas, and Hercules, plays end for the Marines, and what we mean he plays end! There isn't a better man on the coast. The

Marines were big and very tough and their passing attack was a pip. The Devil Dogs attempted fourteen aerial plays and made ten of them work. That's something in any league. Spaulding's crew were lucky to get that 14-13 win, for the Marines were getting tougher as the game progressed."

The San Diego Evening Tribune states: "Coach Bill Spaulding and his Uclans have never heard a more welcome sound than



Bauer, who scored the Devil Dogs' lone tally against Loyola

the bark of that final gun. Spaulding said the game was U. C. L. A.'s hardest of the season, and that his boys had played better football than at any time this year. The 'Sage of Westwood' admitted that he was lucky to win and classed the Marines with the best teams in the country."

Clipper Smith, Santa Clara Coach, writing in the Oakland Tribune: "Do not sell the Marines short. Saturday U. C. L. A. had great difficulty in defeating them 14-13; and remember, U. C. L. A. played a scoreless tie with California, forced Corbus of Stanford to kick a field goal for victory (3-0). And if a Marine field goal had not gone haywire in the game, the San Diego Brilliants would have conquered."

"To date, we have taken the Marine licking without offering an alibi, but after the U. C. L. A. game, we feel that we did well at San Diego, even though our boys refused to take the Marines seriously."

U. C. L. A.'s line was great, especially

Lee Coats, All-Coast center, and Rafferty, tackle.

You should have seen the bewilderment of the Uclans as the Marines staged their great finish. Individuals looked around in a daze, and shouted to each other as the Great Marine Red Tide almost engulfed them. Never have I seen so much sheer power and scoring punch as in those last eight dynamic minutes of the U. C. L. A. game.

Jones, Marine left tackle, played a great game against U. C. L. A., breaking through for slashing tackles far behind the line of scrimmage, and cutting the safety man down for no return on punts.

Saturday evening, December 2, at 7:30 p. m., Lieut. Howard Clark, Fleet Athletic Officer, and Lieutenant Shapley, Marine assistant coach, were interviewed by Clyde Vandeburg over radio station KFSD. I am sure that every Marine who listened was proud of the candid remarks and confident attitude which was evident in Lieutenant Shapley's talk.

Sgt. Emile P. Jouanillon (John Lew), who has set a "groaning board" for the football squad during the season, was transferred to Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor, aboard the U. S. S. Cuyama, December 1. Captain Hall, the coaching staff, and all the members of the football squad expressed appreciation of his efforts and extended him best wishes at his new post.

The awards offered annually by the staff N. C. O.'s of the Base were presented Friday, December 8, at the Base Auditorium by General Bradman. The most coveted award, "Most Outstanding Player," was accorded to Sgt. Charles "Grubber" Glick, sterling right end, who has been a stand-out in every game. The award for the "Most Valuable Player" was voted to Jean Neil, pass catcher extraordinary and defensive fullback par excellence. The prizes are the same, a twenty-one jewel watch, chain, and knife. Congratulations, "Grubber" and "Cheesie." You certainly rate the honor.

One of the outstanding backs of the Navy team was Cpl. Harold Barieau, U. S. M. C., serving aboard the battleship Maryland. Barieau played fullback on his ship's team, which won the battle force title. The chunky back was invited to try out for the All Battle Force Team, and made good to the extent that he started against the Marines in the President's Cup game. He was in the game longer than any other Navy back. His 53 yard return of Glick's kickoff, which paved the way for Navy's first touchdown, was one of the most thrilling plays of the game. Shifted from a ball-carrying to a blocking back for this game by Tom Hamilton, Barieau carried the ball only on reverse plays, yet gained 5 yards every time he carried the ball and was on the receiving end of two passes which went for sizable gains.

MARINES' BLAZE TOO HOT FOR BALTIMORE FIREMEN

"The Policemen and the Firemen,
And all the volunteers,
They couldn't lick the Leathernecks
In a hundred thousand years."

So says a Marine football song—and the firemen believe it!

Before a crowd of 10,000 spectators, the

Marine team from Quantico downed the Baltimore firemen to a score of 15 to 0.

The game opened with a parade of the Marines, headed by Jiggs II and his guard, and the Firemen. The drills, executed with great precision, formed no small part of the day's spectacle.



BUTLER

The smashing back-field veteran of Quantico's grid teams. Butler's offensive ripped the Firemen's line to shreds, scoring both touchdowns for the Marines.

After the pageantry, the kick off to start the game was a signal for the firemen rooters to send up their loudest cheer. After two plays, Parr ripped off left tackle for one of the two first downs made through the Marine line. The Baltimore team made two other first downs on penalties, against twenty-one for the Marines.

Scores were made in the second and third quarters on touchdowns by the Quantico team. The Marines had started a march from their own 44-yard mark for the first tally. Without serious opposition the ball carriers ran wild until they planted the ball nine yards from the firemen's goal. For three downs, the firemen held the Marines at bay. Then, on the fourth down, Beverungen knocked down a pass tossed by Shess, and the firemen took the ball on downs.

On the first play, however, Parr fumbled as he hit the line on the 15-yard marker, and Gann, Marine guard, recovered. Shess carried the ball to the two-yard stripe, and Butler went over left guard for the touchdown. Shess' attempted placement kick went wide of the mark.

In the third period the Marines were put in a scoring position after Bell had planted the ball on the firemen's 10-yard line. It took four plays for Butler to leap over the goal line for another touchdown. This time Shess made his placement good.

With their backs to their own goal line in the final session, the firemen handed the visitors their final counters. They had stopped the Marines on the one-yard line, but in getting off his punt, Jones stepped out of the end zone for an automatic safety.

As close as the firemen got to the Marine goal line was the 46-yard stripe, although, in the first quarter, the firemen kept the ball in enemy territory.

CAVITE SPORTS

With football and basketball reigning supreme in the far-off United States, the baseball fans of the Philippine Islands are looking forward to the opening of the season of the Philippine Baseball League on November 4. The following article is quoted from the Sport Section of the *Manila Bulletin*:

"With the opening of the 1933-34 Philippine Baseball League series just a few weeks away, the various entries are rounding into shape with their eyes focused on the league pennant. There will be four teams entered in this season's series: two Army teams, one an all-Filipino and one an all-American, the Cavite Marines, and the Big Three Selection.

"The Army has already issued proper orders for the organization of the Army entries. The nucleus of the all-American team will be the Thirty-first Infantry Bears, which participated in the series last

year. Last year's McKinley team, bolstered up where necessary, will comprise the Filipino team. The Army teams are to be assembled on October 10, and team managers are authorized to canvass for players at the various Army posts.

"The crack Marine team may not win the pennant, but will be right in the thick of the fight from the start, unless we miss our guess.

"Reports leaking in from the Navy Yard town are to the effect that the 1933-34 Navy Yard League champs are rapidly rounding into shape for the opening of the P. B. L., which will take place on Saturday, November 4.

"Jimmie Jordan, the fiery little Top Sergeant who led the Cavite Leathernecks to the Navy Yard loop championship last season, has been selected to pilot the club in the P. B. L., according to an announcement made recently by Lt. Col. Maurice E. Shearer, Commanding Officer of the Cavite Marine Detachment, and already the Marine mentor is putting his proteges through a daily practice grind to insure having them clicking in real tip-top form before the curtain is rung up for the P. B. L. opening.

"In Jordan the Marines have an able leader, a veteran of many years' experience as player and as manager, and one who knows the game from A to Z. There could be no better proof of Jordan's ability as Manager than the excellent manner in which he handled the Marine team last season. Starting the first half with one of the weakest, if not the weakest outfit in the league, the Marine mentor built up his team to such strength that it out-classed by far the other Navy Yard teams and won the second half of the play-off by a walkaway.

"Upon being informed by his Commanding Officer that he would continue at the helm of the Leathernecks during the forthcoming season, Jordan set to work immediately to round up his team and start practice. All of last season's players have reported for practice and in addition several promising youngsters, new arrivals, are trying out for a berth on the club.

"Tiny Bartlett, Babe Hoyle, and Johnson will comprise the Marine pitching staff. Bartlett is one of the best hurlers ever to hit these islands, and should prove to be one of the most effective hurlers in the P. B. L. In the Navy Yard League last season, Bartlett won 21 games, lost 7, and tied one, and proved to be the greatest strike-out artist ever to perform in the Navy loop. In 29 games he struck out 226 men, or an average of 8 men per seven-inning tilt.

"Bartlett will be ably assisted in pitching by Babe Hoyle, who proved to be almost as effective as his teammate in the Navy Yard League. Hoyle has plenty of speed, a good curve, and is smart. He has played on many championship Marine teams and at one time had a tryout with Mobile, at that time a member of the Southern Association. He can play the infield or outfield if necessary and is a dangerous hitter. Johnson, regular center-fielder, is also an excellent hurler, and will be called upon to assume part of the pitching burden.

"Sturms, a youngster who has improved by leaps and bounds during the past year, will be the club's first string catcher. Sturms is a big, raw-boned lad with a strong throwing arm and is a hard hitter. He was the team's regular receiver last season.

"Howesley, first baseman, is a polished fielder, a fast base runner and one of the

leading batters of the team. He hit .324 in the Cavite League last season, and was one of the leading sluggers of the league, banging out five home runs, five triples, and five doubles. He also had a tryout with the Mobile Club of the Southern Association several years ago.

"The veteran Fogleman will cover the keystone bag. Although not so fast as he used to be, Foggy is still a fine fielding second-baseman and a good base runner. His strong point, however, is his hitting ability. He is a consistent .300 hitter and one of those batters most dangerous in a pinch. He has played in some of the best of the Navy and Marine teams. In 1921-22 he was a member of the All-Fleet Team on the U.S.S. *Arizona*. On account of his long experience and thorough knowledge of the game, Foggy will be field captain and assistant manager.

"One of the most improved youngsters on the team is Seta, third baseman. Starting with the Marine team two years ago with practically no experience as a ball player, Seta has improved wonderfully, and now covers the hot corner like a veteran.

"Doggie Carver at short is one of the team's most valuable players. He is probably one of the best short gardeners in the Islands at present, and one of the most dangerous and hardest hitters of the team. While not old in years, Carver is a veteran ball player. He has been in the Marine Corps only a short time, but had played on some fast semi-pro teams in and around Boston before entering the service. In the outfield will be Waldron in left, Johnson in center, and Robison in right. Of this trio, Johnson is the best hitter, but all three wound up with high batting averages in the Navy loop last season. Johnson led the team in batting, but Waldron is the hardest hitter and has improved greatly in the last two seasons. Robison is also a dangerous batter in a pinch. All three outer gardeners are fine fielders. Johnson, especially, is particularly fast both in the field and on the bases.

"In reserve strength the team will be well fortified, Hudson, Turek, Sova, Brown, and Donlon will be the boys on the bench to be called on in a pinch. Hudson is really one of the fastest infielders on the team. Turek can play the infield and is an excellent outfielder. Sova and Brown are good substitute outfielders and Donlon is a fair pitcher. Then there are the newcomers, some of whom show promise.

"All in all, Jordan has a well balanced club and there is every reason to believe that the Leathernecks will be a strong contender for the P. B. L. hunting.

"Being a member of the Navy Yard loop which opens the 1933-34 season, Jordan's proteges will have the advantage of playing six or eight league games before the formal opening of the P. B. L."

MARE ISLAND SPORTS

The Mare Island baseball season was closed on November 11th, when the Mare Island Marines journeyed to Yountville, California, where they played the Yountville Soldiers' Home team a 12 inning game to a tie score of 7-7. Perry Kimball held the Soldiers down to 7 hits, while the Marines garnered 13 from Lenoir, hurler for the Soldiers. Both pitchers remained in the game for the entire 12 innings.

Kimball proved to be the star pitcher of the team for the season. Playing in 24 games, he won 12 and lost 6, the other 6 acting as relief pitcher and not getting the credit for winning, and the losses not being chalked up against him either.

Al Chenoweth was the outstanding player of the season, leading the team in batting with 70 hits out of 151 times at bat and crossing the home plate for 53 runs. Al is credited with 14 stolen bases. He is also the home-run king of the Mare Island team, having trotted around the bases 13 times on circuit clouts.

The following shows the results of the games played by the Mare Island Marines for the entire season:

AT HOME		Marines	Visitors	
22 July	8	Napa All Stars	12	
23 July	4	Luxor Cab Co. S. F.	7	
26 July	1	Spaulding All Stars	10	
29 July	16	Verdi Club, S. F.	9	
30 July	6	Balboa NSGW, S. F.	4	
2 Aug.	10	Al Earle All Stars, S. F.	11	
5 Aug.	9	Dreisback C & W Co., Oakland	3	
6 Aug.	20	Jefferson Club, S. F.	9	
9 Aug.	2	Mission Reds, S. F.	1	
12 Aug.	10	Alameda Merchants	12	
13 Aug.	3	Langendorf Royals, S. F.	5	
16 Aug.	2	Funston All Stars, S. F.	10	
19 Aug.	10	USS Saratoga	5	
20 Aug.	3	Vacaville Athletic Club	2	
23 Aug.	15	Southside All Stars	14	
26 Aug.	9	South of Market Club, San Francisco	10	
27 Aug.	7	Baumgarten Bros., S. F.	2	
30 Aug.	13	Portola Athletic Club, San Francisco	6	
2 Sep.	8	Oakland NSGW, Oakland	7	
3 Sep.	7	Bear Photo Co., S. F.	6	
9 Sep.	3	Dreisback C & W Co., Oakland	5	
10 Sep.	3	Dalmo Mfg. Co., S. F.	13	
13 Sep.	10	Alameda Merchants	7	
16 Sep.	15	Rolph Athletic Club, S. F.	7	
20 Sep.	10	San Francisco Fire Dept.	4	
30 Sep.	18	Suisun-Fairfield	11	
1 Oct.	12	Salano County All Stars	3	
7 Oct.	19	Napa All Stars	2	
8 Oct.	8	Vacaville	6	
14 Oct.	9	Mission Reds	8	
15 Oct.	6	Beldeman Chocolates, S. F.	12	
21 Oct.	19	Fillmore Merchants, S. F.	7	
22 Oct.	8	Vacaville	12	
27 Oct.	12	San Francisco All Stars	11	
29 Oct.	14	Mission Rookies	1	
4 Nov.	4	Seal Stadium All Stars, San Francisco	6	
5 Nov.	6	Luxor Cab Co., S. F.	7	
ON THE ROAD				
24 Sep.	2	Reno at Reno, Nevada	*3	
11 Nov.	7	Yountville Soldiers' Home	17	
		*10 innings.		
		†12 innings.		

GOLF NOTES—HAITI

By Tony

Every Sunday morning, early, just as the sun rises over the eastern hills of Haiti, dispelling the clammy mist that spreads its wet mantle over the countryside, many golfers dot the fairways to take advantage of the quiet coolness of this magic spot.

As the sun rises higher the beauty of the surrounding hills forces itself even upon the least observing—forming a picturesque study of revealing knotty hills and deep shadows that resemble the mighty billows of an angry ocean.

But in order to appreciate this gorgeous piece of landscape, one must get up early with the Bankers who started the fad of getting up with the cocks of Haiti.

Mr. Tom Henry, playing one of his best games of golf in the tournament on the 18th, finished 18 holes with one over par, shooting a 67. He is now the lowest handicap player in the Club, with 3.

Tom Henry misses those daily battles he used to have with Commander J. B. Polard (MC) USN, who was champion of the Club for the past two years.

Lieut. C. M. Dumbauld (MC) USN, has been a consistent winner in the weekly tournaments and during the past month has won one first place and one third place.

Mrs. Dumbauld, wife of Lieutenant Dumbauld, has improved her game so much in the last six months that she is now considered as one of the best woman players of the club. Just a few days ago, playing only nine holes, she finished with a 44.

Lieutenant Commander E. H. Sparkman,

ATHLETICS AT PEARL HARBOR

By Col. Frank E. Evans, U. S. M. C.

SWIMMING, tennis and boxing, the first two being athletic events that can be carried out twelve months in the year in Hawaii, are now under way, and plans for their schedules are being prepared. The importance of swimming in the naval service is close to the heart of President Roosevelt, and the Pearl Harbor command is awake to the value of this fine all-round sport. In other words, the Pearl Harbor command is all set to "go wet" without waiting for belated election returns.

Swimming at these barracks was revived in 1932, when we entered the Sector-Navy League, finishing in fourth place. In the season recently closed the team finished fifth in a league of six teams, losing in standing to Honolulu, Lake Field, Kahemaha, and leaving Shafter in the cellar. The leading point winners were Whytock, Zoneke, Moore, and Bakalarezek. Private Moore, however, was the only Marine to qualify for the 1933 finals in the individual championship, 220 yard free style.

A better showing would undoubtedly have been scored except for two handicaps, late organization, and lack of time for training. It is planned for the coming season to organize early in the spring, arrange a liberal schedule for training and practice, and encourage intra-swimming meets to develop latent talent. Steps are also being taken to provide a swimming qualification test for the command, and to enter individuals in the various meets who are so popular in the islands for their remarkable swimming talent. The competition in service circles bids fair to be keen in the coming season, and new arrivals for duty at Pearl Harbor will be eagerly scanned for talent, as swimming is an all-year-round sport in this Paradise of the Pacific. Capt. J. E. Betts will have charge of the Johnny Weismullers and is thoroughly in sympathy with the desire of President Roosevelt to emphasize this useful sport.

IN THE SQUARED CIRCLE

Fortunately Pearl Harbor can boast excellent facilities for the development of a stable of leather-pushers, and the island competition, both in the Navy Yard and at the army posts, is of a high caliber. The post gymnasium is equipped with punching bags, weight-lifting bars and sand bags, and provides the necessary equipment to harden boxers, while an outdoor ring is well adapted for workouts. The Sharkey Arena on the Submarine Base is the home of smokers for both sailors and Marines. Through these smokers talent is developed to represent the Navy in the final big smoker with the army champs for the service championship of the islands. Similar smokers in the posts of the Honolulu Sector and at Schofield Barracks reveal the

Jr., is the happiest man in the world when he makes a fine score in golf and when he won the tournament on the 4th, he was so surprised that his face broke out in that good natured smile of his that even the loss of six strokes from his handicap could not efface.

During the past month, the fairways have been kept in such excellent condition that unexcelled play may be had at all times. The sand greens have never before been in better shape for putting and in fact the whole course is in such perfect condition that lower scores and satisfied club members are proof enough.

final representatives of the Army in the big service clash.

The boxing squad at the Pearl Harbor barracks in the past season was one of the best in its history. Eight well-trained Leathernecks carried the colors through many stirring battles. Cpl. Jimmy Kreiner, known in the ring as Marine Kreiner, carried away the coveted Ray Cutterback Trophy awarded yearly to the outstanding fighter in naval circles. Winning all his navy fights, crowning his achievement by winning over the Army's champion in the final clash, Kreiner also invaded professional circles and won all his bouts, mainly by the knockout route. He was generally acknowledged by the local sports writers as the logical welterweight champion of the island, and was extremely popular with the fans. Other members of this fine squad were Beck, Sullivan, Quick, Zoneke, Willoughby, Wells, Drake and Roughton. In the final service bouts, Kreiner, Wells and Sullivan won their events, and the remainder of the squad gave their competitors a battle royal for the decision.

Yearly, the A. A. U. of the Territory of Hawaii holds elimination smokers to determine the island champions. In the welterweight class, Pvt. Jerry Wells won through to the semi-finals, and lost in the finals by a hairline decision.

Of this sterling squad Kreiner, Wells, Quick, Drake and Sullivan are no longer available. With Beck, Willoughby and Sullivan as a nucleus, with new men forging ahead, and with Lieutenant McCaffery as coach in collaboration with Lieutenant Thompson, Athletic Officer, the Pearl Harbor Marines will be there when the bell rings. With the exception of October there is hardly a month that the strenuous game cannot be followed in the open air at this reservation.

TENNIS FORGING AHEAD

With the tennis tournament underway with a large entry the Pearl Harbor command is becoming increasingly tennis conscious. The courts are well patronized in the afternoons when recall from police sounds and liberty is on. The rainy season in Hawaii has little effect on the sport. New talent for the courts should also develop now that the new game of "paddle tennis" has invaded the island. Major Kingsbury, father of paddle tennis in the Navy Yard, has laid out the first court in the gymnasium. This abbreviated form of tennis, with its simple equipment and small courts, is bound to take the place of Pewee golf at present writing, and on the arrival of more equipment from the mainland, outdoor courts will be added.

BASKETBALL PROSPECTS EXCELLENT

Basketball is an extremely popular sport in these sport-loving islands and the caliber of play is high. In the past season the post



Cavite Fence Busters

team made a splendid showing, finishing third in a league of eleven teams. The race was unusually close and spirited, and when it was over the Pearl Harbor Marines had taken the measure of every team in the league except the champion Luke Field fliers, breaking even with every other one, and winning both of its games against the crew of the Coast Guard Cutter *Itasca*.

The Sector-Navy League comprises six sector army posts, while the naval service has five. Each team meets the others in two games, and the final percentage figures determine the league standings. The final championship is fought out between the winner of the Sector Navy League and the winner of the Schofield League.

Intra-post games provide the necessary competition for the final selection of the post team, and these games are now on in the post gymnasium. From these tryouts a squad of fifteen players will be selected by Lieutenant Thompson, a veteran Naval Academy player. The squad will then transfer its activities to practice in the fine Army-Navy "Y" in Honolulu, as the space here is not regulation, and the games of the League are held in the Honolulu court. Practice games are being scheduled with civilian, high school, and the University of Hawaii preparatory teams to a final cut to twelve men for the league matches.

Since last year's flying team has been reduced by transfers to leave only Gregory, all-center star, the only veteran, competition for the team is keen. Good prospects have been uncovered in the intra-post games, and the transfer of two men from San Diego's championship team will give Lieutenant Thompson a likely squad. An innovation planned this year by Lieutenant Thompson, the scheduling of practice games with regimental outfits at Schofield, will prove valuable in preparing for the league matches.

Play in the league begins in January. At its conclusion in late February the winner takes on the Schofield champs for the

service title of "this loveliest fleet of islands." Following this epic the A. A. U. tournament will determine the island championship, and the Pearl Harbor Marines are out to qualify for the tournament and take a shot at the big championship.

LOOKING AHEAD TO BASEBALL

With the football season on the wane it might appear that basketball, tennis, paddle tennis, swimming and boxing would satisfy the hardiest of athletes. While the post with its strength and various outposts is physically unable to turn out a strong eleven, it has done its part by supplying valuable material to the Navy team. Lieutenant Lloyd, Lieutenant McFarland, old navy stars; Lieutenant McCaffery, a star man at Pennsylvania Military College, and Blanchard and Whytock, fine products of service football, have added materially in both the line and backfield to the Navy team.

Yet there are already signs of baseball activities although the season will not open until spring. Last year's nine was a credit to the Corps, and if the fates are kind in transfers to strengthen the battery positions, and throw in a first-class first-sacker the Pearl Harbor Marines will be going places when the umpire dusts off the plate. Lieutenant Stevens is already casting around for material, and baseball in this ideal climate should satisfy the most rabid fan.

FOURTH MARINES BASKETBALL

By H. S. Griffin

The Fourth Marines basketball team made a successful debut against St. John's University as they swamped them, 47 to 26. The 1933-34 Regimental team should be in the thick of the fight for honors in the Foreign Y.M.C.A. league, as 10 of the 13 men on the squad played last year.

Lieutenant Butler used practically every man on the squad against St. John's and all of them came through with a fine showing. Murray, Roy, Kenton, and

Mooneyham, forwards, played excellently as the former netted 10 field goals to lead both teams at scoring. Roy is back in the form this season that earned for him the name of the best basketball player in Shanghai two seasons ago. Gimber, with a year's experience behind him, is playing a fine game at center. His floorwork is all that could be asked for, while his one weakness is in his shooting. Bishop, captain of the team, Driscoll, Leifer, and Holliday team up to give the Marines four of the best guards in Shanghai. As this game was merely a practice game, we will not print the scores; but in view of the fact that St. John's defeated the Marines in a league game last year, the score of this game should be an indication of what is to follow.

This Regimental team will not be the only Fourth Marines entry in hoop circles this season as the officers of the Regiment have entered a team in the Foreign "Y" Junior circuit and the ladies have entered the women's division of the same league. Our entry in the men's junior league last year was the Regimental "B" squad which was discontinued this year in order to cut down expenses, but the officers are fully expected to make as much trouble for the opposition this year as the "B" squad did last season. Lieutenants Fromhold, Rixey, H. Larson, and A. Larson, who are already playing with company teams, will be aided by Lieutenants Fagan, McKee, Taxis, Fry, Games, Dillon, Brown, and Moe in an effort to make a clean sweep of the city titles.

The ladies' entry in the competition for the Reid Trophy was discontinued last season after the entire championship team of 1930-31, 31-32 had left; but this season they are coming back with a vengeance. We have not been able to tab them yet, as practice has just started, but from all reports great enthusiasm is being shown, and there are enough experienced players

to present a formidable lineup. Mrs. Sult, one of the best girl athletes of former years, is coaching the team which includes the wives of most of the junior lieutenants and the daughters of the other officers. While it is a bit too optimistic to predict great success for them as a first year unit, still they will provide plenty of trouble for the rest of the league.

PROFESSORS DEVELOP QUINTET

By F. H. R.



The Marine Corps Institute Professors of Washington, D. C., have jettisoned their abecedarian lucubrations of calculi, glottology, animal husbandry, etc., and are now including hoopsterology as the important subject of the curriculum. This science involves such factors as the parabola, ballistics, and the comparative dimensions of a sphere and a hoop. Its complexities are manifold.

In other words, the Institute Professors have developed a basketball team of considerable importance. Captain H. Fleming, the mentor of the quintet, has every right to that smile of satisfaction he wears.

Starting in the shank of the season, the Professors were thrown for a loss by Stewart's Pharmacy. This, however, has been the only defeat, while nine scalps dangle in front of the captain's lodge. These warlocks are from The Flying Eagles, G. P. O., Swann Service, 260th C. A. C., Naval Hospital, 13th Engineers, Fort Humphreys, H. Q. Battery of Ft. Myers, and the Five Giants of Catholic University.

The squad includes Deckard, Brewer, Thompson (the P. I. Thompson, not the restaurateur), Gibson, Konopa, Harris, Goldsmith, Berry, Ritter, Ross, Kronberg and Hemmingway. Although no regulars have been selected, the starting line-up is usually the first five mentioned.

With scoring power, punch, and a good five-man defense, the Professors have piled up some heavy scores. The C. A. C. went down 41 to 21; the Naval Hospital was sent back to the sick bay moaning over a 49 to 19 headache; the Engineers couldn't build a defense and they took a 44 to 32 drubbing. In ten games the Marines have averaged 36.9 points against their opponents' 29.2.

The thrill-a-second tilt against the Five Giants sent the crowd home talking to itself. With Thompson, the pivot man for the Professors, out with an infected foot, the local boys started as choice for poor second. The visitors weren't exactly misnamed as Five Giants, either; and they smothered the home club with sheer weight. Then the Marines started chipping the Giants down to their own size. At the three-quarter mark they had climbed the bean stalk. But there were five of these birds, and Jack the Giant Killer had only one to put up with. With minutes to play the Professors jumped into a one point lead. With seconds to play a field goal put the visitors in front. And as the time keeper gathered wind in his lungs, the Marines ringed one from the floor. Final score: Marines, 29; Five Giants, 28.

MARINE TEAM WINS BOWLING TITLE

The Marine Base Bowling Team, composed of QM-Sgt. Robbins, PhM. 1/c Riddle, Sgt. Crecion, Sgt. Goldmeyer, Cpl. Muir and Gy-Sgt. Hughes, alternate, won the first leg on the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. bowling trophy, in a garrison finish over the Destroyer Base Team. The 11th Naval District League was composed of seven teams which finished in this order:

1. Marine Base.
2. Destroyer Base.
3. USS *Altair*.
4. Marine Aviation.
5. USS *Whitney*.
6. USS *Detroit*.
7. USS *Brooks*.

"Doc" Riddle, PhM. 1/c, and Sgt. Johnny Crecion finished the race with an average of 176 pins per game, but Riddle's total of 3707 pins gives him the edge, as Crecion had six less pins, 3701.

Each member of the team was presented with a gold medal, and in addition, Crecion, who recently won the San Diego Sun's trophy as San Diego Open Bowling Champion, received a medal for high single game, 236, and one also for high total for a three game series, 594.

Local Leathernecks extend best wishes to "Doc" Riddle, popular "pill roller" who is being transferred early in December, and appreciation to the members of the bowling team who have brought another trophy to the Chief of Staff's well-filled shelves.

HINGHAM BASKETBALL

Hingham Marine Basketball Team has been steppin' along at a fast clip, winning 4 games and losing only 2, one of which was an overtime game. However, both losses were the first games played and the four wins are straight. Here are the scores:

HINGHAM	VISITORS	
24	Waltham	33
29	Bear Cats	31
35	Wollaston	23
33	Braintree	20
48	Army Base	26
37	Fort Banks	22

SCORERS' POINTS TO DATE			
Player	Goals	F. G.	Total
Brazke	28	4	60
Lawson	27	2	56
Phinney	17	4	38
Champagne	11	.	22
Wallace	5	2	12
Gosselin	3	2	8
Isdell	2	.	4
Evans	1	1	3
Robinson	.	1	1
Vallery	.	1	1
Hingham totals	95	17	207
Opponents	65	25	155

DETACHMENTS

(Continued from page 23)

bought himself a new motorcycle and persists in trying to see just what can be done in the way of speed on the newly-built Colonial Highway which runs along the York River.

Among our new arrivals is Sergeant "Charlie the Greek" Markos; we are now links in Charlie's chain gang. Regardless of what form it may take, he objects to nature in the raw; consequently he proceeded to landscape the entire terrain about out post, with trees and shrubs and all that. If it were possible for Joyce

"Trees" Kilmer to visit us, he would, we're afraid, be accorded a rather cool reception from the detail which digs them up with pick and shovel. Nevertheless, when all is said and done, everyone admits that there has been great improvement in the appearance of our happy home, and Marines really do like trees—which might explain why so many liberties are spent in rowboat rides in Central Park.

MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY YARD, PHILADELPHIA

By J. A. M.

Colonel Eli T. Fryer took over this command on October 2, 1933, relieving Colonel Frank E. Evans, who was detached to the Marine Barracks, Naval Operating Base, Pearl Harbor, T. H. We welcome our new commanding officer, who from all indications will fulfill all our expectations.

Captain W. B. Croka, commanding the Barracks and Schools detachments, is kept busy with the numerous duties connected therewith. Not so busy, however, that he cannot find time to relate an amusing incident connected with his eventful service in our Corps. On September 6th these barracks were startled with the news (at or about 2 a. m.) that a detail of 107 enlisted men, including Post Sergeant Major Eugene Smith, First Sergeant Wilkins and Gunnery Sergeant Henson, were ordered to the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., as a unit of the 7th Regiment. The departure of this detail raised havoc here. The Clerical School and the Motor Transport School were transferred *en masse*. Though 12 of the latter returned to resume their studies, the departed Clerical School students are waiting expectantly to be ordered back to their interrupted studies. Naturally for those remaining there was only one alternative—"Day On" and "Day Off" without reservation. A running guard was imminent, basic training discontinued and everybody doing double duty. Then came the welcoming news that 76 men were being transferred here from Lakehurst. They were the heralded Machine Gun and Howitzer Company and with their advent basic training therein took predominance.

Our Small Bore Rifle Team, captained by our Post Adjutant, Captain F. T. Steele, is getting in swing again and has some interesting matches booked. On January 13th next they will meet the University of Pennsylvania, January 20th Penn. A. C., January 21st the Naval Academy and Annapolis Marines, 15th and 16th of February their rivals will be the University of Princeton, February 17th Bordentown, March 10th Bordentown again and April 8th Frankford A. R. C. While this schedule includes some of the best rifle teams in the small bore shooting game, still everybody here feels that the Philadelphia Marines can bring home the turkey, or what prize have you, as our team includes ability to squeeze a wicked trigger finger in many previous matches. Its members are Capt. F. T. Steele, team captain, 1st Lieut. J. D. Blanchard, Sergeant Guilmet, team coach, Cpls. J. Balough, R. D. Chaney, and Pfc. S. Pederson.

Since completing our 1933 schedule the team has lost Corporals Coffey and Ulrich, who left for Haiti December 4th, but has gained the following members, who hope to fill their shoes: 1st Sgt. E. J. Snell and Corporal Custer.

1st Sgt. Nathan I. Welshhans, expecting a transfer to the 1st Brigade, Port au Prince, Haiti, was somewhat disappointed at being ordered to the Special Service Squadron. With his going First Sergeant

Snell has assumed the arduous duties of Post Sergeant Major for the time being, though cognizant of the fact that our departed Sergeant Major Smith may bob up in our midst at any time, provided that his services with the 7th Regiment can be spared—this again depending on the Cuban situation.

Corporals Gaynor and Wruble, able clerks in the CO's office, are battling 100 per cent in efficiency, and just what effect the pending discharge of the last-named will produce in that office is still doubtful. The Detachment office is fortunate in having clerks of good caliber: Sergeant Orjasky (Murphy) sets an example in both zeal and industry. His two junior colleagues, Corporal Tatton and Pfc. Tupper, are imbued by his example and are earnestly endeavoring to surmount or equal it. The last-named, on the whole a steady individual, was somewhat shocked to find his name gleaming at him from the pages of that sordid publication "Briefs." Whatever his guilt, he has never established a satisfactory alibi.

First Sergeant Olson, in charge of the Machine Gun and Howitzer Company, has finally joined the ranks of the "Benedicts." A telegram, signed by certain "Notables" at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, was sent to him for verification, in view of the hesitancy displayed by him before surrendering. Everybody (except a few who have the habit of walking with hands in their pockets) wishes him luck.

Public Property in the PQM is ably handled by our rotund and congenial contemporary, Supply Sergeant Snellings. Quartermaster Sergeant Dykstra, of bowling fame, is heart-broken that not enough material is at hand to produce a good bowling team. Bowlers, please note, Staff Sergeant Powers and his nemesis, Staff Sergeant Brooks, still heap fire and brimstone on each other's scalp. Quartermaster Sergeant Price manages to keep the mess above water, but a great clamor occasionally arises from the more hungry individuals attached to the post.

A good basketball team is being organized under the leadership of 1st Lieut. Wornham with a team captain who has prestige in both football and basketball, gentlemen, none other than Corporal Gotko, who was and still is a star in both. Some of the others consist of Second Lieutenant Bowen, Corporal Chaney, Corporal Tatton, Pfc. Williams, Privates Cramer, Downey, Glover, Hendricks, Robertson, Rokos, Sletwick and Wells.

RESERVE NEWS

(Continued from page 36)

the company to a chili feed, and what a feed it was! Everyone came back for at least three more helpings. His able assistant, Private Cova II, made the best coffee, (so he says) that we have had in ages. Now the funniest part of it is that most of us agreed with him.

We lost one of our best first class privates last month. It was none other than Kenneth Poe. Poe got tired of the life of a reserve so he joined the regulars. From all the reports that we receive from San Diego he is having a swell time.

At last the rifle team of Co. K has won a match. After being defeated by both the National Guard and Co. I of Seattle they settled down and came through with what it takes to win. They defeated the National Guard by 2 points in their second match with them. Lieutenant Devor of

the guards was high point man with 149 out of a possible 150. Corporal Lawrence of Co. K was right behind him with 147. The team still has several matches left.

Working parties are being sent out every day to clear land for the new rifle range that is to be built here. The new range will be just outside the city limits of Aberdeen. They will eliminate about 40 miles of travelling, as the old range is quite a distance from here.

Several new faces greeted your correspondent when he returned to drill after being out of town for a couple of months. In fact, there were 17, with many more on the waiting list. From the looks of things, Gunnery Sergeant Gilbert will have his hands full for a few weeks.

It's just a little town about 30 miles from Aberdeen; do they like the Marines? And how! Although they have not been recognized by the USMC, they are drilling two nights a week and are hoping to be authorized. According to Gunnery Sergeant Gilstrap there are close to a hundred turning out. The town is none other than Raymond, Wash.

... Privts. Palmroth and Smith being promoted to Pfc.'s ... Gunnery Sergeant Gilbert with a half a dozen rookies under his wing ... Sgt. Swede Carlson collecting a bet ... Corporal Ulmer sweeping the deck ... Private Martin writing a letter to Santa Claus ... First Sergeant Henderson after a fifth cup of coffee ... Corporal Short with a ce pill in his ...

YE BUCKEYES

Company "F", 2nd Bn., 24th Reserve
Marines of Toledo, Ohio

By Vic Taylor

Now that the parade season and period for outdoor public appearances is at an end, we again settle back to our regular drills and continue to learn the rudiments of being Marines. Our Non-Coms are going ahead with their various duties in instructing the men in Company "F" in the finer points of all military procedures. We have a number of four-man semaphore signal teams which are beginning to show the master hand of Gunnery-Sergeant Zeh behind them and by camp time expect to be old-timers at it. Gunnery-Sergeant Lochrke is creating a company able to defend and make a showing for itself in the gentle handling of the bayonet. Sergeant Bickford is the instructor in Interior Guard Duty. Sergeant-Major Bothe is responsible for the morale and spirit of our men, and yours truly must see to it that our classes in sanitation, life-saving and first-aid are carried out.

Pfc. James Iiams and Pvt. Norman Wharfield are the newest recruits to the woodpecker army, which again brings the number to eight men from our company who are helping Uncle Samuel preserve our forests. The last word from them was that they were to be stationed at Euclid, near Cleveland, Ohio, so we can be expecting them to drop in for a visit most any time now.

Major Stickney and Lieutenant Churchill, with First Sergeant Bonnough and Corporal Taylor, paid a visit to Company "E" of Detroit, Michigan, and to meet Captain Silverthorn (Instructor-Adviser, 24th Res. Marines), who was there on an inspection tour and who later came to Toledo for the same purpose. First Sergeant Erikson extended an invitation to stay for chow after their drill, but this had to be declined with thanks, as the return to Toledo was necessary. We warn the First Sergeant that on our next visit we will take time

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out and that he should have plenty of extra rations on hand.

Company "F" is more or less compelled to be an outfit of "Minute Men," as Major Stickney, Commander of the Second Battalion, also has his Headquarters at Toledo. The Major makes it a point to inspect the company quite often, and it behooves everyone to have everything ship shape at all times.

A meeting of the Non-Commissioned Officers was held at the residence of Lieutenant Churchill on Saturday evening, 9 December, at which time all the matters of concern to our company were taken up and discussed as being favorable or not. Everyone feels that getting together occasionally in this manner will help to keep us on top and in contact with all things of importance.

MARINE RESERVISTS ARE REALLY SEMPER FIDELIS

In every company there occurs occasionally something which warrants a special commendation to a single man, in this case, to Pvt. Harry J. Lawson, Jr., FMCR.

Late in the spring, Private Lawson was recruited into Company "F" and showed himself to be good Marine material by qualifying with the caliber .22 rifle and again at camp with the caliber .30. He

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also served as company music while on active training duty at Great Lakes, Illinois. Recently, Private Lawson moved with his family to Cleveland, Ohio, about 125 miles from Toledo. This fact has not kept him from attending drills, and within the last six weeks he has, of his own accord, made over four round trips for the privilege of being at drill. All totaled, Private Lawson has traveled a distance of over twelve hundred miles to attend five two-hour drills. This is a record of which Private Lawson may well be proud and one that probably will not be duplicated by many others. We of Company "F" are happy to have him as a BUDDY.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

(Continued from page 34)

since a bouncing baby son has arrived, and mother and son are doing fine. We offer three guesses as to what the newcomer's name will be. Congratulations, Vern, and Mrs. Robinson, from the entire detachment. By the way, Vern, the hope has been expressed that the son will develop into a better cribbage player than his dad, so you better brush up on your game. The detachment has placed the annual dance and all arrangements therefor in the capable hands of Bill Coughlin and Bill Davis. Both are good workers and have what it takes to make them successful affairs. Comrade Coughlin, at one time, had complete charge of all the entertainment for his sector of the A.E.F., while in France. Can we ask more?

We regret that we have a sad duty to perform this month in announcing the death of a good marine—Thomas A. Martin. Comrade Martin passed away at the U.S.V.A. Hospital, at Oteen, N. C., November 4th. He was a native of Jersey City, but had been residing at Asheville, N. C., prior to his entrance to the hospital at Oteen, N. C. The local detachment extended full military honors to the deceased, and was assisted by a firing squad from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Comrade Martin was born at Jersey City, N. J., in 1909, and enlisted in Newark, in August of 1927. He saw service aboard the U. S. *Utah*; and Nicaraguan expedition in 1928-29, and while here contracted malarial

fever from which he suffered up to his demise. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Lottie Budka, a nurse from Jersey City, and his mother, Mrs. Zannowitch. He was buried in Holy Cross Cemetery at Jersey City.

GEORGE E. WARING,
Chief of Staff.

BRIEFING THE NEWS

(Continued from page 11)

kind of reception. The balloonist was greeted only by a few naval and Marine officers and a small group of newspaper and camera men. Pausing a few minutes to discuss his trip, he left the field for a Washington hotel, where he planned to change his clothes and then to visit his mother, Mrs. May Settle, who lives at the Lafayette Hotel.

Naval Society Girl Killed in Accident

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 10. — Miss Lou Thomas, 23, daughter of Commander Raymond G. Thomas, U. S. N., was killed early today when an automobile in which she was riding with three companions crashed into a tree on Jamestown Crescent.

SILENT JOHN QUICK, THE PERENNIAL HERO

(Continued from page 7)

requested the Marines to make a march from Basey, across the island to Hernani on the east coast. The purpose was to select a suitable telegraph route and to establish wires between the two towns.

On December 8, 1901, two columns cleared Basey for Balangiga. One was commanded by Major Waller, the other by Captain H. I. Bearss. John Quick was a member of the former.

A town called Lanang was reached in safety. There Major Waller found Lieutenant Williams of the 7th U. S. Infantry. The lieutenant had recently returned from a reconnaissance expedition, and he reported conditions unfavorable for the Marines' proposed mission. Both he and Captain Pickering, who commanded the army post, protested against the venture.

But orders are orders, and on the morning of December 28, the Marines embarked in boats; but by the time they reached Lagitao they were forced to abandon them because of the swirling rapids. They went forward on foot.

For two days they stumbled through the rain-soaked wilds, swimming swollen streams and fighting through the furious downpour. Rations were lost or spoiled.

Over the mountains and almost impassable jungles they cut their way. Illness gripped some of the men and hampered the movement. By January 3, the expedition was utterly exhausted. The men were starving, clothing was in tatters and shoes were gone. The feet of everyone had become swollen and bleeding. This could have been endured, but they now realized that they were lost. Major Waller chose thirteen men and decided to make a hurried push forward, with the idea of sending a relief column to meet the main body.

After two days of horror in the jungles, Major Waller and his men fortunately stumbled upon a camp Captain Dunlap had established for just such an emergency. The exhausted men were taken in a cutter and transported to Basey.

Despite his weakness and an old wound that bothered him, Major Waller organized

a relief expedition to search for the main body, who were now known to be entirely lost. Day after day the search continued. Five days passed, six, seven. Another day went by in the vain search. The rescuers began to suffer greatly. Food was gone, but the column made a desperate effort to achieve its purpose. On the ninth day hope was abandoned and they were forced to return.

In the meantime the main body, commanded by Captain Porter, was still struggling on. Food had long since disappeared and the men were face to face with starvation. The captain and Lieutenant Williams (U. S. Marines) held consultation and decided that Captain Porter, Sergeant John Quick, six privates and six natives would make a hazardous plunge ahead in the attempt to reach aid at the army post at Lanang. On January 3, 1902, they started, leaving Lieutenant Williams and the others with instructions to wait a reasonable length of time, and if help did not arrive they were to attempt to follow Captain Porter's trail.

The little party began its perilous venture. The rains whipped down in tropical fury. The bodies of the men broke out in huge sores from the constant chafing of soaking garments.

They reached the Lanang River and found that it had risen fifteen feet in a single night. It was surging in a maelstrom of violence, impossible to cross. They followed the banks of the torrent until they found the boats they had previously abandoned. By now four of the Marines were incapable of proceeding farther. These were left behind. There were a few potatoes growing in a nearby field, and it was no less perilous to remain than to brave the raging river. Captain Porter, John Quick and the rest embarked in the boats. They expected to reach Lanang within four days, but they were far too weak to master the white-capped waters. They arrived at their destination on January 11. The fortitude of Captain Porter and John Quick had given the others courage and strength to continue the battle.

Although Sergeant Quick's part in this particular drama of Samar is finished, the gallant rescue of the lost Marines by the soldiers should not remain untold.

For three days the soldiers endeavored to start on their mission, but the fury of the river drove them back each time. On the morning of January 14 they got under way. For two days they battled the strong current. On the evening of the second day they found the four Marines who had been left on the river bank and returned them to the army post by canoe. Then the soldiers continued their almost hopeless search for the main body.

While this was going on, Lieutenant Williams and his lost Marines were tottering on. The jungles pressed down and the rain swept about them. Without shirts or shoes, with most of their rifles abandoned, they fought forward, dying on their feet. Privates Bassett and Bailey disappeared and were never seen again. William Woods, bleeding from the bites of countless insects and leeches, could drag himself no farther. He refused his friends' offer of aid. "I'm dying," he said simply. "You can't help. Go on without me."

At night they slept shelterless, rising at dawn to continue the cruelest march in Marine Corps history. Private Barroney was the next to die. Then Murray went out of his head and crouched beneath an old tree, snarling and yelping like a dog.

Fifteen days passed. Step by step, with

their glassy eyes fixed on the tumbled wilderness before them, the battered things that once were men, struggled on. Behind them, somewhere in those jungles, were the bodies of ten of their comrades.

On the morning of January 18, Lieutenant Williams of the Army and his rescue party encountered Lieutenant Williams of the Marines and what was left of his command. Some of the Marines went stark raving mad at the realization of their escape, others broke down and wept with hysterical abandon.

A singular tradition in the Marine Corps has arisen from the story of this lost battalion of Samar. Officers and enlisted men alike render the salute by rising in the presence of any one of these survivors. "Stand, gentlemen, he served in Samar," are the words of homage.

After that expedition John Quick settled down in more peaceful routine. He served aboard ship until the Cuban troubles in 1906, when he was ordered to duty with the army of Cuban occupation.

Another period of quiet after that, during which he served as first sergeant at St. Juliens Creek, the Marine Barracks at Washington, D. C., and other equally restful stations. Then came the battle of Vera Cruz, when Marines were landed on the fire-ridden beach and advanced into the city. The Secretary of the Navy commended John Quick for his gallantry during the occupation. "He was continually exposed to fire during the first two days of the operation and showed coolness, bravery and judgment in the prompt manner in which he performed his duties."

Vera Cruz was the end of the lull before the storm. There was trouble in Haiti, in Santo Domingo, and the big scrap was looming more portentous every day. When it came, John Quick was ready, and he sailed for France with the others, as Sergeant Major, 6th Regiment.

Belleau Wood was only the opening battle of the World War for John Quick. He saw fighting at Verdun, Soissons, Marbache Sector, the St. Mihiel, Blanc Mont Ridge and the Argonne. He won his Distinguished Service Cross, his Navy Cross and a host of decorations awarded to the Marines collectively.

In November, 1918, immediately after the armistice, John Quick's name was written on the retired list. He settled down to live quietly in St. Louis, Mo.

On Sunday morning, September 10, 1922, after a brief illness, John Quick answered the last mortal muster roll. But only his valiant bones lie buried in that cemetery at St. Louis. He still lives, and will live as long as ever Youth rides forth to wars—Raise your glass and toast the spirit of a fighting man, a man whose deeds have gone far to fashion the traditions of a fighting unit, John H. Quick of the United States Marines.

ON THE LEVEL

(Continued from page 9)

and he liked the life. He liked the regular training, the slide of untired muscles, the ruddowns and the thrill of the contest. The money was good, too; a hundred a week clear with a promise of more and a bonus when he won. He had no contract yet. Daley impressed upon him that he was a gamble, an apprentice. He was not important enough for the Boxing Commission to take personal interest in. This was his first showing at the Garden. If he won, the question of contract and legiti-

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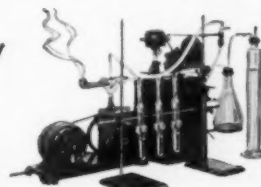


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mate split of winning was likely to come up. But he was not going to win.

It sounded as if he was when the Star man arrived. He had styled that lucky punch of Hennessey's "beautifully well timed," he considered himself in an expert way a patron of Hennessey, and he shook hands with him, glove and all.

"Like to get a picture, Daley," he said. "Your boy and Broadwell's. I called there on my way down, but Broadwell was out. Get him later. How's he shaping?"

"Let you judge for yourself. He's just done four fast rounds. He can go another. You know Murphy here?" The writer shook hands with the broken nosed Cauliflower. "And you know Broadwell's boy, Gallagher. You know his style. Fast middleweight, clever, cagey, comes in tearin' an' weavin' with a punch in each hand."

"I know him. I've seen him when he shaped better than he does now. Looked as if he might be a contender one time. Too fond of the white lights, and hooch. I saw him this morning. He's not what he was, Daley."

Daley clapped the other on the shoulder.

"Don't I know it? That's where we get the break. In a ten round go Hennessey could blow him down after the seventh or eighth. As it is, we figure Gallagher'll fight like fury for the first three an' then he'll slow up. He's got the ring experience over my lad. I want to be fair. It'll make a good fight an' that's what we're lookin' for. I've trained Hennessey to stand that slashin' attack of Gallagher's an' then, when Gallagher sees he can't rush it through he's goin' to ease up and stall for a round or two—he thinks he is—but my boy'll surprise him. I look to see the fight go the six rounds, though we may get him in five. But I'm lookin' for a K. O. Gallagher'll get the first three on points an' aggressiveness. He's got to win this fight, because it's known he's slippin'. Broadwell'll send him in to win by a big margin. But he's goin' to get the surprise of his life when he goes up against Hennessey's defense."

"All right, boys. Now you watch, Mister Hughes. I want your advice. I know you'll give it straight to me an' to Broadwell an' give both of us an even break. Wish you'd come sooner. I don't want Hennessey to go more'n one round more today. He's close to weight now. One-sixty an' a ha'f. All right, let 'er go."

The oldtimer came with a rush, weaving, side-stepping, shifting. Hennessey blocked, countered, covered up when the tide was too furious to meet. In the clinches he was amateur, but he had the strength if not the knack. At the end he hooked Murphy, who was puffing and flatfooted. It was not a very hard clip, it lacked viciousness, but it sent Murphy staggering to the ropes, using them to get to his corner, where he sat down for a minute gratefully while his gloves were taken off.

"What d'ye think of that?"

Hughes looked judicious. "He looks good to me," he said. "That's a fine defence and he timed that hook nicely."

"You was the first to notice his timin'," said Daley. "All I'm askin' is an even break. If he loses I'll be eatin' Hamburger instead of tenderloins for a spell. You want him to pose?"

"I've never seen this Gallagher fight," said Hennessey to Daley after he had taken bath and rubdown. "Comes from Pittsburgh, don't he?"

"Yes. He'll fight hard enough, while he lasts. When he wits I'll be watchin' him. Then you go after him."

"Yah, I git you." It was the thirtieth time the instructions had been given him. Daley believed in repetition.

"Don't fergit it. Gallagher ain't any set-up. He was in Big Time once before you started in. Broke trainin', lost a couple of fights an' went out in the sticks. He's stagin' a comeback. The press dope says he's good. You win—an' you will if you do what I tell you—an' you'll be steppin' up, my lad. But don't worry none over Gallagher. Don't git readin' about im an' formin' your own opinion of how to fight him. I know more about that than you do. You'll get all mixed up. You an' me, we're like Connie Mack and a rookie pitcher, see? The rookie's good, but he ain't got Connie's knowledge of the game. If he wants to stay in the big league, he does what Connie tells him. If he gets to be another Earnshaw, he may use his own judgment, same as you, if you get to be a big timer. You ain't now, by a long shot. Connie runs the game from the bench an' I run it from the corner. Meantime, I'm trainin' you right."

Hennessey did not doubt it. He was not afraid of Gallagher. Not afraid of anyone his own weight in the ring, of anyone at all outside of it. He had been winning and was grateful to Daley. He obeyed instructions as best he could, though he often got bawled out when the bout was over. He had a long way to go, but he was going to have his picture in the tabloids and fight at the Garden. It was his big chance and he did not mean to spoil it.

He saw the pictures in the paper, and he read, slowly, for he was not a scholar, Hughes' opinion of him as his choice. The next few days there would be scant mention of him or Gallagher in the ballyhoo over the main bout, but Hughes had said that Daley was handling his man with a special view to Gallagher's attack, and, to Hennessey, the written, printed words were gospel. Gallagher's picture attracted him, but Daley, who censored all the fight literature that came to his quarters, took the paper away from him before he had a good look.

"Never you bother about Gallagher," he said. "Not till you git in the ring with him."

"He looks some like a fella I used to know," said Hennessey, half apologetically. "Never mind that either. There ain't no friendship inside the ropes."

"This fella wasn't a friend."

"Aw, fergit it. Hop on those scales."

On the afternoon of the fight Daley and Broadwell met in the back room of a corner establishment that still catered to anti-prohibitionists.

Their money had been placed, most of it, with the rest to be staked during the second and third rounds, on Hennessey's showing against Gallagher's attack, by their respective touts and commissioners. The tip had been given out that there was a killing in the semi-final, that the wise money was going down on Hennessey. It would, as far as Daley's personal wagers with Broadwell revealed, wagers that were staged for effect only.

"You told your boy he's going' out in the fourth?" asked Broadwell. Daley grinned.

"I've told him he's going out—to git Gallagher. Outside of that I've told him nothing. I'm trustin' no paluka. He thinks the fight is on the level. No sense in muddlin' him up an' I ain't sure which way he'd take it. He's green an' he'll

stay that way, but he's got a stubborn streak in him sometimes. Got crazy notions about bein' on the level. He don't savvy the fight game is a his'ness."

"I've told Gallagher, of course," said Broadwell. "I won't tell him your boy don't know the arrangement. As long as he comes out open in the fourth that's all we want."

"Suit yourself. With Gallagher winnin' you'll hang on to him?"

"I ain't sure," Broadwell spoke freely, knowing how their bets were mutually pooled. Daley would not hedge now. "I don't mind tellin' you that Gallagher's just about good for the four rounds. I don't see much money in him, outside of one more fight. I'd trade boys with you, right now."

"You can have the paluka an' welcome," said Daley. "He'll be through. He ain't been liked so far. An' he's dumb as an empty can of tongue. Right now his brain's a phonograph record of coverin' for three an' goin' out for the fourth."

"Instead of which he's goin' out in it."

They clicked glass, well satisfied with their prospective coup.

The preliminaries were over, the semi-final reached. A big crowd filled the Garden, not for this bout, though it was not without expectations, but for the main event. But it gave Hennessey all the thrill he wanted. He was in the Garden for the first time and he meant it not to be the last.

He came to the ring first and sat looking about him, fascinated, when Gallagher came through the aisles in a purple and yellow dressing gown, dark of skin, low-browed and heavy of build. His nose had been broken early in his fighting career and he looked the part of the bruiser, swinging along with the confident air of one accustomed to the place and the big crowd.

As he took his place Hennessey looked at him while Gallagher shook his joined hands in the air at the applause. And, as he looked, he set his whole attention on the beetling face. Gallagher did not glance his way.

Hennessey might not have recognized his man save for the priming of his memory by the newspaper picture Daley had taken away from him. But now he knew him, for all his broken nose, and a light came into his eyes that no other fight had seen aroused before the exchange of blows brought it there. A glow of anticipation, of something deeper.

They stood up, photographers were in the ring, a band was blaring in the arena, the announcer's blatant voice was introducing them. Then the referee giving them instructions as they stood together in the center of the ring. Gallagher paid no attention to his opponent.

His was the attitude of a fighter, professional against a set up, who was merely an incident in his comeback. He looked well enough as he stripped off his robe. The signs of laxness and dissipation showed mostly in his face. He was good for three flashy rounds and then a fast fourth, for half a round, perhaps, until he put it across. It was all fixed and he would get another Garden fight. They would say he had come back. Not a long career his, one year in Big Time and then the sticks. He'd cut out the hard stuff, he told himself, after this scrap. He'd told himself that many times before, and he said it again.

Hennessey had changed since Gallagher

had known him. His hair was trimmed short, he had the poise of the trained man and now Gallagher was looking not at just his face and clothed body but at the almost naked figure of a man, splendidly built. But that mattered little. Gallagher had sent plenty of fine looking men to the canvas. And he had never thought of Hennessey as a fighter, only a big dub who made packing cases in a store basement.

He carried the fight to him from the start, a little surprised by the strength of Hennessey's defense. It was natural to begin with and Daley had improved it until it was almost excellent. Only in the clinches was he weak, but he could take the punishment that Gallagher drummed at his kidneys. Once or twice he lashed back, but he was not aggressive, and Daley, as he came back at the end of the first, was well satisfied.

"That's the way, boy. Tire him out and thne git after him."

That was exactly what Hennessey meant to do. It had won him his previous fights and he meant to win this one. But, though he followed directions, he was fighting his own battle. His brain was alert, it held initiative. He was no longer automatic, under instructions pounded in. There was a personal purpose in this combat and it cleared up his vascular system, it induced energy in certain contacts that had hitherto been lacking in his coordination.

He had not changed suddenly into a marvel, his brain lacked the records of aggressive experience and he might easily have lost. Gallagher was fighting flashily and cleverly and he was dangerous. If Hennessey gave him an opening while he still had his vigor, the fight would be over. Now he was making a monkey out of Hennessey, who was being called upon to come out of his shell and fight. Only Hughes, in the pressbox, stood up for him among the writers.

"It's a waiting game," he said. "I'm betting on the boy. He'll tire Gallagher out and then he'll clean him up with one of those timed slogs of his, straight as a piston rod."

"It'll have to be a knockout," said the man next to him, bored by the one sided semi-final. "Gallagher's piling up the points on the paluka. If he tires he can stall off the fourth and fifth and flash again in the last. The fight's in the bag."

"Give me odds on Gallagher?"

"Never give odds in a prelim'. Bet you twenty even."

"You're on," said Hughes.

Hennessey said nothing to Gallagher. He was too busy covering up. His side was red and almost raw in one spot, but it didn't bother him. His kidneys were sound and he had stabbed Gallagher once in the same place and seen him wince. He did not know whether or not Gallagher had recognized him. He would, before the fight was through.

In the third Gallagher was not quite as fast, his blows had lost some of their sting, he was a bit arm and leg weary. He had been showing off a little, knowing he had his set up punching bag to make an exhibition of.

"Well, kid, the next is the last," he said to Hennessey in a clinch. "I'll pull the punch a bit. You go down an' stay down just the same."

"The hell I do!" There was a grimace in Hennessey's voice that startled Gallagher. He held the other's arms a bit longer, delaying the ordered break.

"Sure you do, next is the fourth. It's

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fixed for thet. You come out open an' I crack you, enay."

Hennessey spoke a name that made Gallagher stare and he emphasized it with a jolt over the heart that hurt Gallagher more than for the moment.

"Fixed, is it? It's fixed all right. But this fight is on the level."

That punch was a nasty one. Gallagher clinched again. He was bewildered. He began to recognize his man, the name spurring him. But here, in the Garden—

"I told you I was going to beat you up the next time I saw you," said Hennessey. "This is the next time. You're goin' to git it."

The round ended.

"Daley's jobbed us," said Gallagher to Broadwell in his corner. "That damn' paluka ain't layin' down."

He was not feeling as right as he had hoped to. The surprise had jarred him unnerved him.

"Hell, you kin git away with him," said Broadwell with his eyes narrowed, his face crimson. "You got to, or you're through."

"He's in, kid," whispered Daley. "Look at 'em workin' over him. This round you go out open an' take him. He's your meat."

Hennessey didn't answer. He was feeling fit and his anger had not flustered him. It mounted a little as he looked across the ring and recognized Broadwell for the first time as the man who had seen him work out. They were trying to use him for a cleanup in the fourth, were they? He'd show them, not in the fourth, but the fifth, maybe the sixth. But the fourth he was still going to fight defensively whether the crowd bood or not.

Cover he did, while the tiring Gallagher carried to him a failing fight. In Daley's corner the manager cursed at the dumbness of his paluka. Gallagher's legwork had lost all spring; anyone could see that his punches were not hurting. He wouldn't last.

"Want to double that twenty?" asked Hughes of his press comrade.

"No."

"What in hell's the matter with you?" Daley demanded as Hennessey came to his stool. "I told you to go out open in the fourth."



His voice was savage. He had lost his bets. Broadwell would think he had double-crossed him and he would never be able to convince him otherwise. He lashed Hennessey with his tongue until the latter thrust aside a towel handler and looked hard into Daley's eyes.

"I'll talk to you later," he said. "I'm fighting this. You can go to hell."

There was no doubt, this intermission, of Gallagher's needing aid. The smelling salts had the stopper out in earnest. His diaphragm quivered and his legs trembled. His wind was broken.

Broadwell brought out a flask. Daley had trimmed them, but he'd rob Daley of the purse and show up his boy.

"Take a swig of that," he said. "Then go out and feint him into it. You gotta do it, see, or you're a bum from now on."

The liquor put color in Gallagher as it warmed him. He knew that Broadwell's prediction was a true one. If he lost, he was through. But he had his skill and the alcohol toned him up for a flash.

The gong sounded and Hennessey came out, open, in the fifth. Gallagher glided across the ring, feinted, jabbed, ducked and came up with a right hook that landed on Hennessey's jaw with all he had left. Hennessey's head went back, but he grinned and came in. He took what Gallagher had to give him and handed it back with interest. For a moment they stood and traded in the center of the ring and the sluggish crowd became fluent, shouting, cheering. It was a fight after all.

Gallagher strove to rally, but he was punch weary. His blows smacked home, but he might as well have been hitting high pressure balloon tires. He covered up and retreated with the yells of the fickle crowd jeering him.

He had plenty of tricks left, but he was tired. Hennessey's smashes jarred him for all his cagey defense. He found himself against the ropes close to a neutral corner and he saw the referee, back of Hennessey. He ducked, wabbly, under a hook, and drove at the other man's groin. It hurt.

Hennessey gave way, his knees uncertain as the anguish stabbed him. But Gallagher, trying to follow up, found his agility dissolved. Hennessey stood his ground and rocked him with a left jab and a punch that almost finished it there and then. But for the stabbing pain it would have gone straighter to the mark. There was a feeling in Hennessey's groin as if some one had struck him with a red-hot blade and Gallagher went reeling back, unfollowed, as the bell rang.

Hennessey limped to his corner. He wasn't going to claim that foul, or any other one. He did not ask himself if it had been seen or not. He knew it was intentional and he knew that Gallagher, being worked over in the corner, was done. He had closed one eye for him, had bruised his cheek and broken his lips. Blood was coming from his nostrils. No seconds could bring him round and the pain in Hennessey's groin was duller when he came out for the sixth—and last, meeting a sorry Gallagher who had been denied his wish for having a towel thrown in by the irate Broadwell.

Hennessey had no pity for him after that foul blow. He had punished him enough, but that stilled his sympathy. He measured his man as Gallagher stalled, he drove him to the ropes, hammering him and then Gallagher was clinging to him, hanging on him.

"Break there!" cried the referee.

"Make him break," said Hennessey, "or I will." The official tore Gallagher away like a limpet dragged from a rock. Hennessey measured him, sent a hard left through his wilted guard and brought the right hook in, this time straight to the button. He turned and walked back to his corner as the crowd yelled. The fight was over.

Daley prized himself on being a diplomat. He had lost a lot of good money, despite the winner's end he had not counted on, but his paluka was a fighter. He had proven it. He had used his head. There was coin in him.

He followed to the dressing room, fearful of Broadwell a little, and, safe behind the door, clapped Hennessey on the back.

"Git your rubdown," he said, "You licked him good."

"You bet I did. I want no rubdown. Gimme my clothes. You think I'd let any crooked crapshooter git away with what he did to me? I don't mean that foul, neither."

"I know him before he got in the fight game. Didn't know he was it, though he was allus a scrapper. But he lied to my girl about me, slick an' flash an' smooth. Called me a Polak. Told her old man I was a dirty Polak, knowin' he hated Polaks like pizen."

"You are one, ain't you?" asked Daley, a little dazed.

"I ain't an' I never was one. I'm an American, with all my papers. I was born in Bosnia an' they wiped that out in the war. It's Checko Slovakia now. I'm American, an' Gallagher ain't an' never will be. His name's no more Gallagher than mine's Hennessey. It's Mandigo. Tony Mandigo, who hustled bananas on a fruit boat an' sneaked into this country the back way. Boasted he wouldn't become a citizen. Flashed the money he made with his phony dice. Wore swell clothes an' lied me out of my girl with his slick talkin'. The gang got on to his phony dice an' he cleared out, but I told him I'd beat him up next time I saw 'im. An' I have. Plenty. No cheesey guy like that



is callin' me a Polak an' lyin' to my girl and gettin' away with it."

"Well, you trimmed him, didn't you?" Daley was listening with one ear for the sound of Broadwell's coming. He did not wish a free-for-all, words or blows, in the Garden dressing rooms. The main event was not on yet. The champion was making the challenger wait, nervous, in the ring. "You git yore duds on," he continued. "We'll take a look at the big fight."

His paluka looked at him with swift scorn. He had been talking to no one in particular, ensing himself of what had registered in his mind since he recognized Antonio Mandigo. Now he spoke to Daley. "I'm through with you," he said.

"Thought you could make more money with my losin', didn't you? Used me like I was a dummy to go out open an' let Tony knock me out. But Tony tipped it off. Thought I was crooked, too. Mebbe I've bin a dummy, but I ain't one now. I'm through. If you wasn't twice my age I'd knock you through that partition, or any of the rest of you," he finished, glaring at the helpers. They said nothing. The paluka had turned out to be a fighter and they had seen him fight. Daley tried to talk, but it was little use. Hennessey had thrust himself into some of his clothes. He tucked the rest under his arm and strode off, almost bumping into Broadwell, making for the dressing room he had just left. He thrust Broadwell out of his way with a sweep of his arm and left him gasping for wind; brushed through some men who were waiting for the champion to come out and strode on.

A man caught up with him.

"Someone said you were through with Daley. Is that right?"

Hennessey looked at the man, short, almost to stubbornness, but with a face as Irish as Daley's, but very different, the face of a man who plays the game straight, a man who has been through the mill and won more than one battle of brains as well as brawn.

"What's it to you?"

"Might be more to you. I haven't much time. Champion's goin' in. My name's Morrissey. Here's my card. You got a contract with Daley?"

"No. I never had one." Now he knew who this business-like individual was, a manager of first stringers, respected, prosperous. "I'm through, yes. Him an' that other crook, Broadwell, tried to work me for a dummy. I'm on the level."

"I saw you fight. You could have started earlier. But I can find a place for you in my string. You'll get a fair contract and a showing. Come round in the morning—ten-thirty." He turned on his heel, greeted by the champion as he started for the ring.

Hennessey did not see that fight. He made for a telephone booth, looking up a name and number. With relief when he found it, trembling with swift fear.

"Gee, suppose she's married? If she ain't—!"

He swung the door shut as he got the line. Five minutes later he came out smiling, making for the subway.

"I'll show her old man my naturalization papers," he told himself. "I'll show him I'm no Polak. She said she'd be glad to see me. I sh'ud have gone back after Tony beat it. She knows he was a crook. Glad to see me. Gosh! Me too! I'll show her I'm on the level. Stringin' with Morrissey. It's sure great. An' if the breaks come good there'll be a flat an' the two of us. I'll show them I'm no paluka, as sure as my name is Nikitin Lubyu."

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COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT—October 31	1,182
Separations during November.....	6
Appointments during November.....	1,176
Total strength on November 30.....	1,176
ENLISTED—Total strength October 31.....	15,046
Separations during November.....	533
Joinings during November.....	14,513
Total strength on November 30.....	14,898
Total strength Marine Corps November 30.....	16,074

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Major General Ben H. Fuller, The Major General Commandant.
Major General John H. Russell, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.
Brigadier General Rufus H. Lane, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brigadier General Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
Brigadier General George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Charles R. Sanderson, AQM.
Lt. Col. John Potts.
Maj. Peter Conachy.
Capt. H. B. Enyart.
1st Lt. A. C. Koonce.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. Charles R. Sanderson, AQM.
Lt. Col. John Potts.
Maj. Peter Conachy.
Capt. H. B. Enyart.
1st Lt. A. C. Koonce.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

NOVEMBER 14, 1933.

Major John Dixon detached from Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Quantico, Va.

Capt. William J. Livingston detailed as Assistant Paymaster, effective December 1.

1st Lt. Henry R. Paige orders to Parris Island, S. C., modified to Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va.

NOVEMBER 15, 1933.

Major John B. Sebree orders to Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., modified to Quantico, Va.
Pay Clerk John H. Rath appointed Pay Clerk and assigned to duty at Quantico, Va.

NOVEMBER 18, 1933.

2nd Lt. Edward B. Carney on December 4 detached from San Diego to Marine Detachment, USS *New York*.

ChQM. Clerk Charles Wald on December 1 detached from Norfolk, Va., and ordered to his home for retirement as of April 1, 1934.

Pay Clerk John H. Rath on November 20 detached from Quantico, Va., to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

NOVEMBER 28, 1933.

Col. Jesse F. Dyer on transfer of the Flag of the Commander-in-Chief, Asiatic Fleet, detached from the USS *Houston* to the USS *Agusta* for duty on the Staff of the Commander-in-Chief, Asiatic Fleet.

Col. William C. Powers, Jr., orders to Department of the Pacific from Fourth Regiment Shanghai, China, revoked.

Capt. Carl S. Schmidt detailed as Assistant Paymaster, effective January 1, 1934.

2nd Lt. Fred D. Hosens detached from Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., to Norfolk, Va.

QM Clerk Clyde T. Smith on acceptance of appointment as Quartermaster Clerk, assigned to duty at San Diego, Cal.

DECEMBER 5, 1933.

Major Paul C. Marmion detail as Assistant Adjutant and Inspector revoked.

1st Lt. Samuel S. Ballentine detached from USS *Asheville* to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. Francis M. McAllister detached from Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China, to USS *Asheville*.

2nd Lt. Oscar A. Heinlein, Jr., resignation accepted.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

NOVEMBER 2, 1933.

Cpl. Andrew Goldsmith—Quantico to Marine Barracks, Washington.

NOVEMBER 3, 1933.

Gy-Sgt. Leland Diamond—Quantico to New York.

Cpl. Earl C. Tipton—New York to Peiping.

PM-Sgt. Ray B. Maynard—Washington to N. O. B., Norfolk.

Gy-Sgt. George F. Cole—West Coast to Cavite.

Gy-Sgt. Oscar F. Niles—West Coast to Cavite.

Gy-Sgt. John G. Johnson—West Coast to Cavite.

NOVEMBER 6, 1933.

Cpl. James K. Smith—USS *J. Fred Talbot* to Parris Island.

NOVEMBER 9, 1933.

Cpl. Marshal Petry—Norfolk to N. O. B., Norfolk.

Pfc. Andrew J. Schreiber—Norfolk to New York.

Cpl. Charles E. Yale—Haiti to Quantico.

Pfc. Arlisa H. Bennett—USS *Mississippi* to Charleston.

Pfc. Lowell G. Aldrich—Philadelphia to N. T. S., Newport.

Pfc. Harold E. Harper—Pensacola to New York.

NOVEMBER 11, 1933.

Pfc. Wilbur E. Hendrix—New York to Haiti.

Cpl. Lynn G. Cramer—Philadelphia to Haiti.

Sgt. Charles A. Dettenbach—New York to Sea School.

NOVEMBER 14, 1933.

Pfc. Herman H. Hespeneide—Philadelphia to Quantico.

Cpl. John F. Graves—Seattle to New York.

Pfc. Forest W. Morrison—USS *Northampton* to South Charleston.

Cpl. Roy M. Bartholomew—Haiti to Bremerton.

NOVEMBER 15, 1933.

Cpl. Herbert R. Adams—West Coast to Cavite.

Cpl. Hugo J. Soderland—West Coast to Philadelphia.

NOVEMBER 17, 1933.

Cpl. Oscar B. Weaver—Norfolk to Parris Island.

Cpl. Everett E. Williams—Norfolk to Quantico.

1st Sgt. Adam Gruntowicz—Quantico to Annapolis.

Pfc. Orville L. Pierson—Quantico to Boston.

Sgt. Lawrence J. Fitzgerald—Norfolk to Quantico.

Sgt. Charles C. Russo—Norfolk to Cavite.

Pfc. Willie B. Eaker—Norfolk to Cavite.

Pfc. Mathias W. Schneider—Norfolk to Guam.

Cpl. Hugh S. Wynne—Portsmouth, N. H., to Ft. Mifflin.

1st Sgt. Paul Kerns—Indian Head to San Diego.

Cpl. Roy C. Roberts—Quantico to Cavite.

Pfc. Robert F. Garrison—New York to Cavite.

Cpl. Marshal Petry—Norfolk to Parris Island.

NOVEMBER 18, 1933.

Pfc. Mandel R. Robertson—Newport to Charleston.

NOVEMBER 21, 1933.

Sgt. Jasper H. Starlin—Norfolk to Coco Solo.

Sgt. Harold K. Jackson—Haiti to New York.

Cpl. Shultey I. S. Kinel—Haiti to Guam.

Sgt. James C. Rimes, West Coast to Optical School.

NOVEMBER 23, 1933.

Pfc. William F. Edridge—Iona Island to Cavite.

Pfc. John P. McNulty—Iona Island to Cavite.

1st Sgt. Nathan I. Welshaus—Philadelphia to Coco Solo.

1st Sgt. Alban H. Uhlman—South Charleston to Coco Solo.

1st Sgt. Russel Schoneberger—Quantico to South Charleston.

(Continued on page 53)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

MOORE, Roy H., 11-15-33, Bremerton, Wash.

GUTKOWSKI, John E., 11-20-33, Quantico, Va.

CAROLLO, Frank T., 11-18-33, Washington, D. C.

CAVEN, Robert M., 11-18-33, Quantico, Va.

D'AVANZO, Dante F., 11-20-33, Portsmouth, N. H.

DEAN, Floyd R., 11-19-33, Quantico, Va.

GRAZIER, George F., 11-19-33, Quantico, Va.

GORMAN, Edwin M., 11-18-33, Portsmouth, Va.

KETCHUM, Douglas H., 11-20-33, Quantico, Va.

MAYSON, Richard E., 11-18-33, Parris Island, S. C.

THOMAS, Alvie E., 11-17-33, Portsmouth, Va.

ERASMI, Charles, 11-18-33, Portsmouth, Va.

JONES, Daniel L., 11-20-33, Philadelphia, Pa.

SOWERS, John P., 11-22-33, Washington, D. C.

BOLICK, William, 11-22-33, Parris Island, S. C.

CUSTER, Steven A., 11-16-33, Haiti.

EDWARDS, Floyd S., 11-22-33, Portsmouth, Va.

GWOREK, John V., 11-23-33, Washington, D. C.

JACKSON, Harold K., 11-11-33, Haiti.

PHILLIPS, John J., 11-21-33, Charleston, S. C.

RUSSO, Charles G., 11-21-33, Cavite, P. I.

"RIGHT, Frank W., 11-21-33, Quantico, Va.

WARHOL, Alexander, 11-12-33, Hawthorne, Nev.

LOGUE, Joseph W., 11-15-33, Mare Island, Cal.

McCAY, Dexter M., 11-15-33, Yorktown, Va.

STIEGMUND, Joseph K., 11-14-33, Sunnyvale, Cal.

STROOPE, Thomas A., 11-14-33, Parris Island, S. C.

TILLAS, Joe A., 11-2-33, San Diego, Cal.

WOLF, Anton F., 11-11-33, San Diego, Cal.

ZOLLNER, Raymond M., 11-14-33, New York, N. Y.

DUMAS, Henry E., 11-8-33, Coco Solo, C. Z.

HEPLER, Virgie M., 11-14-33, Newport, R. I.

LANEY, Albert B., 11-14-33, Portsmouth, Va.

PRINCE, William A., 11-14-33, Portsmouth, Va.

SCHNEIDER, Mathias W., 11-14-33, Portsmouth, Va.

STENSON, Harry, 11-14-33, Quantico, Va.

STEPANOF, Charles A., 11-14-33, Quantico, Va.

TALBOT, Albert L., 11-14-33, Portsmouth, N. H.

WHAY, James M., 11-14-33, Quantico, Va.

PRICE, Paul H., 11-9-33, Norfolk, Va.

SIMPSON, Thomas H., 11-9-33, Parris Island, S. C.

BARNHILL, Sidney H., 11-6-33, San Diego, Cal.

BIRE, William W., 11-10-33, Quantico, Va.

CHENOWETH, Maurice K., 11-4-33, San Diego, Cal.

ORVIS, Byron E., 11-2-33, USS *Lexington*.

SCOTT, Proctor A., 11-9-33, Guam, M. I.

BALDASSARE, Silvio F., 11-13-33, Quantico, Va.

HEWS, James L., 11-9-33, Sunnyvale, Cal.

PALMERLEE, Sherman F., 11-7-33, San Francisco, Cal.

NEW, Jesse R., 11-13-33, Parris Island, S. C.

SEIDER, Glenn O., 11-13-33, Quantico, Va.

DUBIEL, Joseph S., 11-9-33, New York, N. Y.

RUTZ, Herman O., 11-6-33, Quantico, Va.

STACKPOLE, Gerald B., 11-7-33, Parris Island, S. C.

CREITZ, Richard L., 11-6-33, Mare Island, Cal.

CUPPS, Alvin B., 11-4-33, Mare Island, Cal.

GREENWOOD, William A., 11-4-33, San Diego, Cal.

KELLEY, Arthur J., 11-9-33, New York, N. Y.

MALZEWSKI, Harry, 11-9-33, Indian Head, Md.

DICK, Alfred F., 11-10-33, New York, N. Y.

McGUIRE, Henry M., 11-7-33, Quantico, Va.

McGHEE, James W., 11-1-33, Bremerton, Wash.

CANTRELL, Bailey W., 11-3-33, San Diego, Cal.

HARRIS, William B., 11-1-33, Bremerton, Wash.

PHILPOT, Fred R., 11-1-33, San Diego, Cal.

WILLIAMS, True, 11-6-33, Portsmouth, Va.

PINN, Hubert K., 11-6-33, Norfolk, Va.

REEVES, William G., 11-5-33, Savannah, Ga.

WILLIAMS, James A. F., 11-6-33, Parris Island, S. C.

WIDMAN, Frederick J., 11-8-33, New York, N. Y.

HART, Frank H., 11-4-33, Portsmouth, N. H.
 PIKUL, Walter S., 11-3-33, Quantico, Va.
 CLEGHORN, Harold, 11-4-33, Charleston, S. C.
 GZELINSKI, Stephen J., 11-5-33, Shanghai, China.
 HART, Cranford J., 11-4-33, Philadelphia, Pa.
 HARWELL, John T., 11-4-33, South Charleston, W. Va.
 RITTER, Ringley, 10-31-33, Mare Island, Cal.
 FAGAN, Philip E., 11-4-33, New York, N. Y.
 THOMPSON, Daniel W., 11-7-33, Washington, D. C.
 BOSS, Mike J., 11-1-33, San Francisco, Cal.
 KLATT, George S., 11-2-33, Mare Island, Cal.
 MONTGOMERY, Archie W., 11-1-33, San Diego, Cal.
 ARSENAULT, Joseph G., 11-5-33, Quantico, Va.
 BLAVERS, Ernesto R., 11-4-33, Parris Island, S. C.
 CANTRELL, Dennis M., 10-30-33, San Diego, Cal.
 FRUCCI, Lawrence, 11-5-33, Parris Island, S. C.
 HIRSCH, Charles B., 10-26-33, Haiti.
 MASON, Harold C., 10-30-33, Shanghai, China.
 DAMPMAN, Harold E., 11-1-33, Philadelphia, Pa.
 BATES, Raymond R., 10-5-33, Cavite, P. I.
 BURLISON, Good, 10-23-33, Pearl Harbor, T. H.
 JANACEK, Charles F., 10-12-33, Shanghai, China.
 SCHUBERT, Mathew E., 10-28-33, San Diego, Cal.
 EMMERICH, Raymond A., 11-2-33, Chicago, Ill.
 FROMMAN, Hugo H., 11-1-33, Quantico, Va.
 POWELL, Oscar A., 11-2-33, New Orleans, La.
 ROGINSKI, Joseph M., 11-3-33, Portsmouth, N. H.
 STEFONCIK, Joseph S., 11-1-33, Portsmouth, Va.
 BERLIN, John F., 11-1-33, Washington, D. C.
 MOONEY, John D., 11-1-33, Washington, D. C.
 ORMS, Robert O., 10-31-33, Philadelphia, Pa.
 POUND, Carl W., 10-31-33, New York, N. Y.
 BAILLA, Joseph, 10-28-33, New Orleans, La.
 DRURY, Everett J., 10-27-33, Cavite, P. I.
 SMITH, Walter C., 11-1-33, Quantico, Va.
 ZIMMERMAN, Albert G., 11-1-33, Quantico, Va.
 DEASON, Alvin J., 11-1-33, Quantico, Va.
 HUTCHCROFT, Harry D., 11-1-33, Quantico, Va.
 MILLER, Jacob W., 11-1-33, Quantico, Va.
 SULLIVAN, Louis A., 11-1-33, Parris Island, S. C.
 RAY, James W., 10-28-33, Cavite, P. I.
 SUTPHIN, Charles J., 10-30-33, Washington, D. C.
 CATES, Earnest L., 10-24-33, San Diego, Cal.
 DOELKER, Carl H., 10-24-33, Pearl Harbor, T. H.
 HAYNES, Cecil O., 10-24-33, Coco Solo, C. Z.
 KLUEDT, Otto, 10-26-33, Parris Island, S. C.
 PANBORN, Guy S. C., 10-23-33, San Diego, Cal.
 SCHAEFFER, Lennard S., 10-23-33, San Diego, Cal.
 STANTON, Claude W., 10-23-33, Bremerton, Wash.
 FRAZIER, Herbert L., 10-28-33, Quantico, Va.
 SAVAGE, William K., 10-31-33, Washington, D. C.
 BAILL, Marvin T., 10-30-33, Quantico, Va.
 CRISWELL, Charles F., 10-26-33, Bremerton, Wash.
 FARMER, Claude U., 10-30-33, Quantico, Va.
 FOWLER, Obert, 10-26-33, South Charleston, W. Va.
 HOWELL, Lubby D., 10-30-33, Quantico, Va.
 POPOFF, Peter, 10-3-33, Shanghai, China.
 SCUDDER, Albert, 10-30-33, Quantico, Va.
 SESSIONS, Cleve, 10-30-33, Quantico, Va.
 SMITH, James A., 10-23-33, Quantico, Va.
 TRIPLETT, Roy P., 10-30-33, San Diego, Cal.
 KOTYLO, Alphonse G., 10-23-33, Shanghai, China.
 WILSON, Delbert E., 10-25-33, Quantico, Va.
 CURRIER, Norman L., 10-21-33, San Diego, Cal.
 SUSSMAN, Abraham, 10-19-33, Bremerton, Wash.
 YOUNG, Howard H., 10-25-33, South Charleston, W. Va.
 TRAPNELL, Alton P., 10-26-33, New York, N. Y.
 ADEN, Louis, 10-22-33, Hingham, Mass.
 FARLEY, Robert F., 10-23-33, New York, N. Y.
 KAMPEN, Henry C., 10-20-33, Washington, D. C.
 LARTZ, William H., 10-24-33, Washington, D. C.
 MORRISON, George F., 10-23-33, Quantico, Va.
 RABET, George F., 10-23-33, Quantico, Va.
 REYNOLDS, Charles, 10-22-33, Quantico, Va.
 DAVIS, Perry W., 10-21-33, Norfolk, Va.
 CAREW, George M., 10-23-33, Boston, Mass.
 JACKSON, William C., 10-22-33, Pensacola, Fla.
 JONES, Arthur P., 10-25-33, New York, N. Y.
 KROLL, Claude G., 10-25-33, Quantico, Va.
 ROSS, Robert W., 10-21-33, Pensacola, Fla.
 CLAYTON, George W., 10-19-33, San Francisco, Cal.
 TYLER, Floyd E., 10-13-33, Bremerton, Wash.
 WELCH, Paul L., 10-17-33, Mare Island, Cal.
 CARTER, Robert G., 10-21-33, Peiping, China.
 ELLIOTT, James T., 10-21-33, Parris Island, S. C.
 FOWEL, Roy M., 9-30-33, Shanghai, China.
 FIFE, John R., 10-20-33, Portsmouth, N. H.
 HANRAHAN, Frank M., 10-21-33, Parris Island, S. C.
 HOOPER, Morgan B., 10-16-33, USS *Agusta*.
 KELLER, Ellis L., 10-16-33, San Diego, Cal.
 LEE, Carroll L., 9-29-33, Shanghai, China.
 TREADWELL, Arthur E., 10-16-33, Quantico, Va.
 CHESLIN, Maurice, 10-16-33, Quantico, Va.
 KRISCH, Peter S., 10-9-33, USS *Texas*.

MURELLO, Peter T., 10-19-33, Lakehurst, N. J.
 NOEL, John E., 10-19-33, Norfolk, Va.
 BELON, Marc C., 10-16-33, Philadelphia, Pa.
 GEBHART, John A., 10-14-33, Mare Island, Cal.
 KOON, Raymond E., 10-14-33, USS *Fulton*.
 MARCHLONES, Stanley A., 10-17-33, Quantico, Va.
 HEFNER, Richard, 10-16-33, Pensacola, Fla.
 MILLER, Lewis O., 10-17-33, Parris Island, S. C.
 SILER, Joe S., 10-15-33, Norfolk, Va.
 SNYDER, Walter L., 10-13-33, New York, N. Y.
 VIAL, Frank A., 10-17-33, Quantico, Va.
 BUKOWY, John J., 10-18-33, Portsmouth, Va.
 BURKHARDT, Herbert, 10-13-33, New York, N. Y.
 CHATELAIN, Paul I., 10-8-33, Sunnyvale, Cal.
 KENNEDY, William A., 10-12-33, Parris Island, S. C.
 OSTEE, Howard, 10-12-33, Parris Island, S. C.
 McLANE, Donald C., 10-16-33, Washington, D. C.
 CLIFFORD, Leslie J., 10-11-33, Mare Island, Cal.
 LARSON, Harry E., 10-11-33, Sunnyvale, Cal.
 NELSON, Maxwell, 10-11-33, Sunnyvale, Cal.
 BURNHAM, Bunah L., 10-9-33, San Diego, Cal.
 DEEGAN, Edward F., 10-9-33, San Diego, Cal.
 KNAPP, Pierce S., 10-9-33, San Diego, Cal.
 HOFFER, Orla S., 10-10-33, San Diego, Cal.
 MUSGROVE, James C., 10-9-33, San Diego, Cal.
 OGBURN, Clyde D., 10-15-33, Philadelphia, Pa.
 MEANS, Sidney W., 10-11-33, Quantico, Va.
 SCHMID, Peter J., 10-11-33, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 SMACK, Arthur I., 10-11-33, New York, N. Y.
 DANIELS, John A., 10-11-33, Boston, Mass.
 DALTON, John J., 10-12-33, Iona Island, N. Y.

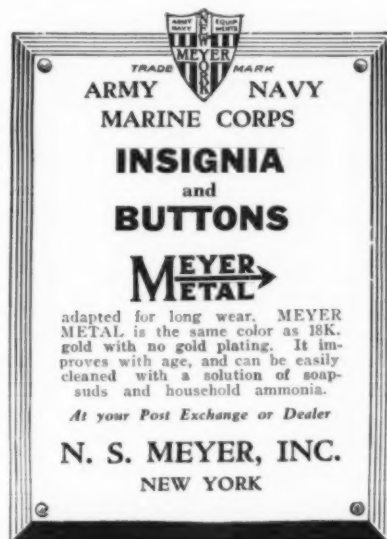
Pfc. Henry C. L. Helm—USS *Utah* to Washington.
 Cpl. Joseph R. Snider—Washington to Mare Island.
 Sgt. Maj. William H. Carroll—Quantico to 7th Marines.
 Cpl. James L. Parks—Annapolis to Parris Island.
 NOVEMBER 28, 1933.
 Sgt. Austin J. V. Roberts—Norfolk to Cavite.
 Sgt. Albert P. Maltz—Indian Head to N. O. B., Norfolk.

PROMOTIONS

TO SERGEANT:
 Cpl. Shepherd T. Coates.
 Cpl. Matthew V. O'Neil.
 Cpl. Lawrence O. Kyler.
 Cpl. William Wallace, Jr.
 Cpl. John J. Whittington.
 Pvt. Joseph Balla.
 Cpl. John A. Lippold.
 TO CORPORAL:
 Pfc. Osborne P. Connell.
 Pfc. Matthew V. Smith.
 Pfc. Max Samson.
 Pfc. Harris L. Morris.
 Pfc. Thomas M. Klein.
 Pfc. Harry E. Dietrich.
 Pfc. Howard F. Barton.
 Pfc. Alfred V. Halpin.
 Pfc. Delmer C. Perking.
 Pfc. Leo L. Denn.
 Pfc. Emmet C. Allen.
 Pfc. Carl Hawkins.
 Pfc. Kenneth O. Sears.
 Pfc. Theodore R. Vandermark.
 Pfc. Oren L. Yager.
 Pfc. John C. McKinney.
 Pfc. Dallas H. Warden.
 Pfc. Lawrence E. Gordon.
 Pfc. David R. McGrew, Jr.
 Pfc. Paul D. Caldwell.
 Pfc. Wilbur R. Dalk.
 Pfc. Francis E. Anderson.
 Pfc. Zolo E. Smith.
 Pfc. Ernest C. Clayton.
 Pfc. Luther E. Killens.
 Pfc. Marion F. Gilbert.
 Pfc. William C. Moore.
 Pfc. Sussman.
 Pfc. Chester M. Fuller.
 Pfc. Giles R. Kittsley.
 Pfc. Sidney W. Barnes.
 Pfc. Arthur Gallentine.
 Pfc. Robert D. Herriek.
 Pvt. Charles E. Stoughton.
 Pvt. Earl I. Gaddis.
 Pfc. Paul P. McIntire.
 Pfc. George A. Garren.
 Pfc. Jacob Walpott, Jr.
 Pfc. William E. Devine.
 Pfc. Newsome Baxley.
 Pvt. Michael Coyne.
 Pfc. Michael H. Lawless.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave Manila 16 December; arrive Guam 22 December, leave 23 December; arrive Honolulu 2 January, leave 5 January; arrive San Francisco 13 January, leave 27 January; arrive San Pedro 29 January, leave 30 January; arrive San Diego 31 January, leave 2 February; arrive Canal Zone 11 February, leave 14 February; arrive Port au Prince 17 February, leave 17 February; arrive Guantanamo 18 February, leave 19 February; arrive NOB Norfolk 24 February.
 HENDERSON—Leave Norfolk 8 December; arrive Guantanamo 12 December, leave 12 December; arrive Port au Prince 13 December, leave 13 December; arrive Canal Zone 16 December, leave 18 December; arrive San Diego 28 December, leave 30 December; arrive San Pedro 30 December, leave 2 January, 1934; arrive San Francisco 3 January, leave 13 January; arrive Honolulu 21 January, leave 22 January; arrive Guam 4 February, leave 4 February; arrive Manila 10 February, leave 12 March; arrive Guam 18 March, leave 18 March; arrive Honolulu 30 March, leave 2 April; arrive San Francisco 10 April.
 NITRO—Leave Norfolk 13 December; arrive Boston 15 December, leave 20 December; arrive Newport 21 December, leave 22 December; arrive New York 23 December, leave 28 December; arrive Philadelphia 29 December, leave 2 January; arrive Hampton Roads 3 January, leave 15 January; arrive Guantanamo 20 January, leave 20 January; arrive Port au Prince 21 January, leave 23 January; arrive Canal Zone 25 January, leave 29 January; arrive San Diego 7 February, leave 12 February; arrive San Pedro 13 February, leave 17 February; arrive Mare Island 19 February.
 RAMAPO—Leave San Diego 26 December; arrive San Pedro 26 December, leave 28 December; arrive Canal Zone 11 January, leave 15 January; arrive Guantanamo 18 January, leave 18 January; arrive NOB Norfolk 23 January.
 SALINAS—Operating under Commander Base Force for temporary duty.
 SIRIUS—Leave Boston 11 December; arrive New London 12 December, leave 16 December; arrive New York 17 December, leave 2 January; arrive Philadelphia 3 January, leave 11 January; arrive NOB Norfolk 12 January, leave 20 January; arrive Guantanamo 25 January,



HOLTEN, Claude L., 7-16-33, Olongapo, P. I.
 NICHOLSON, Ralph T., 10-6-33, San Diego, Cal.
 STOKES, Andrew J., 9-27-33, Pearl Harbor, T. H.
 WEIL, Jack, 10-12-33, New York, N. Y.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 52)

Sgt. Morris Abromovitz—Norfolk to Pearl Harbor.
 Cpl. William C. Moore—Quantico to Haiti.
 Cpl. Henry C. King—Haiti to Quantico.
 Pfc. Crawford E. Strawn—Boston to Coco Solo.
 Cpl. Leslie H. Farrill—Indian Head to Parris Island.
 Pfc. Robert W. Ballew, USS *Babbitt* to Cavite.
 NOVEMBER 24, 1933.
 1st Sgt. Edwin C. Clark—New York to New London.
 1st Sgt. Oliver Cote—New London to Boston.
 1st Sgt. Leonard Curcey—Boston to Great Lakes.
 1st Sgt. James A. Ducey—Quantico to Indian Head.
 NOVEMBER 25, 1933.
 Cpl. Harry M. Cheuvront—Charleston to Cavite.
 Pfc. Roy E. Leard—Charleston to Cavite.
 Pfc. Harry Manus—Washington to Cavite.
 Pfc. James T. Tichacek—West Coast to Quantico.
 NOVEMBER 27, 1933.
 Pfc. Harvey M. Shelton—USS *Henderson* to Pensacola.



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leave 25 January; arrive Port au Prince 26 January, leave 26 January; arrive Canal Zone 29 January, leave 2 February; arrive San Pedro 14 February, leave 16 February; arrive San Pedro 17 February, leave 20 February; arrive Mare Island 22 February, leave 5 March; arrive Puget Sound 8 March.

VEGA—Leave New York 6 December; arrive Philadelphia 7 December, leave 16 December; arrive NOB Norfolk 17 December, leave 2 January; arrive Guantanamo 7 January, leave 8 January; arrive Port au Prince 9 January, leave 9 January; arrive Canal Zone 12 January, leave 16 January; arrive San Diego 28 January, leave 30 January; arrive San Pedro 31 January, leave 2 February; arrive Mare Island 4 February, leave 17 February; arrive Puget Sound 20 February.

DEATHS

Officers

KEATING, Dennis, Chief Pay Clerk, retired, died November 13, 1933, of disease at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Olivia J. Keating, wife, 4301 Third St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Enlisted Men

BLACKWELL, Travis D., Private, died November 10, 1933, as result of automobile accident at San Diego, California. Next of kin: Mr. Rabb M. Blackwell, father, McBee, S. C.

COOK, Earnest O., Private First Class, died November 21, 1933, as result of an automobile accident at Cavite, Philippine Islands. Next of kin: Mrs. J. G. Cook, mother, Larue, Texas.

DEYO, Kenneth H., Private First Class, died November 7, 1933, of disease on board the USS Wyoming. Next of kin: Gertrude Taylor, sister, 182 South Marengo Avenue, Pasadena, Cal.

GILBERT, John P., Corporal, died November 14, 1933, of disease at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Fay Smith, sister, Route No. 1, Augusta, Texas.

MILLS, Grover W., Private, died November 2, 1933, of disease at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Next of kin: Mr. Jesse F. Mills, father, 1202 Reid St., Bucyrus, Ohio.

PARRISH, Robert T., Private, died November 28, 1933, of disease at Norfolk, Virginia. Next of kin: Mr. Robert A. Parrish, father, McNeill, Mississippi.

SHUMAN, James T., Private, died November 13, 1933, of disease at Shanghai, China. Next of kin: Elizabeth Shuman, mother, Box 58, Furman, S. C.

STONE, Jack A., Gunner Sergeant, died November 9, 1933, of disease at Peiping, China. Next of kin: Elizabeth Kenney, sister, Peoria, Illinois.

ABBOTT, Albert M., First Sergeant, retired, died November 17, 1933, of disease at Chelsea, Mass. Next of kin: Mrs. Minnie G. Abbott, wife, 15 George St., Winthrop, Mass.

CALLAGHAN, John J., Sergeant, retired, died November 9, 1933, of disease at San Juan, P. R. Next of kin: Mrs. John J. Callaghan, wife, 31 Sol St., San Juan, P. R.

LAWLOR, John, Gunner Sergeant, retired, died October 22, 1933, of disease at Brooklyn, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Ellen N. Lawlor, wife, 118 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WILSON, Frederick W., First Sergeant, retired, died November 27, 1933, of disease at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Eunice E. Greene, daughter, 417 Seventh Street, S. E., Washington, D. C.

SCHÜLLER, Edward, Gunner Sergeant, Class IV (a), FMCR., inactive, died August 20, 1933, of disease at Lyons, N. J. Next of kin: Regina Schuller, wife, 136 Redmond St., New Brunswick, N. J.

WALSH, David, Private, Class VI, VMCR., inactive, died November 3, 1933, of disease at Pittsburgh, Pa. Next of kin: Stella M. Walsh, wife, 1371 Crucible St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Questions and Answers

Q.—What is the authority for granting the Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal for the period of March, 1930, to date?—FIRST SERGEANT WILLIAM E. MITCHELL.

Answer—The time limit for the Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal has been extended to January 2, 1933. Information regarding this extension will appear in the next issue of the Headquarters Bulletin and in the next Marine Corps Manual.

Q.—A ship's detachment consisting of 69 privates is allowed to carry 40 per cent of that number as privates first class. As that percentage would be 27.6, should 27 or 28 privates first class be carried?—FIRST SERGEANT.

Answer—The authorized number of privates first class is 27.

Q.—I was discharged from the Marine Corps on January 5, 1933, by order of a bad conduct discharge. I was guilty of being overleave. What routine must be gone through to effect my reinstatement?

Answer—A letter addressed to the Major General Commandant, Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., would receive consideration. As there is no law which would permit the revocation of such a discharge, the question involved would be whether your reenlistment, waiving the bad conduct discharge, would be authorized.

Headquarters Bulletin

EXAMINATIONS—SECOND LIEUTENANTS

Second Lieutenants commissioned 2 June, 1932, in accordance with the provisions of the Act of 6 May, 1932, will be given the competitive examination provided for by that Act on or about 3 April, 1934. The examination will cover the subjects outlined in Circular Letter No. 141, dated 28 September, 1933.

TRANSFERS TO ASIATIC STATION

In the future men reenlisting or extending their enlistments in order to be assigned to duty on the Asiatic Station or a particular station thereon must do so with the understanding that they will be transferred to the Asiatic Station "On General Detail" only, thereby being available for assignment to any station. No assurance will be given that a man will be assigned to any particular station upon arrival.

PUBLIC PROPERTY IN HANDS OF ENLISTED MEN

A large number of men reporting at Quantico for duty with the 7th Marines had property charged to them on memorandum receipts which were invoiced to the 7th Marines as being in the men's possession. This property included articles which were issued to the men for use at their former stations and which should have been recovered and memorandum receipts cleared prior to transfer of the enlisted men to Quantico, as follows:

Coats, dungaree.	Coats, rubber.
Coats, sheepskin-lined.	Boots, rubber.
Gauntlets, horseshide.	Trousers, dungaree.
Banners, trumpet.	Boxes, clothing, barracks.
Gloves, canvas.	Tents, shelter half.
Pins, shelter half.	Poles, shelter half.
Pistols, Colt auto.	Holsters, pistol russet.
Slides, PH & BS,	Scabbards, bayonet,
dress & russet.	white.

Some of these men had turned in the property prior to transfer but their memorandum receipts had not been cleared, which necessitated invoicing the property back to the former station, while others had lost some of the articles or the articles were unserviceable requiring statement of charges or survey action.

With the exception of noncommissioned officers of the first three pay grades, who are authorized to retain certain articles in their possession on memorandum receipt upon transfer, an enlisted man should only take with him, upon change of station, the articles of individual equipment listed on N. M. C. 782 and 782a, unless otherwise directed by this Headquarters. Where other articles are required for duty at a station and are issued on memorandum receipt they should be recovered prior to transfer to another station.

Care should be exercised to insure that the equipment listed on N. M. C. 782 and 782a is in serviceable condition at all times.

Failure to comply with the foregoing results in the depletion of stock of certain articles at one station and an excess of such articles at another, and also entails unnecessary paper work in the invoicing of the property. It is also the cause of much extra work and confusion for accountable officers of expeditionary units when time is an important factor.

Organization commanders and accountable officers should take necessary steps to insure compliance with the foregoing in order to avoid encumbering men with unnecessary equipment and to prevent property not authorized by the Equipment and Tonnage Tables, or property in excess of that authorized being carried on the accounts of accountable officers of expeditionary units.

In connection with the foregoing attention is invited to Articles 17-37, 17-41(4), 17-103 to 106, 17-109 and 17-167, Marine Corps Manual.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—First Lieutenant, NAS, Seattle, Wash: (a) Are officers and enlisted men who fired the prescribed Navy Qualification Courses with the rifle and pistol in accordance with regulation as laid down in the Navy Small Arms Firing Manual, during their tour of sea duty in 1932, and who qualified as Expert Rifleman, Navy, or Expert Pistol Shot, Navy, entitled to the medals listed in Uniform Regulations?

(b) Are officers and enlisted men who fired the prescribed courses during the current year and who have qualified as Expert Rifleman, Navy, or Expert Pistol Shot, Navy, entitled to the Navy expert badges?

(c) In the event that officers and enlisted men are entitled to the Navy expert badges, what procedure is followed in applying for them?

Answer—The answer to all three questions is no. Paragraph 111, U. S. Navy Small Arms Firing Regulations and Instructions (1931) provides that officers and enlisted men of the Marine Corps will be governed by the regulations therein when firing the Navy courses, except in so far as the award of badges, insignia and extra compensation is concerned. Accordingly, officers and enlisted men of the Marine Corps who fired the prescribed Navy qualification courses with rifle and pistol during their tour of sea duty in 1932, or subsequent thereto, and who qualified as Expert Rifleman, Navy, or Expert Pistol Shot, Navy, are not entitled to the award of insignia.

Q.—Corporal, Haiti: Headquarters Bulletin No. 86 says that the letters GCMP are used in lieu of the mathematical average, for semi-annual markings, after sentence has been approved by the Navy Department. Does this rule apply to the markings of a book on transfer; the man being in the same status as above?

Answer—Yes.

Q.—Captain, Norfolk, Virginia: Captain "A" qualifies as rifle and pistol expert in 1918, re-qualifies with both weapons eight times and has been issued two re-qualification bars.

In 1933 Captain "A" fails to qualify as an expert with either rifle or pistol.

Captain "A" maintains that in accordance with Marine Corps Uniform Regulation, Par. 384, he is no longer entitled to wear the qualification badges and bars of rifle and pistol expert. This in spite of the fact that he is no longer required to fire the rifle due to age.

Captain "B" maintains that an officer once having qualified as expert is entitled to wear that badge notwithstanding the fact that he failed to requalify. Which is right?

Answer—Captain "A" is correct. The qualification of an officer remains in effect for the same period of time as that of an enlisted man. (See Article 5-18, M. C. M.)

Badges or bars should be worn only while the respective qualifications denoted thereby are in effect. (See Par. 384, Uniform Regulations, last sentence.)

HIGH SCORE (Rifle)

Officers and men attaining a score of 325 or better over the regular qualification course according to reports of target practice received since publication of the October Bulletin:

Capt. Howard N. Stent.....	335
Cpl. Reginald D. Schwalbe.....	335
2nd Lt. Henry T. Elrod.....	334
MGun. Tom Woody.....	333
ChMGun. Henry Boschen.....	331
2nd Lt. Luther S. Moore.....	330
2nd Lt. Samuel S. Yeaton.....	330
2nd Lt. William I. Phipps.....	329
2nd Lt. Nicholas J. Pusel.....	329
2nd Lt. August Larson.....	328

NOTICE

Applicants for enrollment in the new Noncommissioned Officers' Course should make their requests for enrollment or information to the Commandant, Marine Corps School, Quantico, Va. This course is not offered by the Marine Corps Institute.

Gy-Sgt. Robert F. McCoy.....	328
Sgt.-Maj. Leo P. Cartier.....	327
Pfc. Alva T. Comer.....	327
Pfc. Raymond K. Stewart.....	327
Pvt. Ernest G. Witney, Jr.....	327
2nd Lt. Albert F. Moe.....	326
Sgt. McKinley Goehring.....	326
Pfc. Arthur O. Sletto.....	326
Pvt. Marvin S. Battle.....	326
Pvt. John J. Honodel.....	326
Gy-Sgt. Dominick Peschi.....	325
Cpl. Charles E. Roberts.....	325
Pvt. James C. Deason.....	325
Pvt. Felix L. Ferranto.....	325
Pvt. Owen W. Haley.....	325
Pvt. Basil H. White.....	325

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT:

Sgt. Olin L. Beall.....	343
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HIGH SCORE (Pistol)

Officers and enlisted men attaining a percentage of 94 or better over the pistol qualification course since publication of the October Bulletin:

1st Lt. Louis H. Hohn.....	98
2nd Lt. August Larson.....	98
1st Sgt. Bernard G. Betke.....	98
1st Sgt. Melvin T. Huff.....	98
Gy-Sgt. Roy M. Fowel.....	98
1st Lt. Robert O. Bare.....	97
1st Lt. John M. Greer.....	97
Gy-Sgt. John Blakey.....	97
Gy-Sgt. Thomas J. Jones.....	97
2nd Lt. Thomas B. Hughes.....	96
2nd Lt. Samuel S. Yeaton.....	96
Gy-Sgt. Dominick Peschi.....	96
1st Lt. Prentice A. Shiebler.....	94
PM-Sgt. Ray R. Maynard.....	94
Pfc. Edward P. Julius.....	94

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT:

1st Lt. William W. Davidson.....	99
1st Lt. Orin H. Wheeler.....	99
Gy-Sgt. Henry M. Bailey.....	99
Gy-Sgt. Leo Peters.....	99

RIFLE QUALIFICATION FIRING AT THE PRINCIPAL RANGES SO FAR RECORDED SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE CURRENT TARGET YEAR

	Experts	Sharpshooters	Marksmen	Unqualified	Qual.
Camp Simms	50—16%	69—22%	107—35%	82—27%	73%
Camp Wesley Harris	89—21%	122—29%	165—39%	47—11%	89%
Fort Eustis	13—3%	81—16%	243—50%	151—31%	69%
*Fort Lewis	115—24%	148—31%	162—34%	51—11%	89%
Guantanamo Bay	31—16%	41—20%	71—35%	59—29%	71%
Haiti	120—15%	191—24%	299—37%	189—24%	76%
Kongkey	133—12%	308—27%	436—38%	259—23%	77%
International	136—26%	153—29%	152—29%	85—16%	84%
Maquinaya	75—24%	98—31%	80—26%	61—10%	81%
Mare Island	27—5%	88—21%	165—40%	142—34%	66%
PARRIS ISLAND:					
Post Orgs.	58—19%	73—25%	111—38%	53—18%	82%
Recruits	43—4%	166—14%	509—44%	442—38%	62%
SAN DIEGO:					
Base Orgs.	213—23%	288—31%	310—34%	113—12%	88%
Ship's Detchs.	92—18%	116—22%	182—36%	121—24%	76%
Recruits	10—2%	87—21%	197—47%	127—30%	70%
Puola Point	55—12%	130—28%	177—39%	97—21%	79%
Quantico	75—6%	241—20%	522—43%	374—31%	69%
Wakefield	47—13%	54—16%	128—37%	116—34%	66%
Cape May	45—10%	65—15%	142—33%	183—42%	58%
OTHER RANGES	261—24%	306—28%	343—31%	187—17%	83%
MARINE CORPS	1,688—14%	2,825—23%	4,501—38%	2,939—25%	75%

*Ships' Detachments only.

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NAME

OLD ADDRESS

NEW ADDRESS

MARINE ODDITIES



ARTHUR S. WHITCOMB, SECOND LEADER OF THE MARINE BAND, IS THE ONLY ENLISTED MARINE WHO IS NOT PERMITTED TO WEAR SUCH SERVICE STRIPES AS HE MAY RATE. THE BRAID ON THE SLEEVES OF HIS BLOUSE WOULD BE IN THE WAY OF STRIPES.



DURING THE BATTLE OF ST. MIHIEL, GENERAL WC. NEVILLE HUNG HIS OVERCOAT OUT TO DRY. A TEAMSTER OF THE 23RD INFANTRY WHO WAS DRIVING PAST BELIEVED THE STRANGE LOOKING GREEN COAT TO BELONG TO SOME GERMAN OFFICER. HE PROUDLY CUT THE HEAVILY BRAIDED SLEEVES AT THE ELBOWS AND PLACED THEM OVER THE EARS OF HIS MULE. GENERAL NEVILLE PERSONALLY GOT THE DOUGHBOY OUT OF THAT JAM.



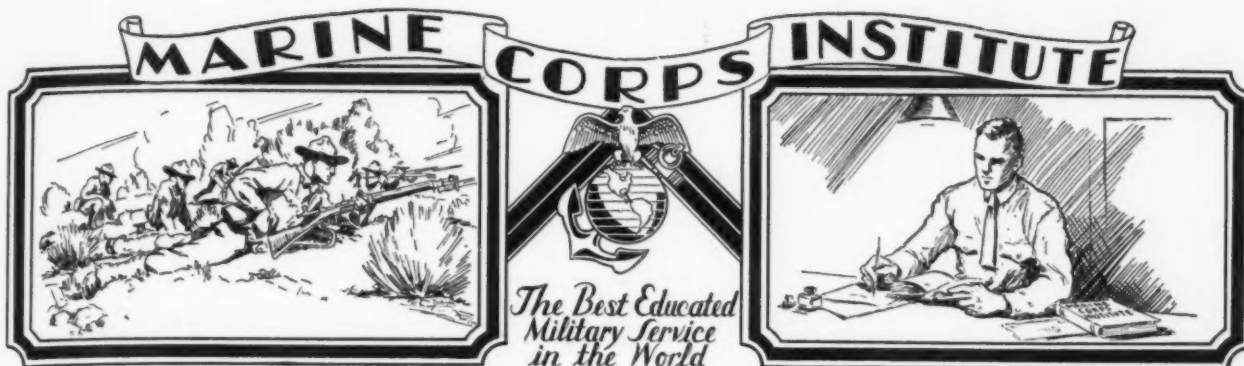
GENERAL SMEDLEY BUTLER AND SERGEANT DAN DALY WERE THE ONLY MARINES TO BE TWICE DECORATED WITH THE NAVY MEDAL OF HONOR FOR SEPARATE ACTS OF HEROISM. ALL OTHER DUAL AWARDS CONSISTING OF BOTH ARMY AND NAVY CONGRESSIONAL MEDALS OF HONOR (SEPARATE AND DISTINCT DECORATIONS) WERE WON IN A SINGLE ACT OF BRAVERY.



Jackson



MARINES CARRIED THE HEIGHTS OF COYOTEPE, IN NICARAGUA, 1912 WHICH WAS THE FIRST TIME IN THE HISTORY OF THAT COUNTRY THAT HILL HAD EVER BEEN TAKEN BY ASSAULT.



Wishing you ---

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year"

At this time the Marine Corps Institute extends the season's greetings to its thousands of students in every quarter of the globe—"From the snow of far-off northern lands, and in sunny tropic scenes."

And, in passing, as the new year approaches—did **you** keep the resolution you made last New Years—to complete a Marine Corps Institute course and prepare yourself for a future position in some lucrative trade or profession? Hundreds of students have completed their courses during 1933, and are now equipped with a technical or professional training which will insure for them steady and well-paid employment for the rest of their lives.

If you didn't complete your course, renew your resolution to do so during the coming year—if you are not enrolled, resolve to do so.

The coupon at the foot of this page is for **your** convenience—why not use it and start the new year **right**?

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Subjects |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Maintenance | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry |

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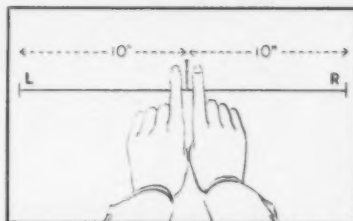
Winner of 1,000 medals and trophies, including 3 Olympic Skating Championships, Jaffee has brought the highest skating honors to the U. S. A. Asked recently if he was a steady smoker, Jaffee said, "Yes, but that goes for Camels only. I have to keep my wind, you know, and healthy nerves."



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Draw a line 20 inches long on the edge of a newspaper. Stick a straight pin in the exact center. Place a forefinger on either side of the pin. Close your eyes...try to measure off quickly the distances by moving both hands at the same time. Have a watcher stop you when you reach the edge. See if both your fingers have moved the same distance. Most people try this at least six times before both hands come out evenly.

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NEVER GET ON
YOUR NERVES

NEVER TIRE
YOUR TASTE

